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NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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The Story of Vanilla.

CHAPTER XI.

By ROBERT MANTON.

THERE is no important article of commerce about which so little is known as the vanilla bean. In a general way, it can be said that its fragrance, flavor and odor are due to an element technically known as "vanillin," and yet no one is wise enough to tell what it really is or from whence it comes.

In the ripe fruit itself, this peculiar element is not present to any appreciable extent. It makes its appearance during the process of curing. The Mexican Indian wraps the fruit up in blankets a great many times to sweat it, and when his task is done the odor is there.

Of course, man has made an imitation of vanilla. That is the way he cheapens extracts. That is the way people are cheated. That is the way the imitator makes money—at the expense of the public's health.

Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many foreign substances are used in making artificial vanilla. It is produced from beet sugar, from Siam benzoin, from hemlock. Great quantities of so-called "vanilla extracts" are made of tonka beans prepared in balsam of Peru. There is no more true vanilla flavor in these than there is the odor of the rose in a head of cabbage.

Artificial vanilla is not and never can be a substitute for the Mexican vanilla. The fragrance of a flower, or the flavor of a spice, is never due to a single constituent. Nature blends various substances in her own peculiar way. She does this in the vanilla bean.

Artificial vanilla is coarse in taste, inferior in odor, and lacks the delicate blendings of the real bean.



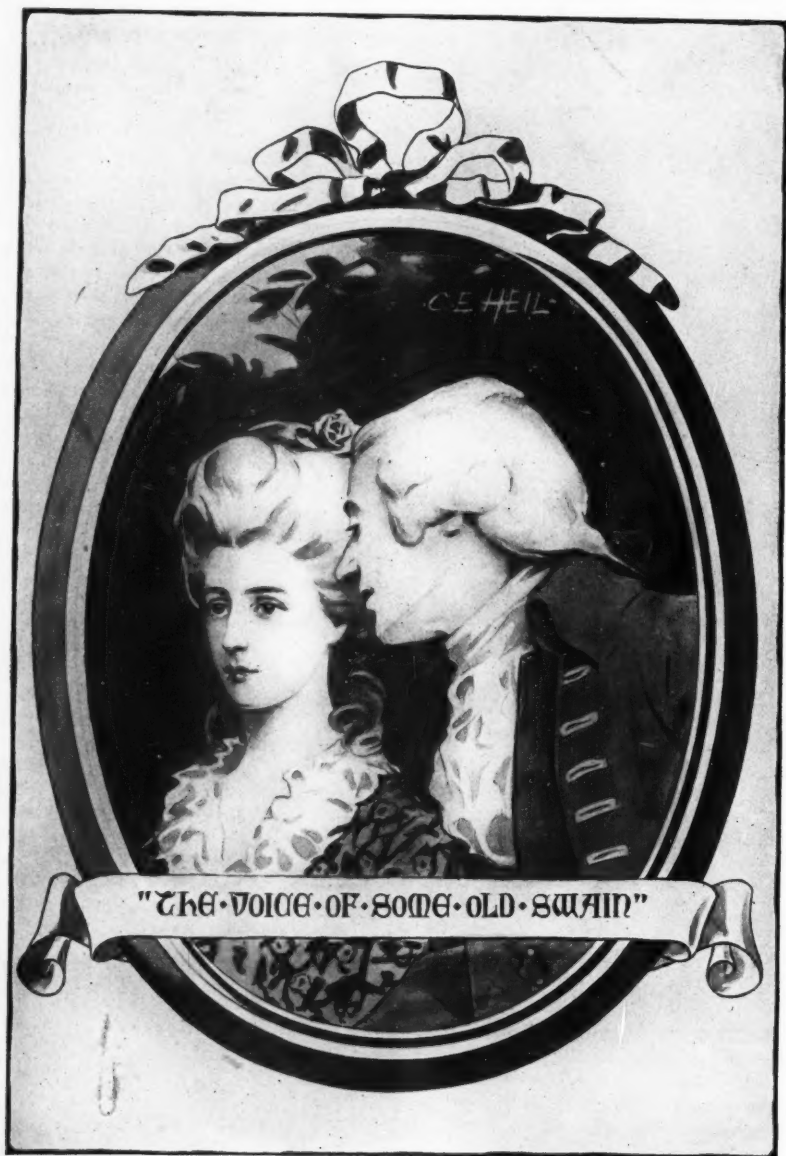
All these remarks serve to emphasize the supreme excellence of the Vanilla Extract made by the Joseph Burnett Company of Boston, Mass. Its odor, fragrance, flavor, and bouquet are exactly as nature creates them. When you get Burnett's Extract of your dealer, you can use it with the full knowledge that it is made from genuine Mexican vanilla beans, the best beans in the world, and the only ones, in fact, from which it is possible to make a first-class extract.

(To be continued.)



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Drawn by C. E. Heil

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1899

No. 1

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF SPEAKER HENDERSON

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DURING the tense fever of excitement in the Hayes and Wheeler campaign in 1876 there was a torchlight procession in a small western town. The farmers had come from all directions for many miles to don the blue oil-skin cape and cap and carry a torch in the rally of the "Wide-awakes," to maintain traditions of the Lincoln campaign. It was a cool, crisp October evening and the sweet scent of surrounding meadows and fields mingled with the spluttering odor of kerosene from the torches. The fascination of the October moonlight was lost in the suppressed excitement of the occasion—as a decided Tilden sentiment has thrust itself into a "solid" district.

In the darkened shadows of the stores of the main business street were the Tilden men, covertly scoffing at the failure to rally the procession on time. The township had been solidly Republican, but the disaffection among the new voters and those who were not soldiers, protesting against the "old soldiers having everything" had alarmed the committees, and they decided that the old spirit of '61 must be aroused.

The brass band had just finished an impromptu rehearsal in their room over the old fire-engine house, and had started out bravely to Southwell's Big Four Quickstep, when the tuba player

blew out a valve, and the tooting after-beats of alto and tenor horns were out of rhythm with the light-stepping "Wide-awakes;" but the bass drum saved the day, and by the time the main street was reached the files of straggling men were well in line, and the cloak of night gave an imposing magnitude to the procession that suggested the wierd splendors of the catacombs of Rome.

* * * *

In the fore ranks of the procession were many of the boys of '61,—comrades indeed—men who had enlisted and served together for four years, and proudly preferred the single fife and drum to the circus quickstep by the local band. Small boys straggled along on the outskirts of the double file of men, who were stretched out "ten paces" to string out the line. The boys were happy when they could secure a discarded torch and renew the glimmer of the struggling wick to make light without oil, no matter what the smudge.

The scene that night impressed itself upon the younger boys who shared the political sympathies of their soldier fathers. They shouted "Rah for Hayes and Wheeler!" and were ready to fight any boy who should echo "Tilden and Hendricks," to the bitter finish. One lad ran along the line to join his father, who was marching proudly for

his principles. He caught his hand and the father looked down on the bloody face of his hopeful. He was alarmed, but the son responded, spluttering blood from his nose: "Never mind, Pa; I made Skinny Sheldon shet up hollerin' Tilden anyhow."

The village streets were taxed to find marching room. The procession countermarched from Shackenbush's pasture and returned to the hall, which was half filled with sympathizing wives and sisters occupying a respectful front and centre of the room and older men in front to hear well.

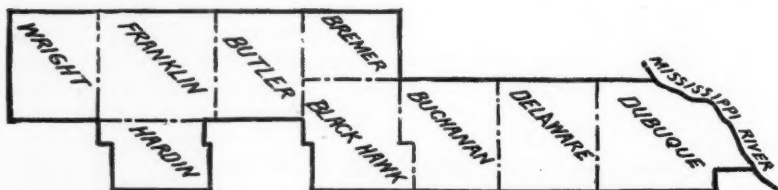
Amid the fumes of charred wicks, as torches were extinguished, the procession marched into the hall, while

bands and they ceased—and the boy who held music for the bass drum had a rest—not on the music score.

* * * * *

It was a hearty ovation of comrade to comrade, and given with all the re-awakened fire of the old years of march and battle. It was in the famous "monkey wrench" district in Iowa, which six years later returned the Scotch soldier-boy of '61 to Congress, and in all times of political peril, it was the old comrades who saved him from defeat in the eddying tides of shifting political sentiment, and the days of Prohibition complications.

The speech and the occasion that night I can never forget, for I was one



Famous Monkey Wrench District, the Third Congressional District of Iowa, which Speaker Henderson Represents

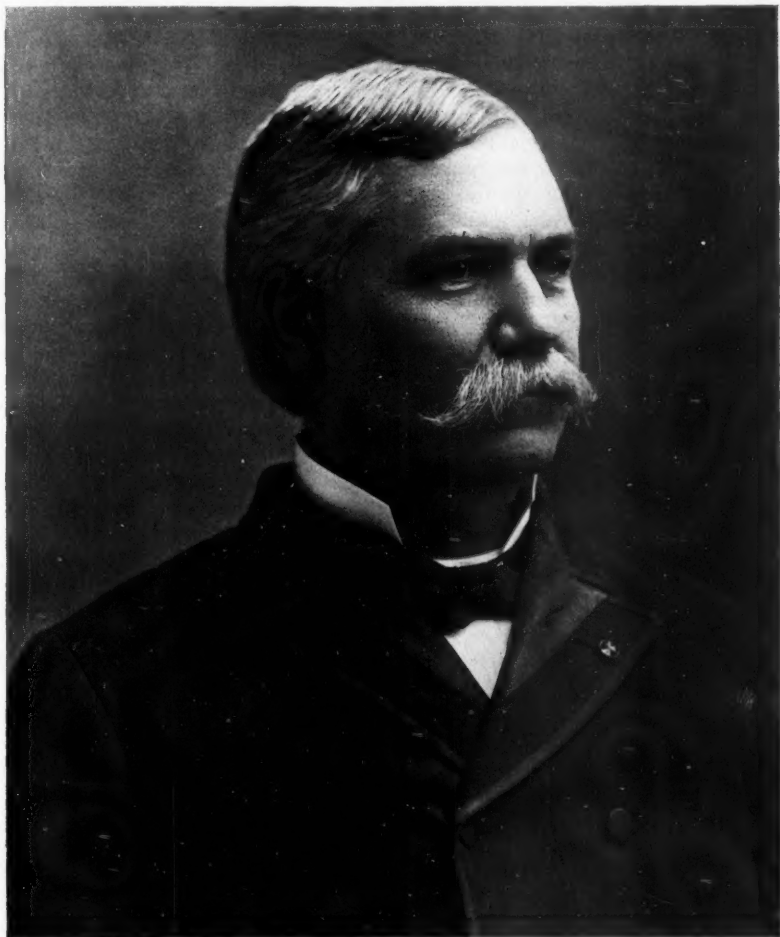
the band with the tuba in good repair, played a national medley that fairly shook the great rafters. Some of the marchers forgot to stack torches and the hall was filled with smoke, but the tide of enthusiasm was just awakening.

During the height of the noise and bustle and with the young boys struggling for front seats, the moving of rows of chairs, which were nailed together with a board, the sarcastic visaged crowd of Tilden men back near the stoves jeered at various doubtful voters as they entered wearing the oil cape. Just then the stately chairman appeared. On his arm was a man who walked lame with a cane. The first rustle was soon over and the shouts for "Dave Henderson"; "gallant Dave Henderson," soon drowned the brass

of the white-headed boys on the front seat, and the wonderful and magnificent privilege of attained American citizenship never seemed so unattainable; or a more enthralling, precious privilege, which, in my boyish purview, included having such a moustache as Colonel Henderson wore, and the ownership of a torch with the right of carrying it in a procession without incurring the rebuke: "What business has that kid with a torch?"

On the stage, the scenery, pride and boast of the village house decorator, presented a striking and impressive background of baronial castle, medieval prison, with the forest of Arden brokenly represented by the side scenes. A beautiful lawn breaks upon the open staircase, and on the stand in

COLONEL DAVID B. HENDERSON, THE NEXT SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES



the center of the platform, beneath the faded evergreen motto of the last graduating class, was the inevitable pitcher of water draped and protected from the dust by the national flag.

The village glee club struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" and all essayed to join in, but nobody could follow them into the emphreal heights of the last stanza.

Henderson's oration was a fiery ap-

peal to the voters "to stand by the flag" and was brim full of war anecdotes which pleased us boys and the soldier fathers. He closed one of his characteristic funny stories by patting us on the head and saying: "God bless the boys." His manner partook of the rude eloquence of the Methodist revivalist and the sympathy of the audience was with him, while the fire and spirit with which he

replied to several insulting interruptions from the rear of the room, by the Tilden men, made us boys volunteer to go back and "clean 'em out" but the speaker needed no such assistance, for he soon had them quelled.

The Colonel had a simple, direct way of talking. He had come down from the stage with a homely gesture, saying: "We are all on one level," and the tin shades in front of the footlights quivered every time he turned to emphasize a point by striking the stage with his hand.

There were few people in the hall that night who would have ventured a prediction that the man before them, twenty-four years hence, was to occupy the speaker's chair in the House of Representatives.

After the speech the Colonel stopped first to shake hands with the youngsters in the front row. "It won't be long until your turn will come, boys," and I think every one of the "mystic Three" had the pleasure of voting for the next speaker of the House at the polls.

Colonel Henderson represents one of the strongest types of American citizenship. With thousands of other foreign-born lads, he won his naturalization papers in the crucial test of fire and blood—the civil war,—which inspired a national patriotism, which, however misguided it may be at times in a political sense, puts to shame the palsied and traitorous attitude of those who, born of an ancestry which made this nation possible, appear anxious in this enlightened day to destroy the integrity and honor of our country to gratify a personal or political spleen.

Colonel Henderson comes from a section whose people, when they wish to stop a horse, say "Who-a!" with a big exclamation point, and not "Sh-sh!" He comes from broad prairies where the original American spirit prevails

as distinct from any European influence. The hopes and aspirations of the plain, vigorous, out-spoken farmers of the west are reflected in him, and from such as these is born strength of the nation. If their interests are ignored by those who lead in the eastern centers of finance or by trusts and combinations utterly selfish in their policy, each ill-advised leader will find in these men of the west foemen worthy of their steel—and gold as well, for they are possessed of the sturdy spirit of American self-reliance which is bound to triumph.

Speaker Henderson will represent a patriotic and wise compromise between the sectionalism which ever tends to alienate the east and the west which manifested itself once in the political campaign of 1896, and may be even more pronounced in 1900. Though impulsive and vigorous in his patriotic impulse, he was reared under the tutelage of Senator Allison, who politically speaking "can walk on eggs" and there is no fear as to his safe and conservative course.

One great determining factor in political contests often overlooked is the new voters who come upon the stage every four years.

When Senator Allison was commissioned to raise a company of volunteers there was a young Scotchman who soon had a company organized among his schoolmates and the friendship begun in those days between Senator Allison and Colonel Henderson has been one of the Damon-Pythias incidents of political life. They continue to reside in the same town, Dubuque, and have always had a quiet way of achieving results that has been a wonder to political friends and adversaries, and they do not forget that the boys of to-day are voters to-morrow, and votes to-morrow are essential in maintaining what voters to-day have given.

Colonel Henderson always remained in wholesome sympathy and close touch with the people of his district, until they regard "Dave" as one of their family. No suave and polished veneer such as is too often assumed by others after a brief stay in Washington has obliterated the charm of his rugged, pugnacious personality. He always had a hearty "God bless you, boys," and, if he continues the same plain, sincere "Dave" of earlier days, he will take a place of some moment in national politics and history.

He is the very antithesis of Reed, who has given to the position of speaker a power and prominence it never held before; and some express a doubt as to a man of Henderson's nature being capable of holding the prestige which Mr. Reed insisted upon maintaining. Congress chafed under the Czar—it was only a question of time when the rebellion would occur, and the older members of Congress welcome the change as a relief from the dictatorial policy of Reed. Henderson is big-hearted as well as big-minded, and he is in touch with the great latent strength of the nation—the middle west—and ought to maintain a just and fair equilibrium.

The new speaker, like all members of Congress, has met the terrors of post office appointments. He established an unique custom of having the vexed question settled by a vote of the party supporters, and in some cases he has placated

opposition by going outside of the party lines, and appointing a Prohibitionist or a Democrat to punish the factions. He has been called a trimmer, but he manages to hammer out pretty good political results in the "monkey wrench" district.

The "monkey-wrench" district in Iowa, which Colonel Henderson represents, is so named because of its peculiar shape. As will be seen by a glance at the congressional map, the third dis-



The speaker's chair in his private room in the Capitol. This chair is the one used by the speaker in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and is replaced by an ordinary chair during the interim between sessions of Congress, so that many visitors, when they sit down in the chair at the speaker's desk, are deluding themselves into the belief that it is the identical chair so often occupied by Thomas B. Reed.

trict of Iowa is a tier of counties beginning with Dubuque County, extending nearly half way across the state. The districts were gerrymandered so as to offset the Democratic vote of the river counties with the rural vote of inland counties. But this tier of counties was too close for comfort, and Hardin County, a staunch Republican county, was locked in at the bottom of the last county, giving it the shape of a monkey-wrench and saving Colonel Henderson from the possibility of defeat. He narrowly escaped in the landslide of '92, but the "old guard" was out in force, and the old soldiers could not be weaned away from voting for their old comrade, and the fact of his being foreign-born may have had something to do with holding in line the foreigners in the district, which has been alienated somewhat from the Republican party owing to the party's stand at that time on the prohibition issue.

The fifty-seventh Congress will meet some of the most important problems in American history. They must be met courageously and in no spirit of injustice or cowardice. Among these the question of expansion in its highest and broadest sense, accepting and discharging the duty of the hour and the destiny of the nation regardless of childish and cringing sympathisers with the treacherous foes abroad. Above all, it must provide for the control of trusts, which must be kept within legitimate bounds, in their control of business and industrial interests, or the foundations of our government will be swept away.

The life inspiration of David B. Henderson was his mother, a farmer's wife, who had faith in her boy, and who lived to see him a member of congress. Through her his education was directed for a specific and practical purpose. He utilized every leisure hour in study for

a definite purpose. In the noon hour in the harvest fields the boy who was stretched upon the grass under the row of spindling poplar trees studying his books instead of taking a nap, is the man of to-day. Here he mastered the mysteries of fractions and cube root—he was learning to teach himself. But the part he took in the debating societies in the various country school houses near the old farm house, was where at eight years of age he begun the career which has resulted in the statesman, whose voice is a power in the halls of Congress. He was the life and spirit of three county school debating societies at one time, and on these occasions the fruits of those hours of study in the harvest field served to good purpose. He became a leader then, as he has become a leader to-day—because he had fitted himself for it, with the conscientious purpose inspired by the mother, who was the boy's closest companion and most sympathetic counselor in the evening readings and talks upon books and the affairs of men, together with the subtle mysteries of life.

There is a notable fact of our National political life apparent in the coming election of Colonel David B. Henderson as speaker of the house of representatives. Months prior to his election he is feted and given the honors that would scarcely be granted a political office fiance in years past.

The solidity of American institutions is indicated, when a struggling caucus of representatives in various states can practically elect a speaker and pronounce the banns without the fear of a slip between mug and mouth.

Well, Colonel David B. Henderson, of Iowa, is to all practical purposes speaker of the House of Representatives, and all that remains is a mere formality, instituted by the constitution.

VICTOR HUGO IN HIS LETTERS

By Robert Grosvenor Valentine

THE letters of Victor Hugo are edited without comment, notes, except in the way of an occasional fact, even without preface, by his friend, Paul Meurice. The editor's hand is felt only in the selection and in the arrangement: that there is selection is clear, although the two volumes, both in the French, and in the English translation, are printed with the omissions unmarked; and the arrangement is a skilful combination of chronological order and the division of the letters into groups. Thus the reader has clearly before him the general progress of Victor Hugo's life; and in the groups of letters he sees vividly particular influences of people and events. This handling of the letters is plainly that of a man who understood Victor Hugo; the silent giving of them to the world is an act of belief, the highest compliment between friends. It is justified; for the letters contain the material for a portrait. To draw together from out them the lines which give a picture of Victor Hugo, is no infringement on the work the letters themselves should do. Whoever chooses may then take up the book to trace more largely the course of his development, and its effects upon the nineteenth century.

Victor Hugo was a public man as well as a great writer. There are two roads to political power in France: the civil service, and the path of the great thinker. In 1821 when Victor Hugo was nineteen, Chateaubriand and Louis XVIII recognized his great intellect. From that time on, his novels, beginning with *Han d'Islande* in 1823, and his poems in which he often fills spontaneously the office of laureate, made him influential in the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X. After 1830 Victor Hugo's novels, and the

greater reform he worked in the drama, gave France much of its strength during the reign of Louis Philippe. In the revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo's prominence as one of the great thinkers of his time assigned him active part. His political power and integrity made him the chief stumbling block in Louis Napoleon's path to the throne. Louis Napoleon's success, however, banished Victor Hugo from France for twenty years. It could not silence his pen, which wrote "*Napoleon le Petit*," "*Les Chatiments*," which was politically one of the most powerful volumes of poetry ever published; and letters to the supporters of liberty everywhere in France. So under seeming defeat, Victor Hugo remained after 1852, as he had been before, an active force in French politics. As during this time, too, he was writing some of his greatest novels, the only fitting picture of the great writer must be drawn against the torn background of political France.

In 1822, at the age of twenty, Victor Hugo wrote to the Abbe de Lamennais, the great priest whose thought in many respects moved parallel to his own:

"It is a great charm to see your mind, so vigorous and profound in your works, become so gentle and intimate in your letters."

These words are true of the letters of Victor Hugo; but because in them, as in all his work, he sought for results, many letters are also vigorous, and some, so far as a letter may be, profound. The first one is to his mother:

"Come home soon. We don't know what to do or say without you; we are quite lost. We are always thinking of you."

Then follows a series of letters to his father, Count Hugo, one of Napoleon's generals, and a military writer. Among these he says:

"In my next letter I will tell you of all the work which a happy married life will enable me to undertake with a calm spirit, a clear head, and a contented mind."

His relations with his father, with his step-mother, and their relations to him, his wife, and children, are here remarkably plain, although they are given from only one point of view. In this fact for the first time becomes apparent a quality of Victor Hugo which is found throughout his letters. His nature was at once so sensitive, and so healthy, that his words not only express his own feelings, but show the feelings of others toward him with an unerringness which must often have discomposed his enemies and enlightened his friends.

The second series of letters is to his wife, written on his journey to Rheims in 1825, to attend, as a Knight of the Legion of Honor, the coronation of Charles X. The third series begins back again at the year 1820. It includes letters to Count Alfred de Vigny, Baron Eckstein, Count Jules de Resseguier, and ascends, through the beginnings of his friendship with Victor Pavie, to the literary and political revolutions of 1830. In 1827 Victor Hugo wrote to Victor Pavie:

"Your verses possess the characteristic of the best specimens of our renovated poetry. The union of grace and vigor, of youth and maturity."

Here we see him beginning boldly to break away from the traditions he held when, as king's man and classicist, he and Lamartine had been decorated at the coronation of Charles X, two years before. He goes on:

"You are one of those young men of the nineteenth century, whose gravity and candor astonish the artificial and frivolous old men of the eighteenth. You ask me for guidance. Let your own nature finish your education."

In 1830 Victor Hugo's drama *Hernani* won what is, perhaps, the hardest single literary battle of all time. In the course of its first performance each line of it, and many a single phrase, was hissed separately by the classicists. In spite of this, *Hernani* made the complete success of the new spirit in literature only a matter of time. In the same year Victor Hugo wrote to Lamartine:

"Between your letters and my reply, my dear friend, has come a revolution.* I am convinced we shall find our poetical edifice standing all the stronger for the shocks which it will have withstood. Our cause is also one of liberty; it is a revolution too; it will advance unharmed side by side with its political sister."

In these letters Victor Hugo is seen gaining the full vigor of manhood, his work in literature finding its true relation to his duties as a citizen.

The letters written about the time of Victor Hugo's journey on the Rhine, in 1840, include those to his wife and children, to Beranger, Theophile Gautier, Victor Pavie, and Lamartine. One to Mlle. Louise Bertin, who had written music for his songs, and was his friend and his children's, tells of the death of his daughter, Leopoldine. It is only one of the many letters which show the union of his friendship with his work. From the Legislative Assembly, to which he was elected in 1849, he wrote to a friend, Charles de Lacretelle:

"But send me, who am in the fight, a word of encouragement from time to time. Send me some noble letters, and love me."

Speaking eloquently in the assembly for justice in particular cases, Victor Hugo slowly came to see that Royalists and Bonapartists were uniting for the overthrow of the Republic. During twelve days he struggled against Louis Napoleon, and only when all was lost and nothing could be gained by the sacrifice of his life, he fled to Brussels. The letters from Brussels are to his wife, and full of his hatred for the treachery of Napoleon; full of his enthusiasm in writing a work which he hoped would bring to Napoleon not only historical but political condemnation; full, too, of affection for his friends, who since 1848 had been fellow editors of *l'Envenement*, Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice. From 1852 to 1870, with his wife and children again with him, he lived an exile in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. From there his letters go out to the lovers of liberty all over the

*NOTE.—The cause of the revolution of 1830 lay directly in the assumption by Charles X. of almost absolute power in his ordinances, one of which was directed against the freedom of the press. The revolution was led by the haute bourgeoisie, and resulted in the election of Louis Philippe as king.

world,—to George Sang, Lamartine, Girardin, to M. Heurtelou, editor of the Progress, in Hayti, to Garibaldi, to the Minister of the Republic of Colombia.

For Victor Hugo the possibility of working at all lay in having a definite end. His literary work was done first for school theatricals, then for prizes, then for money. There is so much prostitution of work to money that the following extract is necessary to explain his purpose. He wrote to M. Armand Carrel, the critic:

"Now from that time, having been obliged to live by my pen and to support my family with it, I have kept it free from all speculative transactions, from all mercantile engagements. I have done literary work more or less well, but never literary speculation. A poor man, I have cultivated art like a rich man, thinking more of the future than of the present. Forced by hard times to make a business of writing, I can truly say that business considerations have never impaired the value of my work."

Forced to make a business of his writing, Victor Hugo, between the ages of nineteen and eighty-three, published some work almost every year. These works included political speeches, historical documents, histories of special events, many volumes of poems, dramas and novels. This almost incredible amount of work was done not for money alone, but for other ends just as definite. He wrote to Savinien Lapointe, a shoemaker and poet:

"God sets a goal at the end of every path. All we have to do is to advance. Courage, then, and patience! Courage for the great sorrows of life, and patience for the small ones. And then, when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake."

It is this clear perception of the immediate ends to be striven for, which made Victor Hugo's letters a force in his age, ranking with his political speeches, poems, plays and novels. As his letters show, he worked for these ends constantly. His vision therefore grew stronger, the goals themselves seemed nearer, and were easier gained; and at the same time the more distant objects which came into his range taught him to shift his course to meet the new need. Because work thus put new aims continually before him, he came to regard it as the justification of change, and his inconsistencies as but necessary advance and retreat in progress.

As far as these letters show, the contemporaries who made theories to account for Victor Hugo's changes received no help from him. His motives, too, he said nothing about. But the objects that he had in view he constantly tried to make clear to others. As a result, even his enemies must have acknowledged to themselves that change, which to light men meant merely motion, to Victor Hugo meant applied motion; that at least he was no mere revolutionist. In 1861 he wrote from Brussels to the members of the Italian Managing Committee, at Palermo:

"Let all men of intelligence and feeling do the duty of the moment."

This spirit made him find time to write a note of needed encouragement to M. Etcheverry, at the Ecoles newspaper office:

"Courage, gentlemen, courage! You belong to the generation which owns the future. You will do great things. In politics you will finish the rough sketches, in literature you carry on the work. For a long time past in all my writings I have striven to hasten the day when social questions will be substituted for political ones; when between the party of reaction and that of revolution there will arise the party of civilization. That day will be yours; that party will consist of you."

The purpose for which this letter was written shows Victor Hugo's quick movement to a definite end; the substance shows what is plain in all the letters: he was in no sense hypnotized by ends. In all the enthusiasm which made his work so effective, the reader sees him taking definite points of view and from them ordering his course.

"I have devoted my life to progress, and the starting point of progress in the world is the inviolability of human life. The corollaries of this principle are the end of war and the abolition of the scaffold."

Starting with the inviolability of human life, he came to freedom of the mind as equally essential. The thinker he regarded as the most effective of liberators:

"His action is never violent: the mildest of powers and consequently the greatest is the mind. The mind inflicts deadly blows on evil. Thinkers emancipate the human race. They suffer but they triumph. They accomplish the salvation of others by the sacrifice of themselves."

Victor Hugo devoted himself to attacking the greatest enemies of progress, idleness and cruelty:

"In every stratum of society, the working, the thinking the helpful element, that which aspires to goodness, justice and truth, constitutes the people; that which is sunk in voluntary stagnation, which is ignorant from laziness, which does wrong willingly, is the populace."

Thus though he worked problem by problem, he chose his problem always from the point of view of the liberator, not of the reformer. He did not aim to set a light in the darkness. To him the essential principle of the world was good; evil was the oppressor, powerful not to destroy the good, but only to subdue it. He therefore attacked evil, feeling that good, like the sun, would of itself fill all the space given to it. Wherever in the world he found a gleam of light there he aided those who were clearing away whatever obstructed it. It 1867 he wrote to the Revolutionary Committee of Porto Rico:

"Spain turned out of America! That is the great aim, That is the great duty for Americans. Cuba free like St. Domingo, I applaud all these great efforts."

Thus his letters constantly show him working on the ragged edge of truth, not systematizing but striking. In view of the slow attainment of scattered ends so vigorously worked toward, one feels the sincerity with which he wrote:

"Alas, I am of very little account, but my heart is filled with deep love for liberty which is man, and for Truth which is God."

If the letters quoted thus far showed the whole man, the reader's estimate of Victor Hugo would have to be somewhat of this fashion: a sensitive and healthy man, true in friendship, yet regarding both himself and his friends, even all tenderness, as tools to be handled with vigor and skill for immediate ends, which lay always in the direction of liberty and truth. Such a man would be, beyond question, noble. There are other letters, however, and those among the most charming, which show that he often wanted to work as well as that he always did work, and that he came to the loftiest ideals along and plain and beaten, and legitimately selfish paths of ordinary men. Alongside of his sense of duty, which made an end gained, only a means to a further end, he accepted affection as an end in itself. He wrote to his wife, of Dede:

"I hope her chicken, her pigeon, her kid, her cat, and her rabbit, will not keep her from writing to her papa."

And again to his wife:

"You know that you and my beloved children are the sole object of my work in this world. I hope that my name will be a tower of strength to my children."

The word "sole" here shows merely that, as his duty taught him expansion, so his affection led him to singleness in effort. The result of this single aim is not to lessen action, but to demand continuity in the field of action, and a consequent decrease in risk. A man looking merely to his duty may often run his horse at night over broken ground; a man who loves others must keep more to the solid road. The letters from Brussels to his wife show him more than ever feeling that, near his family or away, he must work as from their presence. He wrote to Victor Pavie:

"Amid the tumult which my enemies raise around me, have built up a little sanctuary into which I gaze unceasingly. In it are my wife and my children."

His wife is one of the main guides of his life, confirming him not only in his general direction, but often pointing out to him particular objects ahead. A comparison of the letters written to her in 1825 with those from Brussels in 1852 shows only increase of affection, and the growth of his complex power among men made steadily purer by her woman's singleness of aim.

In 1825 he wrote:

"Here I am at Orleans my Adele, and before I dine, before I rest, even before I sit down (for I am standing up) I wish to write to you."

Yet one too commonly thinks of a Frenchman as of one who writes to his wife after dinner. In 1852, pressed by busiest work, he wrote from his exile to his wife for "a dozen or so good pages." Notice the pronouns in the last sentence:

"All your letters are full of beauty and strength. If I needed energy they would give it to me. All is well when he head is well, and we have never had a better or a clearer idea of our position than now."

Victor Hugo was married before he had made many of his strongest and worthiest friends. It was a risk, in this case attended by a happy result. The men that he loved outside in the world, be-

cause his duty and their duty seemed to them alike, came into his home, and giving to it the power of the salon, gained from it the greater force of friendship. So Victor Hugo's home became not only the refuge where he purified himself for renewed struggle in the world; it became also the place from which men, who had come for delight, tired with work which they did from a sense of duty, constantly went out to grow less and less weary by working for love. Just as particles of invisible ether, smaller than the length of a light wave, break the clear rays of the sun into the colors of sunset and sunrise, so Victor Hugo's friends,—poets, critics, journalists, statesmen,—diffused the subtle influence of his home among the hard molecules of life. Sainte-Beuve's lack of appreciation of this nature of friendship makes the letters to him at once the saddest and the most insignificant part of the book:

"How little you understand my character Sainte-Beuve. You have always thought me ruled by my head, whereas I am guided by my heart. To love and to need love and friendship, apply these two words as you like, is the principle of my existence, whether in joy or grief, before the world or in private, heart whole or not. You have never recognized this sufficiency in me, and this accounts for more than one signal mistake in your estimate of me, so kindly in other respects."

On the other hand Victor Pavie's clear understanding of friendship makes the letters to him among the most significant and beautiful. In 1833 Victor Hugo wrote to Victor Pavie:

"I have never committed more faults than during this year, and yet I have never been a better man. I am worth far more now than in the days of my innocence which you regret. Formerly I was innocent; now I can make allowance for others. God knows that this is a great step in advance. . . . I may fall on the road, but I shall fall forwards."

True friendship has something of divine omniscience and justice; in many cases where the world condemns and crushes, a friend understands and saves. He wrote to George Sand:

"I should like to be somewhere in the world in a remote spot,—at Nohant, or Guernsey, or Capra, —with Garibaldi and you; we should understand each other You have vistas into the infinite, into life, mankind, the animal world, the soul. Harmonious conversation is the conversation that I like; we should have it together, I fancy; our points of contact [are numerous. Now I am boasting; smile and forgive me."

It was by understandings such as these, seen constantly in the splendid letters written from his home in exile, that Victor Hugo and his friends increased the effectiveness of their work many fold.

Thus Victor Hugo's work became the tangible material of his friendships; for in it he tried to give concrete and picturesque expression to his ideals. In every line he wrote, he worked for the ideas of manhood, family, friendship, country, and a world wide peace. He wrote to Lamar-tine in 1862:

"Yes, a society which tolerates misery, a religion which admits hell, a humanity which admits war, appear to me to be a society, a religion, a humanity, of a lower order; and it is towards the society, the humanity, the religion of a higher world that I aspire: society without kings, humanity without frontiers, religion without sacred books. As far as a man can will it, I would destroy human fatality, condemn slavery, banish misery, enlighten ignorance, cure disease, illumine darkness, and detest hatred. These are my principles, and that is why I wrote 'Les Misérables.'"

Hugo's great romances are far from being the modern novel with a purpose. He was too thorough, which is another way of saying, too scientific, a workman for that. He says:

"I will begin with the facts and end with the ideas."

He kept the two distinct. To let hope get tangled up with fact he thought self deceit, and he believed that plausibility, a form of weakness, lay at the root of all crime. Victor Hugo was a Frenchman and was sometimes carried off his feet; but never, in the sorrows of his children's deaths, in the grief for his country, or in his personal successes, did he completely lose the distinction between the fact and the ideal, the problem and the hope. The weight of his intelligence he threw into the fact, the weight of his energies into the ideal. He himself was the kind of man he called Louis de Maynard, to whom he wrote:

"We want you for the ideas you would promote for art; we want you because a noble, honest face like yours erect amid so many drooping and sidelong glances rests the eye and consoles the heart."

It is this kind of man who wrote to Barthelemy Enfantin:

"And I endeavor, bound to the 'chain myself,' to aid my fellow travellers, by my example as a man in the present and by my writings as a poet in the future."

One of Victor Hugo's greatest aims was to restore among men the love of the ideal:

"Man cannot bear nudity in any form: the nudity of the future no more than any other. This luminous nudity would dazzle him. The reason is that he long ago lost, and is only slowly recovering, the feeling for, and the love of, the ideal."

The feeling for the ideal gave Victor Hugo the sense of perspective which made him say to the poet and critic, M. Lacassade:

"You possess the two qualities without which no mind is complete,—sympathy with your age and taste for all time. You understand the nineteenth century and you understand the ideal." And, "How mean and petty is the moment through which we are passing. Happily the age is great."

One feels from the later letters that all feverishness in work, like all perfunctoriness, must be caused by the lack of ideals; and because Victor Hugo had worked so hard all his life, one sees why the third danger of sentimentalism, or ideals without effort to obtain them, did not occur to him.

A letter to Edgar Quinet, written in 1870, twelve years before the letters end, gives in its first sentence Victor Hugo's life in its two aspects of idealist and worker.

"Old age is the age of adding up, for thoughts as well as for years, for the mind as well as for life. The total of years only is overwhelming. The total of thoughts is sustaining. Hence the result that while the body decays the mind expands. There is a sort of dawn within it. This mysterious rejuvenation of which, like you, I am aware, this doubling of the moral and intellectual forces, while the material forces sink, this growth in decay, what a magnificent proof it is of the soul. The enfeebled cerebral matter gives forth a more vigorous thought. Of the two beings, the one organic, the other essential, which make up the man, the first crumbles away, the second breaks its bonds. The mind sees the grave and feels the spring. It creates up to the last moment—sublime promise of the great unknown life which it is about to enter. Its span augments. The process resembles an unfolding of the wings."

"In face of all these stupendous phenomena and all this vast living thought in which I lose myself I end by being only a sort of witness of God."

Victor Hugo rose to his work in the last years of his life with all the eagerness of his youth. On February 14, 1871, after twenty years of exile, he arrived at Bordeaux. There in the assembly he found himself with Louis Blanc, Schoelcher, and Garibaldi in a minority of 50 to 700.

Nevertheless the day after his arrival 50,000 men in the Grande Place shouted: Vive Victor Hugo. Later in the year he wrote "L'Année Terrible," a history of the fall of the empire and the two sieges of Paris. Victor Hugo would have had little sympathy with the idea that happiness is to have a past, and to sit by the fire and think about it. In 1879 he wrote to the Free Masons of Lyons:

"As for me the day when I cease to struggle I shall have ceased to live. Governments, which are all monarchical at the present moment have brought us, the peoples, into the following predicament,—misery at home and war abroad. On one side the workmen without work, on the other the soldier starting for the battle field. Hence the problem . . . which contains the whole future of civilization: to make work for the workman and to take it away from the soldier. . . . One is tempted to exclaim: Let us forgive one another."

In the Assembly, in 1851, just before Victor Hugo was driven into exile, he had prophesied, amid cries of derision, "The United States of Europe." In 1882 an event occurred which, though it showed how far from being realized was his hope for continental unity, nevertheless proved that the seeds of union had not been sown in vain. In a letter to the Emperor of Austria, Victor Hugo appears as the natural representative in Europe of a growing constituency devoted to peace, progress and unity.

TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

"I have received, in the course of two days, eleven telegraphic messages from the universities and academies of Italy. All of them plead for the life of a condemned man."

"The Emperor of Austria has a pardon to grant at this moment."

"Let him sign this pardon: it will be a great act."

Left facing a divided world, with cannon on the frontiers, Victor Hugo yet "for good or ill" was "attracted toward application rather than theory," and worked steadily for the "many material circumstances often necessary for the realization of the purest and most ideal of dreams." The words written to his daughter nearly fifty years before become an allegory of his life. The last sentence, having in it nothing of failure, sounds only temporary defeat:

"My Dede, I love you. I wanted to pick up some shells for you here; but I could not find any. There is nothing but sand, which is ridiculous."



IN THE AMERICAN LAND OF CANAAN

By Maitland Leroy Osborne

(Photographs taken especially for this article by the writer)



WITH what pleasure do we view the historic scenes round which are woven the stories that fired our youthful fancy. Seated on a fallen tree near the mouth of "Old Put's" famous wolf-den, not many months ago, the time-worn tale seemed fresh and new to me. The solemn small boy who acted as my guide appeared strangely ignorant of the history of the spot, so while he listened opened-eyed I told him how the savage creature had ranged and ravaged the

country round about till the farmers rose in might to capture her. How after a light snow-fall they tracked her to her lair amid the rocks, whence dogs sent in to drive her forth returned discomfited. How Israel Putnam, undismayed, with torch and gun crawled down the black and narrow passage till at its farthest end he saw the glaring eyeballs of the monster, and with one unerring shot dispatched her.

Each year at apple-blossom time the same old longing creeps upon me, and at odd moments I catch myself indulging in little reveries of blissful days

TWIN FALLS, SAGE'S RAVINE



out of doors, with the clear blue sky overhead, and the crisp, green slope of the hillside under foot. Then I lay aside my pen and prop upon the desk before me the dingy photograph of the dear old farmhouse 'mid the Connecticut hills—and, as I gaze upon it, I see a shady, winding country road, where glinting sunbeams play, and little wild things come peering fearlessly at the passer-by. I hear the gentle rustling of the trees, and the murmur of the brook as it stumbles on among the stones to fall into a tiny pool, where trout are leaping in their play. 'Tis the Land of Canaan calling me.

The quiet village lay dozing in the last long rays of the setting sun when I left the train at Canaan station and found the staid farm team awaiting me. When we had reached the top of

the long [hill beyond the village, I turned to gaze at the wide-spread valley down below, with the soft-flowing Bromfoxit gleaming silver-white among the trees, and grim old Wangum mountain draped in the evening mists. The air was heavy with the scent of apple-blossoms, and the sunset hush of the countryside was over all. Down by the little brook that wanders with devious turnings through the meadow a solitary frog sounded the first note of the evening chorus. From a hazel thicket by the roadside came the whip-poor-will's mournful cry, and soon the myriad voices of the night were in full song.

Later, I found a seat upon the farmhouse porch and dreamily watched the moon

creep slowly up above the hills, flooding the fields and woods with its mellow glory.

Away to the left the beautiful Twin Lakes—Washining and Washinee—lay placid in the moonlight, with their gentle ripple softly lip-lapping on the pebbly shore. Beyond, the grand old Dome reared its two thousand feet of majesty.

To the north, Sage's Ravine forms a chasm between Bear and Race moun-

Old Tavern House, Built in 1751



tains—twin brothers of the Taconic range. When I climbed its scarped side in the crisp morning air the smell of the wildwoods was in my nostrils. Far below, in the cool shadows, the crystal mountain stream leaped from rock to rock, hurrying on its way to the valley, pausing for an instant here and there to form little pools where speckled beauties were darting.

About the little village of Canaan, nestling among the hills, there lingers still a certain flavor of the olden time. Many of the original houses are still standing, whose sturdy oak frames have for near a century and a half withstood the ravages of time. The very atmosphere about these old places is charged with romance, and the great, low-ceilinged rooms, with their heavy, transverse beams of oak, contain still many quaint reminders of Colonial days.

The old tavern house, built by Captain Isaac Lawrence in 1751—the oldest house now standing in the village—is now a beautiful residence, and the "oldest inhabitant" delights to recall for the delectation of the stranger the tales his father's father used to tell of the merry doings under its hospitable roof. The old Douglas tavern, also, a little way beyond the village, is still standing—converted many years ago into a staid farmhouse. It is said that in its cellar a party of Hessian soldiers were kept as prisoners of war for many months after Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga.

About the village, on

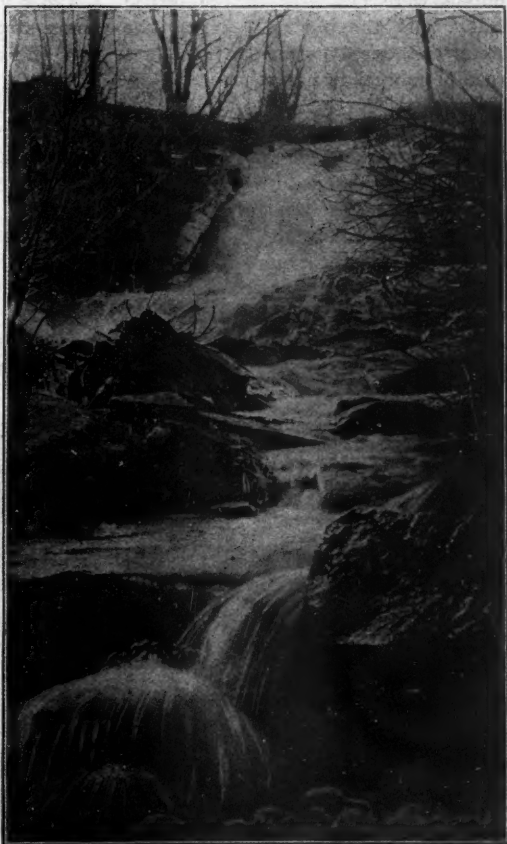
every side, the mountains rear their stately heads, and lakes and streams impart softness to the view. As the stranger wanders through the land, the words of Bryant come forcibly to mind:

Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings.

A few miles to the south the hurrying Housatonic pours its crystal cascade over Canaan falls with a ceaseless, mighty roar.

Not far from the shore of Lake Washinee, on the rugged hillside, is

BUTTERMILK FALLS, NORFOLK



CHRIST CHURCH, CANAAN



the entrance to a cave which venturesome explorers have penetrated to a distance of half a mile or more. Years ago, the wigwams of the Blackberry Indians were clustered in the fertile valley, and the old trail across the mountains, deeply worn by the silent tread of moccasined feet, is still distinctly seen.

Tradition has it that once some wandering tribe descended upon the peaceful valley and strove to wrest it from them. Now on the bank of the Housatonic they sleep while their spirits wander in the happy hunting grounds.

Each summer when the country dons its verdant garb, the pilgrims to the Land of Canaan come in ever increasing numbers.

White tents are reared under the sheltering trees about the lakes, and light canoes and spreading sails dot the sunlit surface.

In the quiet summer nights, when the camp-fire sends its flickering gleam across the water, and the startled loon's sonorous protest echoes back from the hills beyond, the campers are wont to join in singing the old time melodies that seem appropriate to the scene.

The region is rich in interest for the lover of nature in her softer moods. Beautiful orchids, coyly hiding in sequestered nooks; arbutus with its delicate blossoms, that in the early springtime trails along the hillside; and ferns of rare varieties abundantly reward the seeker. For a hundred

years the manufacture of lime has here been carried on, and from the quarries at East Canaan came the stone with which the State Capitol was built.

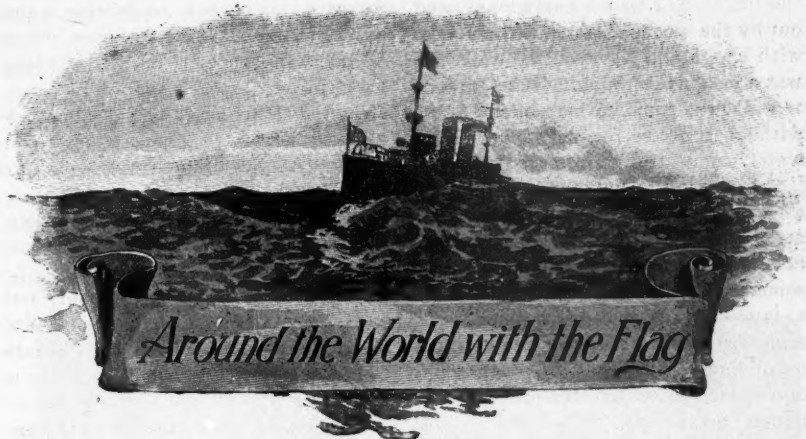
Long years ago, when the cumbersome stage coach flourished, Canaan was the centre of several important routes.

Every old village has its distinctive characters, and Canaan is no exception in this respect. Several who flourished in my boyhood's days have been gathered to their fathers—but their quaint and homely sayings have been handed down.

One poor old man, whose helpmeet held the family purse strings with a death-like grip, after long years of toil behind the plow, lay calmly down one day to take his last earthly rest. The doctor, grudgingly summoned, could give no hope, but ordered that he be given all the fresh milk that he could drink. But his frugal better-half, with an eye to future profit, was obdurate. "Sure, doctor," said she calmly, "the old man's going to die anyway—and the calf must have the milk." So the old man the sooner died, in order that the calf might live.

"An' who's a fool now?"





By Peter Mac Queen, M. A.

(With photographs by the author.)

MANILA, August 15, 1899.

DURING the battle of Paranaque, I halted on a hill, the hill where Scott's battery first shelled the enemy. There were marks of shot and shell, but not such destruction as one might think. Here men began to cry for water, medicine, whiskey, anything to stay them. Half of my outfit was gone. A whole squad of men were sick. "Five dollars in gold for a drink of water or a glass of stimulants," said a poor half dead chap to me. My outfit was all gone by this time. I'll go back for water. Two soldiers were despatched and sent with me. In half a mile we would find water, some one said, in a deep gully. We could not find it. The battle in our front came on; bullets like a swarm of bees hummed in the grass.

Our tongues parched at the roots as we wandered aimlessly in the deathly moor.

Finally from a hill I saw the white tents of the Idahos in the trenches a mile from Macati.

"Let's go back there," some one suggested. So we struggled into the Idahos. They were glad to see us, and were eager for better news. One fellow was very kind to me—unusually careful of my comfort. "You are very kind to strangers" I said after a time. "You are not a stranger to me" the man replied. "You gave me tea the night I was guard at Longos over the dead bodies of the North Dakota men. I was about dead with hunger that night. I know how it feels to be played out. It makes me feel good to help you out in return."

The Idahos are still in the old trenches that run from San Pedro Macati to the Bay of Manila. They are good fighters, and fine and gentle men. So one of them, who shares his dinner with me—Bernard, his name—says, "Fill up your canteen, and two of us will escort you back to the firing lines. I'll sneak out and meet you by the bamboos. It's court-martial for me to leave the trenches—a month's pay and twenty days in jail. But I've got to see

the fun." So I took a hasty leave, and out by the woods met my two friends, with Krag and 150 rounds each. It was a hot "hyke" back. "Hyke" means to walk, and run, and march, and fight, without concern for safety, food or water.

Soon we get over the ridge and into the line of the morning's march. Sick and wounded men stagger along. Some have companions to aid them; some are alone. An old man is under a bush—hid from the sun and the stinging bullets. He is protecting a lot of haversacks, thrown away. Five or six men with prostration are in a bunch on the road. It is three o'clock in the afternoon.

Two miles back of the army the Chinese carriers are resting with about twenty soldiers. The Idahos leave me with them, and crossing brackish streams and broken country, I reach Overshine's camp and stay with the Thirteenth Regulars. They are dreadfully cut up, only sixteen men reporting in some companies. There must have been 700 to 1000 men laid up by heat. One regiment of 680 had 300 missing. When Lawton fights he drives on for all he is worth. The boys in the Thirteenth were new in the islands, young and raw.

We lay without tent or shelter. I took the ridge of a rice-paddy for a bed. At eleven we were all drenched with heavy rain. At twelve we got up and dried our clothes, for the rain had passed and the "sentinel stars hung their watch in the sky." Just as I lay down to rest again I heard a terrible uproar near me.

Men were running in a wild mad rush as if for life. "Look out! They're on you"—they were yelling. They came with the force of a whirlwind. I had just time to crouch behind the ridge and save my life. The wild, mad stream of men poured over for a few

minutes, and then recovering, came quickly back again. Some young fellow had been dreaming, and just then three horses rushed into camp. He cried to his neighbors: "The polo men on horses!" The cry was taken up and the camp narrowly escaped a disaster.

In the morning we started at dawn, a march over lowlands and unspeakable mud-flats to Las Pinas.

At the second town, Bacoor, two days later, they made a fierce and bloody stand, killing twelve Americans and wounding fifty. This was at the bridge over the Zapote River. Two years ago they killed here twenty-six officers and 700 men of Spain's best troops. The Yankees brought their guns up to within thirty yards of the insurgent trenches, these latter defended by a deep stream. Two companies of the Twenty-first Regulars narrowly escaped destruction, having run down to only one round of ammunition. But Lawton, with characteristic audacity, brought up his reserves, he himself taking a rifle from a wounded man and fighting with it.

On June 16 we had a hot row up north, the rebels attacking our army in San Fernando. So while the Peace Congress sits and men bless the sacred name of the Peacemaker, the merry dance of death goes on.

As I walked down the road to Bacoor to see the fight, I fell in with a soldier who said he had been back over the country where we fought the first day—back of Paranaque and leading up to Laguna de Bay. Two men were lost.

It was in the gully where I had seen the two aimless wanderers on Saturday. "I found one," he was telling me, "we can't tell what became of the other." But this boy was sent back to the hospital sick. About three o'clock he was last seen. He had a bullet hole in his neck. They got him from the

bamboos. I buried him and marked his grave—not much to bury—a skull and a skeleton. Great God; and he had started with us three days before—a warm, human, living being, full of heart and hope.

So this is war: A hundred mangled Filipinos lie in yon trenches at Bacoar, and hundreds of others lifeless or homeless.

I stopped in the Paranaque church all holed by shells. Strange to say, the

ever ye would that men should do to you, do ye likewise so to them."

INTERVIEWS AND VIEWS

It is apparent that the Bisayans are more in love with the American occupation than the war-like and indomitable Tasals. There were living in unity and peace at Cebu the [Filipino] President Senor Lloriente, and the American Governor Col. Hamer. The Colonel said to me: "When the

FIRST COLORADOS IN THE CHURCH AT SAN PEDRO MACATE



altar had not been hit. Just then they took past a soldier all bleeding and sore. So there was the face of Mary, divinest of women, "Mother of God," and the poor pale worn face of the sweet Martyr of Calvary looked down still smiling amid this hate. He did not speak to me then, but I thought I could hear, in the heart of the silence and awe of the place, the words still fragrant as the wayside flowers of Galilee: "Whatso-

Americans came here Senor Flores was President of the Island for the Filipino government. He was a weak and vascillating man; and was soon placed on the retired list. Lloriente is a strong man for a Filipino, and has recently been appointed by General Otis an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court at Manila. What the final conditions here will be, I do not know. We have finally gotten them to discard Aguinaldo, al-

though even Lloriente yielded the place under protest to the superior force. The people are, some of them, still in sympathy with the independence party; but the more shrewd of them see that sooner or later the Americans will win out, and they have quietly changed without exciting unfavorable comment among the people.

"The native police are retained and paid from the revenues of the place. But they are not altogether reliable; and I have American patrols. Crimes

elect from the natives; but let their official acts come under American inspection.

"Make the Pueblas or towns the kindergartens to give the people a chance to learn self-government. Divide the towns into wards similar to those in American towns and cities. Absolutely permit the people to elect aldermen and councilmen. Give the mayors the absolute right of vote under American supervision. My impression is that these officials should be required to report to some central

A GROUP OF FILIPINO CHILDREN



of the bollo men are never ferreted out. When Senor Mejia was assassinated the native police seemed to know nothing of the perpetrators. I have a theory of government for this Island. Organize the towns first and not the provincial governments. Prefarebly let the Americans appoint the presidents or mayors of the towns. Let the natives make this selection subject to the American approval. Determine the qualifications of voters later. President, justices, clerks,

American governor an account of all their acts.

"Those in favor of the Americans here are first the rich and a few Spaniards. Secondly the intelligent and progressive who understand what alliance with a great power means. Those opposed are the ambitious politicians, without property interests, looters and highwaymen. They are pirates by nature and they get a crowd around them by intimidation, bribes, and try in the dress of the

A Ruined Breastwork



Filipino army to make, folk take off their hats to them.

"Then there are the wild hill-men. They are the lower class both in property and intellect. They want to make a living, but are easily led, very susceptible to military influence—afraid; do not visit the large towns; even when they do come to market it is to the small villages. They are deceived by monstrous stories. In an English family here the Filipinos

A Family in Sulu



asked their employers to help them protect their children when the Americans came—for they had heard that the Americans were black and ate children. These continue to join the insurgents, afraid to do otherwise.

"There are practically no schools here. The rich send their children to Hong-Kong or Manila to school. To Hong-Kong because of the advantage of learning the English language. The poor have no education to speak of. Not, twenty-five per cent, of the

people of Cebu can speak Spanish. The young men and women here are very anxious to learn the English tongue. For the present religion should be let alone. I had to send home a missionary who was distributing tracts on Protestantism, and thus rousing the antagonism of our native editor and the clergy. President Schurman was here yesterday, and I was very favorably impressed with him. We have to proceed with delicacy and caution, also firmly."

A Casco on the Bay



This view of Colonel Hamer I found well sustained by other things I saw in Cebu. Yet I doubt if illiteracy is as bad as he thinks it is. President Schurman is quoted in a Manila paper, "La Democracia," as saying he thinks the upper classes are well educated, but the lower classes are in dense ignorance. This opinion I venture to doubt. I have mingled purposely more with the middle than with the upper classes, and I find that Wey-

On the Dock at Manila



ler's schools and the efforts of the priests have left a people widely taught in the very elementary branches, but not taught in the higher studies. This agrees exactly with Weyler's known characteristics. A little learning may be dangerous, but it is also useful to the tyrant; for a boy who can read and write is a more useful animal than one who can not.

In the next placé I interviewed, by means of an interpreter, the Filipino President, Senor Lloriente. He is a fine-looking Spanish mestizo; a man of dignity and fine breeding. In fact, you will find more politeness with the natives than among ourselves. The Saxon may be the wonder he says he is. He should remember that he only recently emerged from the forests, with teeth two inches long, and a spoonful of brains in the back of his head, drinking blood out of the skull of a conquered foe. The Bisayan "hasn't got no papers of his own; he hasn't got no medals nor rewards." So we must testify that he compares very well with any of the self-praising races. President Lloriente is in the same building as the American governor. He said, in effect:

"The best people here are for the American occupation. Those who are against it are the lowest and most ignorant. They are led by General Aradio Maxillon, an ambitious man. They have about 150 rifles in the island of Cebu. There are about a thousand bolo men in the hills at Sudlon. I am in favor of autonomy, or Independencia with an American protectorate. As far as religion goes it should be let alone as far as possible, as the people are very devoted Catholics. There is a scarcity of grain this year on account of the war. The Spanish ruled us with a rod of iron. Very vigorous was their regime. We were like slaves. The Americans are much more gener-

ous. There are only about a hundred Spaniards in Cebu at present. In the insurrection the Filipinos broke through with knives and took the rifles which they have from the Spanish soldiers. Our people are capable of great valor. They have suffered much and must get time to show what they can do."

I thought he knew the situation better than the American governor; yet both seemed anxious to make the outcome tell for humanity and progress. There was very little fighting about Cebu. Lieut.-Colonel Bayless of the Tennessees was in command of the forces and told me that he could take the whole island with one battalion.

The English consul, Mr. Sidebottom, who was also the American consul aforetime, is highly in favor of America. The German consul, who is a Scotchman, a Mr. Cummings, is also delighted with our coming. These are about the only two outsiders I have seen who appreciate our benevolent aims. Cebu is happy. It was described of old by the Spanish historians as "a little basket of flowers anchored amid the waters."

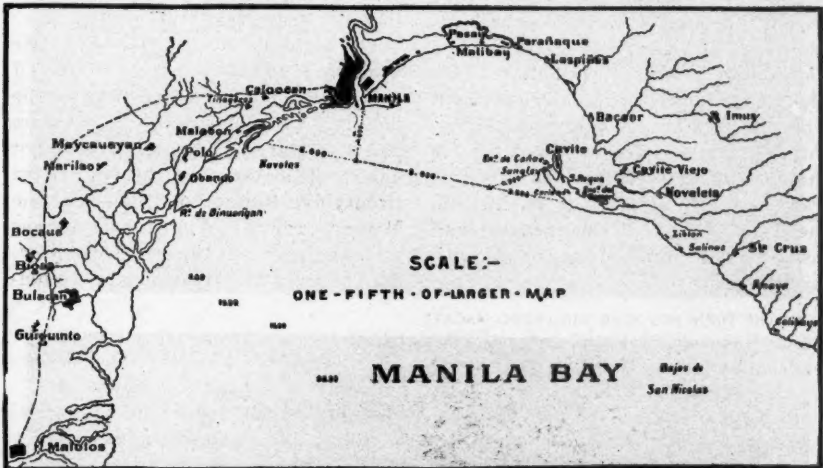
The second place that I visited was Sulu or Jolo. Here is an altogether new condition of things. The town, as you know, is an ideal little place, made so by General Arolas when in exile here. He has made fifteen acres of paradise. We hold with two battalions of the Twenty-third Infantry under Captain Pratt, fifteen acres of the great archipelago. On the 10th of June the Sultan visited the Americans. The dattos or chiefs came with him. He was described to me by the officers as a dirty little wretch like a monkey. Some of his people are very like this description. Mr. Foreman in his book praises the Morros. I cannot agree with Mr. Foreman. They are to my sight a far lower form of human vege-

tation than the elevated and refined Tagals and Bisayans. Foreman talks about the women being beautiful. Shades of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy. They are the vilest scum of the earth I have ever seen. They are, men and women, seamed with old iniquity and wrinkled with weeds of sin.

The Sultan kindly said he was glad to trade with the Americans. On June 24, Captain Pratt returned the visit, and he tells me that the home of the Sultan in Miabung is filthy, that the Sultan's mother and her secretary are

we begin on them. The inevitable end is a big row. They are saucy and up-pish now when the American officers are paying four prices for borongs, krisses, lances, etc. What will they be when the Americans begin to develop the land?

It should be observed here that the land in Sulu is well cultivated. There is a Mr. Shuck, a German who married the daughter of an old prime minister here. He speaks English well and helps the Americans in their intercourse with the natives. He has rich



the real executive heads of the sultanate. There are some fine old chiefs. One had not visited Jolo for twenty-two years because he did not like the Spaniards. On the 26th of June Mr. Schurman visited the Sultan at Miabung. I understand nothing has been broached about the relations of the United States and Sultan one way or the other. I must say I sympathize with the Tagals; but those Morros—they are not even good Mohamedans. Still they have their fine points. They are bold and brave and independent. We will have a fine kettle of fish when

coffee plantations. He is a modest, nice fellow, and has helped the officers to make a little club which is quite home-like. The Morros trust Mr. Shuck. Let it not, however, be supposed that Mr. Shuck is always working for the Americans. The chief Chinaman, Tia Na was about to leave Jolo when he heard the Spaniards were going. He sold Mr. Shuck a fine estate for \$150.00 Mexican. The estate was worth thousands of dollars. Tia Na did not get it back for \$150.00. I met Tia Na and he is a good Chinaman and charged me two prices for the shell of

a pearl oyster. The Morros were yet kinder and charged me full five prices—taking \$25 for borongs and krisses which in the days of Arolas they got \$5 for. The land is a garden I say, and while the Morros foolishly spend their time making spears, Mr. Shuck the German and Tia Na the Chinaman get hold of their inheritance.

The datto, or chief, rents the land to his retainers. He gets the biggest pearls from the diveries opposite his land—i. e., is supposed to get them. The Sultan gets rent from the dattos; except when as in the case of Joka Nina, the datto of Patikolo, where the datto got up a scrap four years ago and licked the spots out of the Sultan. This Joka Nina I had the pleasure of visiting. He is a fine looking man; a lithe, blythe savage, indeed. "Look out for him," says Shuck to me, "he is a first rate man. If he is going to kill you he'll say so." With this pleasant and assuring description, I adjourned with an alegretto beat of heart along the

shore from Jolo five miles and came to where the datto lived. Under the great Tree of Patikolo the country folk held market day. The datto's house is built out over the waters. He received me kindly in his bare feet, and placed for edification before us ten kinds of sweetmeats and some excellent coffee. The datto was glad, he said, to have the Americans near him. He thought they would make good servants and traders. Yes, thought I, but shades of Jefferson and the true American Washington, the countrymen of Lincoln serving a half-naked savage! The thought wrung laughter.

The datto had a fine little boy. He wanted me to take a picture of him. I did so; then His Excellency wanted the picture. I explained I would put it on paper at Manila. He said, "Why not now?" I looked; on the wall were twenty-five Remington rifles and one Mauser carbine. Well, I said it was such an important thing it took time. This relieved the situation, and we con-

IN THE TRENCHES NEAR SAN PEDRO MACATE



VIEW OF SHIPPING AT MANILA



tinued; both, of us to retain our heads on our shoulders.

The island of Suln has a splendid climate. The town has fresh pure water brought through the pipes of Arolas. The soldiers are very well off there and happy except that it is far from mails and other of the bitter fruits of civilization. Lieutenant Hagadorn, Twenty-third Infantry, told me many things about the island but closed by saying an inevitable conflict will come if we ever try to open up the country. We can do nothing with poor white men here. It is a grand coffee and cocoa-nut district; but coffee takes three years to yield and cocoanuts take seven years. It may be a white man's paradise, but he must have the white man's cash. I do not see how the poor man of America can make anything by coming to these

islands. He might keep a saloon or a cock-pit. Which reminds me that he could not run an independent saloon. For there is in Manila a very smooth and slick character, I fear the forerunner of many such. This man is Brown. He is agent of Pabst beer and has all the saloons under his thumb. He seems to have some American officers under his thumb also. You will see him here and there and everywhere, button-holing this one, setting up the champagne to that one. He seems to get at his point; for under the resounding title of the "American Philippines Company" he gets a good many contracts from the government for barracks, etc. He seems to know the limit of bids and just slips in by a sharp edge. Oh yes; a slick article is Brown, and America is far away. This is one of the dangers of exploitation;

but borongs are sharp and the leopard has not got a new hide.

In the next place I went to Iloilo. There a good many surprises met me. One was that American Custom House officials were polite. Yet this was marred by one instance. We were kept in by a typhoon. A young boy with captain straps came into the "Cherucca," a government chartered ship, to tell the Spanish captain that he had a telegram from Manila, telling him to wait till the storm was over. "Do you speak English?" asked the boy. The Spaniard shook his head. "Then why the hell don't you?" The Spaniard did not understand. But a Spanish passenger said to me when the boy went away: "What a pity that you Americans are so rude. We of Spain expected great things of you. I had no idea that any government like the United States would put in such a high position such a rude and boisterous boy." I made some apology; yet at heart I felt mortified. The Spaniards showed to far better advantage than the Americans in the matter of good manners. But when I visited the Tennessee Regiment and met Colonel Childers, I met a man one might be proud to have for a countryman. Major Cheatham, of the Tennessees, has a model little town in Molo, a suburb of Iloilo. When I drove through this town with the gallant colonel the old men and the children came out and took off their hats to him, and women held up their children to show them *El Comandante Americano*. Not one hostile shot has been fired into Molo since the Tennessees entered the place. Moreover, the stories in the American papers about these men are almost wholly without foundation. No more gallant regiment nor polished gentleman ever went out from America to sustain the government and represent the people.

The same might be said of old Colonel Van Valzah and his men of the Eighteenth Infantry, who are holding the lines for five miles along the Jaro River. The same is true of the Custom House of Iloilo.

To return to Iloilo: It has a fine harbor and a good sugar and rice trade, which is constantly growing under the wise management of the authorities there. The harbor, with a little dredging, will admit vessels of thirty feet draught. Iloilo is centrally situated, and has fine natural protection from war and storm. It is near China, and close to the great sugar, abaca and coconut belts. There is very little armed opposition in the island of Panay—about 1,500 rifles in the vicinity of Santa Barba, Pavia, and then away to the north at Capiz.

All people who ought to know agree that Mindanao is rich in coal and gold and rubies. But Professor Becker, who, by the way, is a rare old gentleman, will be able to get at the facts if anybody will. The Spanish captain on the "Cherucca" is very bright. He says "the American government understands the richness of these islands; the American people do not. On the other hand the Spanish people appreciate the value of the islands, but the Spanish government does not." The Spaniards are keeping an eye out on our blunders; and, I daresay, laughing behind their hands with their dear friends the Germans. I am told now that one of the Carolinas is within one day's sail of Mindanao, and that if filibusters started in there no one would be likely to stop them. The Spaniards all agree that the Morros are well armed in Mindanao; and one, a naturalist from Zamboanga, assured me that there were 20,000 rifles, Remington and Mausers, now on the island. If this be true, then is the outlook draped with clouds.



PINON—A NEW BROOK FARM OF THE WEST

By C. E. Julihu

THE little colony town of Pinon, with its fifty buildings of rough boards lies away down in the bottom of San Miguel Canyon, upon a narrow shelf of some fifteen or twenty acres, and bears a strong resemblance to any Colorado mining camp, especially in a certain appearance that everything has of being temporary. But the traveler will look in vain for the saloons, gambling halls and such places of public resort as are the invariable accompaniment of mining towns. If he asks for a drink he will be offered water. If he seeks food he will be directed to the "Beehive," a porticoed building in which a repast of plain, wholesome food will be served by tidy, wholesome women. And if, perchance, he has fallen upon the time of a regular meal, he will sit amazed at the conversation of the rough-handed men at whose table he

holds a place. Should he peep into the little room on the right to which most seem to repair after satisfying their hunger, he would perceive it to be a library containing many books, magazines and papers of especial interest along the lines of social and economic study. At the sound of a gong, if it were the close of the noon hour, he would see the denim-clad company quickly disperse—one to the forge, one to a building designated the "Commissary," another to keep books in an office, others to a printery, a harness shop, the big stables, the garden lying in a recess of the hills where a tributary canyon joins that of the San Miguel, and a few minutes later the little street of the town would be deserted. If he should hurry to intercept the man who in overalls, jumper and broad-brimmed hat is leading a white saddle-mule to drink from the river, he might ask, "What is Pinon?" To which the man with the mule would reply, "The town of the Colorado Co-operative Company."

*This article was secured after extended effort, and is the first description of the colony ever published, as the members of the community are adverse to giving publicity to their work.

"And what does this company do?"

"It builds homes for the homeless."

"And what sort of work do you do in the company?"

"I am the general manager." Upon which, should the stranger stare with incredulity at this manager in overalls and say, "And who, pray, may yonder tall fellow with balky mules be?" he would be answered, "That is our President."

Five years ago a train bore ten men and a woman, filled with aspirations for the better life, into the little town of Montrose, away in the southwestern corner of Colorado. With lumbering wagons they ascended toward that pass of the Uncompahgre Divide known as the Old Paradox Trail, until winding among the spruce and aspen ten thousand feet above sea level, a broad valley appeared stretching away from their feet a hundred and fifty miles, until it was lost in the haze which gathered about the Blue Mountains of Arizona and New Mexico, the La Sals of Utah and the Lone Cone and San Juan Range of Colorado. And all, or nearly all, of the millions of acres in that vast expanse were arid. Away through the center of the valley ran a black thread of yawning chasm, looking from a distance as if some wild god-hero had cleft it with his sword. It was the work of the river-god, for in its depths flowed the San Miguel. The pilgrims could see from the pass a tract close to the canyon's brink. It seems but a pasture lot from that distance, though containing not less than fifteen or twenty thousand acres. This was the sight for which they had traveled so far—this was their future home. And these ten men and the one woman, with scarcely anything, save health and indomitable will, said that they would conduct the river up the cliffs of its canyon and water the Parks of Tabeguache. What faith was here! They believed in the dignity and power of labor, and the miles of flume-bed which have been carved from the rock sides of San Miguel's Canyon now attest the fact that faith will remove mountains.

HISTORY OF THE COLONY

The first thing to be done was to secure provisions and tools for the use of the men while building the irrigating ditch upon which they had resolved. In order to do this they obtained from a ranchero settled on bottom land at the foot of Naturita Creek a three years' lease of eighty acres in return for a small ditch which they were to dig to the land. This they completed in time to raise a crop in the summer of '95, and having this crop for their support they surveyed the canal by which it was intended to irrigate Tabeguache Park. It was found to require about thirteen miles of ditch to convey the water from the San Miguel to an initial point at the park's head. Thus, in February, 1896, the camp was moved to its present location five miles from the proposed head-gate at a point where the Cottonwood Canyon enters that of the San Miguel; and the first work on the ditch proper was done after two years of arduous preliminary labor. At first the colonists were handicapped by a lack of implements and horses. But they were quickly joined by others to whom they had communicated their enthusiasm. Some brought teams, wagons and harness to the enterprise, others tools; and none who came lacked courage; for the worldly-wise laughed, though in a kindly way, at this band of dreamers, and only the hardiest would dare espouse such a cause. Nevertheless the work has grown apace. Instead of ten men and a woman, there are now one hundred and fifty persons upon the company grounds; and about three hundred members on the outside (poor men for the most part) are contributing monthly to the purchase of tools and provisions for the workers. The ditch has crept on, bit by bit, winding its sinuous way from cliff to cliff, until at Cottonwood it is now nearly two hundred feet from the canyon's bottom.

CONDITION OF THE COLONY TO-DAY

The condition of the colony work is exceedingly interesting. Pinon, the main

camp, lies on either side of the San Miguel, a headwater of the Dolores and Colorado, whose banks are but a few hundred yards in width even there. The hills are close down upon the river to right and left. Rising thence a thousand feet or so they are composed for the most part of a fine reddish sandstone and are covered with pinyon and cedar. In this little town is the company office, commissary, printery, library, school, postoffice, assembly hall, saddlery, forge, carpenter shop, main

cookhouse, bunk house and forge. Thirteen miles up Cottonwood Canyon is located the camp of the Sheep Creek sawmill where a crew is engaged in getting out lumber for the construction of the trestles and flume of which the canal will consist in a considerable degree. Roughly speaking, half a million feet of lumber are cut and piled at the mill awaiting the time of flume building. The mill itself is now hidden from view by seven or eight thousand logs which have been cut in the win-

HEAD GATE CAMP



barn and ice house. Here the ditch crew is generally quartered, the single men in a large bunk house, though some prefer separate cabins, and the married men with their families in houses provided by the company. All supplies are freighted by the company wagons from Montrose in the summer and from Placerville, forty miles up the river, when the pass across the Divide is closed by snow. There is a camp five miles above Pinon at the headgate of the ditch consisting of a stable,

ter and hauled in for sawing; while another two or three thousand logs remain skidded in the woods. These three camps with a harness shop at Naturita, ten miles down the river, constitute the company's entire establishment, for as yet the sage-covered parks of Tabeguache are the home of rabbits, coyotes and prairie dogs.

The first five miles of the canal was the hardest work to be done. Ditching was possible for the first mile. But such a ditch! For half a mile from the head gate it lay

Chilcoat Pass Before Blasting

through a gravel bar, the boulders of which could not be scraped out, but required to be loaded into the scrapers by hand for the most part. Then came a short piece of rip-rap across a bend of the river which swept sheer into the mountain side. The remaining ditching was effected by a cut and fill forty feet in depth at the worst point. The rest of the five miles to Cottonwood Canyon was flume and trestle work with the exception of a short piece of ditch adjacent to the canyon. In order to build a flume bed the solid cliffs had to be blasted out in many places to a great depth. At a place which is known as the "Point of Winds" this blasting was required to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, and from that to another famous point a mile distant known as "Chilcoat Pass" there was continuous rock work. Notwithstanding such difficulties these dauntless men have accomplished this half of their task. The time when but a single man could be allowed upon the ditch proper is past and as much is now done in a day as could formerly be accomplished in a month. The company is now in a position to grapple with almost any task. It has built many miles of mountain road to facilitate its work. In one month it built a nine mile road from the Head Gate Camp to Sheep Creek Camp which would compare favorably in grade, breadth and firmness with any in the country. Even now it has a crew engaged in

turning the course of the river to facilitate communication between the Head Gate and Pinon. And the best thing of all is that the poor men who have done these herculean labors own all the results. For it has been the policy of the company to do without things when unable to purchase them with cash. It has no debts, save incidental ones. It pays no interest. Its credit is good. It faces the future fearlessly.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY

The company is controlled by a board of nine directors, elected annually by the stockholders. These men are almost invariably chosen from workers upon the grounds. They assemble fortnightly in open session, any member being permitted to participate in their discussions and offer suggestions. Their will is executed by a general manager who is responsible to them for the conduct of work. The foremen are of his appointing. All men and women are paid alike at the rate of twenty cents an hour for services to the company. President, general manager, directors, foremen, teachers, cooks, teamsters, lumbermen, ditchmen—no distinction is made for the character of work. Each is expected to cheerfully render to the common use whatever talent or special training he may be fortunate enough to possess. The ownership of a share of stock is necessary to membership in the company; but no member is permitted to buy more than one share. These shares, which are now

Chilcoat Pass After Blasting

at a premium of fifty-five, must be paid for in cash, which money is used for the purchase of tools. Only members are employed by the company, and their pay is in the form of credits, the excess of which above living expenses is applied each month upon the individual's water-right in the canal. At the rate of \$1.25 per acre, each member acquires from the government either by pre-emption or the Desert Act, land on the park not in excess of forty acres. This is the limit for which the company will supply water to any single member, as large holdings of land, creating a tendency toward an aristocracy, are considered undesirable. The cost of the canal will be pro-rated among the members upon its completion. The credit evidences of labor for the company will be received as payment. Thus a poor man at a cash cost of about \$200, may acquire individually a forty-acre ranch with a splendid water right, worth in the values of this well nigh landless state \$2000 as soon as water strikes it. So much for the first steps of the company.

COLONY LIFE

Before considering the future of the company, let us pause a moment for a glimpse of the life of the colonist today. The main fact in it is work. These men being very poor, feel that the only thing practicable at the present time is to work—work hard and complete the ditch. The Brook farmers worked a part of each day. But these men are working in excess for a few years in order to enjoy reasonable leisure the rest of their lives. They are self-made men for the most part, rural philosophers who by long meditation in the fields and the mines have come to a knowledge of things which their predecessors at Brook Farm gleaned from the world's literature. These latter were men of education—college-bred men who had felt themselves oppressed by excessive mental labor which they sought to balance by working with their hands. But the men of Pinon are as a rule those who have known manual labor in its severest

forms and seek to modify it by rational culture of the mind. Thus one finds the colony life a practical one in the highest degree; but through it all is an atmosphere of thoughtfulness, of hope, of aspiration. Two men swinging picks upon the flume bed may be heard discussing the merits of the last famous book: A teamster whistling the "Pilgrim's Chorus" as he curried his horses would not surprise one. A wonderful tolerance is noted on every hand. No man's peculiarities are questioned, so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others. Indeed, a people more thoughtful for the general happiness could hardly be imagined. Though the ditch has practically been built upon a vegetarian diet, a beef is

Trestle Work Ready for Flume



sometimes dispensed from the commissary. On one such occasion a lady was heard to remark that she enjoyed the treat twofold, since she saw her family eat beef while no guilty knowledge of slums in Pinon where misery prevailed haunted her mind; for all in camp shared equally the plenty or the dearth. There is no church in the colony; but on Sunday evenings there is a meeting in Assembly Hall known as the Literary. Debate is the only thing excluded from this meeting. The members, old and young, volunteer recitations, readings, music, original essays, poems, ethical talks, etc., and the evening passes so pleasantly that all regret its flight. A dance is held in the same place nearly every Saturday evening; and a dramatic club produces plays and dialogues occasionally. In all of these forms of entertainment it is most noticeable that the young and old meet on an equal footing. The little ones are given

an opportunity to dance as if it were their right. Nowhere are the old treated with a more cordial respect by the young than in Pinon. The "Beehive" is the great place of debate, for becoming interested while in the library awaiting the dinner gong the men bring their thoughts to the table. One will quickly perceive that the principle of co-operation is almost a religion with them; that they reverence work and strive for education. The public school is maintained by the county five months and is continued four months more by the company. Each word reveals a profound love for the whole of humanity. At the word "monopoly," every one bristles. When one is heard to express his happiness in the success of a trust, it means merely that he sees in that trust a forerunner of social organization. Free access to land is advocated, though most consider the single tax as but a primary step. As a rule formal religion is tabooed at the table as a topic for discussion. An absolute social equality prevails. The denim uniform buries one's past. The commissary porch is a place of second importance for debate, as company politics are much discussed there. It is the agora of this little democracy. Right here it is interesting to note that at the last state and county election the citizens of Pinon voted almost as a unit a scratch ticket, headed by the Social Labor Party candidate for governor and containing the names of Democratic, Republican and Populist candidates for lesser offices. Such a thing has seldom if ever been done before. But away from all debate and discussion the men and women like to wander of a summer's evening along the little parks which fringe the roaring river where the robins, jays and wrens—there are no sparrows—flutter in the birch and cotton woods and the chipmunks rustle the underbrush. Much of the work itself is so full of pleasant associations that it seems like play. One can not fail to be impressed by the scenery. It is a beautiful trail—that up the river. Whatever variety of scenery it displays, there is invariably an

element of the rushing river embracing densely wooded parks and the red sandstone mountains rising on either hand.

THE COLONY'S FUTURE

As much as has already been accomplished, still this community is less noteworthy for its past work than for the tendencies and purposes in which its future lies cradled. It was born of conservative socialism. Its founders had before them many seductive theories of the higher life; yet many failures of like enterprises warned them not to attempt too much. Some of them were just from the ill-fated colony of Topolobampo Bay. So they went only as far as they could see clearly, they made the step of co-operative labor leaving the rest to the future. But in five years that future has taken shape until it is a thing of beauty. Upon the eve of a triumphant completion of its first step the colony reaches out in widening ambition. Though it was at first deemed wise to establish an individualistic ownership of land in order to secure the workers after the fashion of the competitive world, there now comes a clamor from members for the assumption of their lands by the company. At each edition of the Altrurian the demand for co-operative working of lands is renewed by someone. That the parks of Tabeguache shall be one great farm operated for the benefit of all its citizens is a sentiment rapidly dominating the minds of members. A railroad connecting Tabeguache with Grand Junction, eighty miles distant, is already projected. Plans for a model town are being submitted and discussed. Gardens, parks, schools, lyceums, theatres, art galleries, music halls, a paradise in which there shall be no room for the idler, the adventurer or speculator, a place of education, liberty, equality, fraternity—these are but dreams as yet in the mind of the child-god which has been nourished in the rugged Colorado mountains. But presently he shall awake and lo, to the sad old world a temple of truth, justice and love shall be revealed.

THE CLASSICS AT JIMPTI'S RUN

By Revere Rodgers

IT was Saturday in the little mining town of Jimpti's Run, and the "boys" had knocked off work at noon and were now hanging around the post office waiting for the stage to come in.

There had been heavy rains and not a few were of the opinion that there would be none through that day, when suddenly the faint crack of a whip was heard, and the men broke into a loud "hooroo" as the outline of the clumsy old stage was dimly seen in the distance.

"How's the trail, Jake?" asked "Maje" Meekin, as the driver brought the old coach to a standstill in front of the post office and busied himself in throwing off the mail and a few express packages.

"Oh, we had one d—l of a time gitting through," replied the driver, "an' if she keeps on like this thar won't be nary nuth'er bus through fer a week. But I say, 'Maje,'" whispered the driver, "I've got a little gal inside thar, 'er reg'lar high stepper, come from the East out hyar to meet her Dad; he's a millernair over on the slope. He was ter meet the leetle gal at Denver, but ther blamed 'cuss' missed cornections some way and the leetle gal come through by her lonely, an' now can't go any furdur wid me, 'cause hits per'lus on 'count o' the floods. So I 'ntends ter leave her hyar fer er few days. Ther fellers over ter Jackson's Hole showed her 'a smashin'' good time," he hurriedly continued, as he saw the look of alarm that was gradually overspreading "Maje" Meekin's face.

This last adroit allusion to Jackson's Hole removed any objections "Maje" Meekin may have had about receiving a lady in the heretofore womanless town of Jimpti's Run.

"What them 'ar fellers of Jackson's Hole kin do, ther boys of Jimpti's Run kin more 'en do," he replied angrily. "Drive her up to th' Hotel, Jake, an' I'll git ther boys tergether an' sort er tek' acshin 'pon ther matter."

"Now, fellers," said "Maje" Meekin, when they were all assembled around the stove in Tom Pilsener's store, "the first thing we've got ter do is ter 'lict er 'moose-mint kermittee, so's ter git up er sort er 'tainment fer the leetle gal. I'll act as er kinder charman, 'en you all make surgest-shuns ez ter what you kinsider 'll be 'nterrestin' fer ther young leddy. Them ar 'cy-yites at Jackson's Hole tried ter 'ntertain her, but we,—we will 'ntertain her." (Vociferous cheering.)

"What's th' matter with hev'in' er ba'ar fight in front er th' hotil, 'Maje?" inquired Bill Blickens. "Thet cert'ny would be amoosin' fer th' lady."

"Twon't do er tall, boys," said "Maje" Meekin. "Now I'll tell you what I purpose fer us ter do, an' thet at fer us all ter git tergether an' buy them ar' books, as thet air poickry feller left at Ned Barber's shanty afore he fell over ther cliff an' knocked his brains out. Now, them books is what yer call classickel, no low down readin' you understan', but riglar tip-top stuff like they reads in ther East. Now, ez fer ez readin' goes fer ther most of us er good pixter paper with large figgers is erbout our limit, 'en er good many of us kin only git ez fer ez ther pixters; but yer see we don't want this hyar leetle gal ter git on ter ther fact; besides, we want ter show up ther ign'ance of them fellers at Jackson's Hole. So if we git them books, an' tek' turns in goin' up ter ther hotil an' pur-sintin' em ter her, mekin' b'lieve as we

read 'em ourselves when we ain't workin'. why she'll imagine ez we ar' er way up in eddicashun, en ther repertashun of Jimpti's Run will be heerd of all over ther slope."

The next day being Sunday, and consequently a day of rest in Jimpti's, it was decided to make the first presentation of the books on that day. But here a new difficulty arose; as "Maje" Meekin expressed it to the crowd, "Ter give these books ter ther young lady in these hyar clothes ez we bin' used ter wearin' won't look right er tall, fellers. What we ought ter hev' er 'biled' shirt an' er long black coat, an' er beaver hat same ez they wear in ther East when they goes a-calling."

"I've got er 'biled' shirt in my trunk up at ther shanty, 'Maje,'" said Tom Scott. "Folks at home sent it ter me couple of yaars ergo."

"An' thers an' old plug hat that Jim Lyons lef' at my shanty, 'Maje,' you kin hev'."

"Well, we've got ther hat an' ther shirt, fellers, but I don't reckon ther's a frock coat this side er Denver," said Meekin, scratching his head dubiously.

"Yes, thar be, 'Maje,'" cried a man from the back of the crowd; "Bill Curtis, up at ther Red Light, got one in that ar' tourist feller's trunk as lef' without squaring up his board bill. I see one o' them long-tail coats in thar yes'day, when Bill were lookin' over ther continents."

"Well, that sees us out of ther difficulty alright, boys," cried "Maje" Meekin, gleefully. "Now ther next thing is ter draw fer ter see as who will persint ther books ter the ledly."

Now as there happened to be only four of these books, and as every man in the camp wanted to present one, it was decided to draw slips of paper from a hat in order to decide who should be the one to make the presentation.

Never was there as much interest and excitement manifested in any event; no,

not in the whole history of Jimpti's Run, as there was on this momentous occasion. Every one seemed to be infected with the ambition to outshine his neighbor, but to gratify this ambition it was necessary to draw one of the four lucky numbers from the depths of a capacious sombrero hat.

It was decided that the man who drew slip No. 1 should be the first to call upon the young "ledly," the others following according to the numbers they drew.

It was the unanimous opinion that nothing more unfortunate could have happened than to have Sam Brosius draw one of the lucky slips, and that slip to be numbered 1. Brosius, a great big swaggering ruffian, who had never met more than one or two white women in his life, to be a representative of the cultured and refined city of Jimpti's Run!

"Yer see, Sam," said "Maje" Meekin, "yer'll be at er diservantige, bein' ez yer can't read ner write, an' ther leetle gal 'll sorter git on ter yer curves, an' that ar' 'll be er r'flecshun on ther town yer know, en we doesn't want that, Sam."

The matter was finally compromised by Sam's agreeing to be coached in his deportment by one Larry Devoe, who had at one time been to Washington as an interpreter for the Choctaw Nation, and who was reported to have mingled with the ladies at the Capitol city and to have caught on to the fashion. In consequence of these many attainments he was looked up to at Jimpti's as a sort of fashion plate, whose opinion was regarded as law in any matters pertaining to this subject.

Half a dozen of the boys undertook to help Brosius make his toilet, and such a time as they had of it! The efforts of four determined men were required to get him into his shirt, and this was only possible after the shirt had been ripped down the back. The coat was at least five sizes too small for his ungainly figure, and the least effort on his part made the seams crack

ominously. A large white handkerchief served for a collar and necktie combined. The high hat sat upon his head as if it would topple off at the slightest movement. (Several of the men wanted to tie a string to each side of the hat and let it pass under the wearer's chin, but to this Sam would not hear.) He was, indeed, a curious-looking imitation of a gentleman with classical tendencies; but, such as he was, he appeared to feel mighty proud of his appearance, and his stock of vanity increased accordingly. In fact, he became almost haughty in his demeanor, but this was generally ascribed to the tightness of his coat, which kept him much in the position of having a ramrod running up his back.

"Now, Sam," said Larry Devoe, after the crowd had finished commenting upon his appearance, "if yer'll pay clus' attent-shun I'll give yer ar few pinters ez ter how yer must act in ther leddy's pres'nce. Now, yer go out in tother room, likes it's ther hallway at ther hotil, an' I'll sot hyar, persoomin' ter be ther young leddy, an' yer comes in an' sidles down on that char, mekin' b'lieve ez yer ar callin' on me. Now I'll give yer an immertaslun how this ar performed in ther East," said Larry, rising up and walking over to the door. "Yer see," he continued, "yer teks off yer hat (of course yer know's that)," said Larry, looking dubiously at Sam, not at all certain that he did know it. "Well, then," he resumed, "yer teks off yer hat, and then yer mought give er leetle smile, jist ter show yer good-nature. No, no, yer kin leave out ther smile," said Larry, hurriedly, as he saw in some alarm a wide hole in Sam's face, much like the entrance to a small tunnel covered with red flannel.

Brosius, who had taken up his position in the room outside, now came in amid a silence so profound that you could have heard a feather drop, so interested were the men in the success of the affair. He

came forward in a sidling, half-sheepish manner, and waving Larry an elephantine salute, sank down into the chair opposite, with about as much grace as a trained bear. Nevertheless, his performance was considered excellent, and he was received with unstinted applause, the spectators feeling if he could do as well as that up at the hotel they need have no fears that Sam would reflect discredit upon the town.

It was something after the order of a triumphal procession that wended its way in the direction of the Red Light Saloon.

As the lady occupied the room over the bar, with the hallway adjoining it, the committee decided to let only the three other men who had drawn the lucky slips accompany Sam to the floor above. These men were to communicate with the other men in the barroom below by means of special messengers for that purpose, who were to take their stand at the head of the stairs.

The four representatives of the classics mounted the stairs to the lady's room with a good deal of trepidation. The three men concealed themselves in a dark corner of the hallway, while Sam went boldly forward with his book in his hand and his heart in his mouth.

In response to his rather timid knock the door was opened by a pretty fresh-colored miss of about eighteen, with a dark mass of curly hair clustered around her pretty face, and a pair of humorous blue eyes that had a wondering expression in them as she stood there looking at her queerly dressed visitor.

"How do you do, Sir," she said in a musical voice, as Sam stood awkwardly, bowing and scraping his feet.

"How 'd' do, marm," said Sam, blushing furiously and fanning himself vigorously with his hat, at the same time pushing the book at her as if she were his mortal enemy and the book a dirk knife. On the strength of these warlike manifestations the

young lady retreated into the room, and Sam, not knowing what else to do, followed her. Once inside the room, all his self-possession reasserted itself, and remembering his instructions from Larry Devoe he immediately assumed what he considered to be a dignified air; and waving the lady a rough salute (supposed to be the very acme of grace), sank languidly into a chair, while she, with a half-frightened, half-quizzical expression upon her face, remained standing.

"I brung this hyar book ter yo', mum," began Sam, extending the article mentioned, "thinking as yer mought be lonesome like."

"I am sure I appreciate your kindness," said the lady, taking the proffered book and glancing eagerly at the title, while a surprised look came over her face. "I hardly expected to find a book as this in a mining town," she continued, looking curiously from Sam to the book as if she was very much puzzled.

"Wall, now," said Sam, clapping his leg gleefully, "that's what 'Maje' Meekin opined yer wouldn't. I mean," he hurriedly explained, "it's what I opined yer wouldn't. No sich things as them at Jackson Hole, is ther, mum?"

"Are you fond of reading, Mr. —" and here the young lady stopped, not knowing her peculiar visitor's name.

"Brosius is my name, mum," said Sam, making an elaborate bow. "An' if yer arks me air I fond o' readin', mum, I tell you it's meat and bread to me. All I arks, mum, is ter give me er good book an' er pipe o' terbaccer arter my day's work ar' done an' I promise you, mum, that Sam won't arsk fer anything else. Ar' I fond of readin'," repeated Sam, musingly, "why, readin' is vittles an' drink ter me."

"Will somebody hold me afore I shake myself to pieces laffin' at that blamed liar," asked "Maje" Meekin in the hallway outside. "Readin' ar vittles an' drink ter him!

Ha, ha, what a rumancer he sho'ly air."

"You seem to be fond of classical reading, Mr. Brosius," said the young lady, glancing from the book to her visitor in a puzzled manner.

"Couldn't pos'ibly git erlong widout it," said that gentleman in a serious manner. "No low-down readin' fer this chicken, mum. How I come ter bring that ar book, mum, was this way: I war er sittin' in my shanty er readin' an' ar smokin' like fury, when I sez ter myself, I sez, 'Sam,' I sez, 'ther's er young leddy in this hyar town who ar pr'aps lonesum.' Now I thinks ter myself, mum, I does, that the boys are good enough in a way, an' they really does mean well, mum, but I sez, 'Sam,' I sez, 'you know ez ther boys, not knowing exactly how ter treat er young leddy, they might leave her erlone, an' she not hevin' any amoosemint, she may git lonesum. Now,' I sez ter myself, I does; 'I'll jist slip on my Sunday clothes an' give ther boys er few pinters ez how ter act ter er strange young leddy, but,' I sez, 'I'll tek' er book er long ter presint to ther leddy.' So I gits up an' goes ter my-my-my-my-my, yer knows, mum, whar I keeps my books."

"Bookshelf?" queried the lady, smilingly.

"No, mum," said Sam, blushing furiously, "that ar not ther word. Dang it all," he continued, scratching his head fiercely, "what are that word. 'Scuse me er minit, mum," he said, as a sudden thought occurred to him, "I left er dorg outside; I'll jist step out an' see how he ar doin'." Suiting the action to the word, Sam went out into the hallway, where he found the other men with their eyes glued to the cracks in the door.

"Whar was it I got that danged book, 'Maje,'" he asked in a hoarse whisper that was plainly audible in the other room.

"In yer li'bry, yer durned mud-slinger," replied Meekin, who was angry at the way Sam had been spreading himself at the town's expense.

"Ez I war sayin', mum, afore yer 'nterrupted me," said Sam, as he reseated himself opposite the lady, "I war er sittin' in my shanty ar thinkin' how lonely yer must be, an' how er nice book ud come in good fer yer ter pass ther time away; so I gits up, I does, an' I goes over ter my lib'ry an' gits this hyar book an' I brings it ter yer, an' that's how yours trooly comes ter be hyar at this momint; an' ez I said before, ther ain't no books lak' them at Jackson's Hole, is thar, mum?"

When the news was conveyed to the men in the barroom that the lady expressed great surprise at finding such a book in the town, and also was delighted with it, the applause was tremendous; and "Maje" Meekin, the originator of the idea, had his health pledged by all the citizens and in all the varied assortment of liquors at the Red Light's bar.

But now a new, and entirely unforeseen, difficulty presented itself, caused by no less a person than Sam Brosius. This cavalier having made what he considered a favorable impression upon the young lady, was decidedly loath to give up the field in favor of a possible rival. And, though the men in the hallway outside repeatedly gave him signals to withdraw, Sam paid not the slightest attention to them, continuing to carry on an animated conversation with the young lady.

"I think some one is calling you, Mr. Brosius," said the lady, as a deep bass voice came through the keyhole, asking for Mr. Brosius.

"Yes, that's the way it is always, mum," said Sam, not paying the slightest attention to the voice. "They dassen't do er thing without my consint. It's always Mr. Brosius this, and Mr. Brosius that. I'm the head man in everything as goes on. I sometimes wonders how I stands it, but the boys will have me; an', of course, being good-natured, I doesn't complain. They's a rough set, mum, but their hearts is in

ther right place; but of course they hassent been used ter ther sas'siety w: is."

"Fellers," said "Maje" Meekin, who was dancing with fury, "ef we don't git that e'ternal guy out o' ther he'll ruin ther whole game."

Finally, as a last resort, although it was considered extremely impolite, and only to be executed in extreme cases, a man was sent to the door to say that some one had set fire to Mr. Brosius' shanty and that his things were all burning. This last message made Sam start, as he had lately purchased a jug of whiskey and he was extremely anxious to save it from the devouring flames. The moment he was clear of the doorway he was quickly seized by four stalwart men, who despite his protests about its being a nice way to treat a fellow citizen, unceremoniously hustled him out of his gay toggery.

The shirt, hat and coat were now put on No. 2, and he being about half as large as Brosius, the clothes made him look ridiculous indeed. The coat reached nearly to his ankles. The shirt, which had been ripped down the back for Sam's entrance into it, was now wrapped gracefully around "Reddy" Anderson's rather diminutive figure. The hat found a resting place upon his ears, concealing all that part of his countenance immediately above those members.

After going through all the necessary maneuvers before the critical eyes of the Jumpti's Runites, "Reddy" Anderson was accounted fully capable of sustaining the reputation of the Run. "Although," said Bill Carter, of the Red Light Saloon, "he cert'nly ar er rum 'un to look at."

"Reddy" Anderson, being of a retiring disposition, knocked timidly at the door, and upon its being opened by the young lady was so frightened that he hurriedly dropped his book into her hand and shot down the hall as if a band of Indians were behind him. He was immediately hustled

out of his clothes, which No. 3—namely, "Silent" Adams—stood waiting to receive. This representative made out fairly well, for the reason that he never opened his mouth from the time he entered the room until he left. He in turn was stripped to accommodate Bill Blickins, who was the most talkative man in the town, and it was expected that he would either make a "hit" with the young lady or make an ass of himself. There was no middle course expected of Bill; he had to do one or the other.

When he rapped at the door, the young lady opened it with a wearied look upon her pretty face, and as Bill stepped across the threshold she came very near laughing outright at the ridiculous figure he made, with the coat pinned together in the back by every known kind of pin. But Bill, all unconscious of the incongruity of his attire, took a seat in a dignified manner and gracefully inclined his head in her direction.

"This is ar book, mum, at I jist took out on my liberee fer yer," said the gallant Bill, extending that article to her.

"Why, it's Latin!" said the young lady in amazement. "Are you fond of Latin, sir?"

"Why, as ter that," replied Bill, who had some idea that Latin was something to eat, "I can't say as I'm 'ticerlarly fond of it. I likes water-creesses a mighty sight better. Yes, mum, I cert'nly does. Although I has er brother as is mighty fond of that what you jist remarked. He uses it es er sass fer 'taters."

When Bill came out to the crowd, after having delivered the last book, Larry Devoe expressed a wish to go in and have a chat with the young lady. So, there being no objection, he quickly got into the "official suit" and was ushered into the lady's presence.

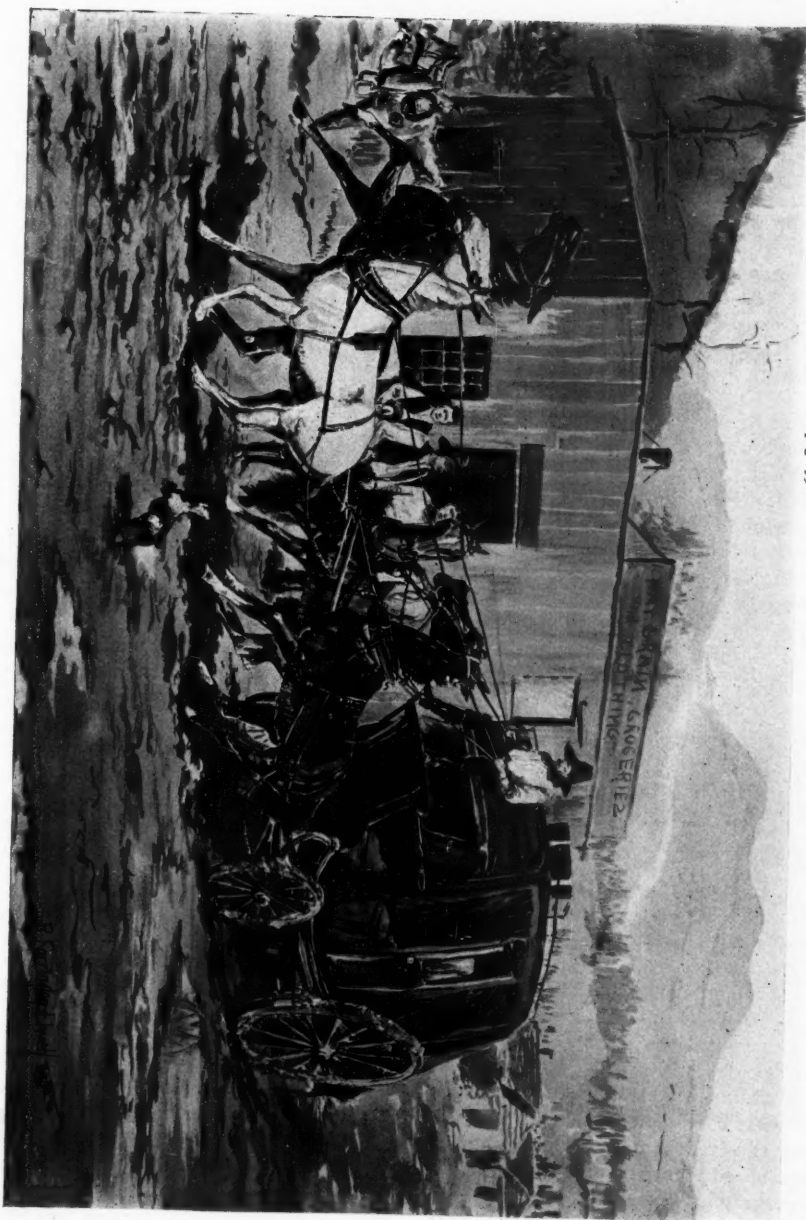
After Larry returned there were several other candidates for the "official suit," all Jimpti's Run seeming to be mad with this one idea. And such deceptions as they practiced upon one another to gain the lady's favor! One big miner had a tame bear cub in the bosom of his shirt, which almost frightened the young lady into hysterics when he drew it out for her amusement. Another one had a family of squirrels which he made perform. Others had gone to gather wild flowers to pave the way to an agreeable conversation. In fact, every man had an inordinate desire to outshine his neighbor, and how far these eccentricities would have been carried will forever remain a mystery—for the coat, which had already parted up the back, at last suddenly became sleeveless. As the shirt had long been a thing of memory only, it was now decided to call a halt in "ther exercises," as "Maje" Meekin expressed it.

What other plans for the lady's amusement would these gallants of Jimpti's Run have busied themselves with, it is impossible to say, had not a pompous old gentleman, driving a light-colored buckboard, appeared at the door of the Red Light saloon on the following Monday morning and inquired for the young lady in an agitated voice.

Upon being assured of her safety by the sight of her pretty face, and being told of the kindnesses shown her by the men of the town, he was overwhelmed with gratitude, and it was found necessary to put on several additional bartenders to supply liquid refreshments to the thirsty of Jimpti's,—at the old gentleman's expense.

And this is the speech of thanks which the young lady made before leaving, said speech being translated by the Hon. "Maje" Meekin: "She said, fellers, ez she had heerd of gentlemen an' hed read of gentlemen, but when she wanted ter see gentlemen she'd come ter Jimpti's Run."

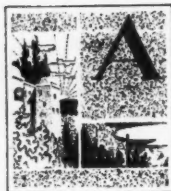
"Oh, we had one d—l of a time getting through!"—See page 35.



Drawn by R. Farrington Ewell

THE OCTOBER HUNT

By Charles W. Hall



Our country grows in wealth, the pursuits of leisure hours become more pronounced in the affairs of men. There has been a well-defined movement toward introducing the chase in this country during the past year. All athletic sports have been stimulated and extended by the advent and expansion of the Scotch game of golf, but still it does not necessarily mean the aping of English customs, because the vigorous pursuits of the old world find favor here.

The formation of "country clubs" in nearly all cities of any size, indicates a greater appreciation of outdoor sports. The question of recreation is no longer a matter of discretion—it is an acknowledged necessity, and the coming years will see the American people favoring the picturesque hunt and chase.

The ancient pleasures of the chase have for generations been dear to the patrician planters of the old regime; to a certain extent to the owners of large domains in the middle states; and to some extent in the prairie country near and beyond the father of waters; more especially of late years when the swift Italian and Irish gaze hounds have been introduced for coursing the great American hare, shuffling but speedy coyote, and even the savage gray or white wolf.

With the growing popularity of these and other varieties of sport, such as yachting and golf, there has been a

decided increase in the number of sporting and fishing preserves, rifle, shooting, hunting, fishing, yachting, cycle and golf clubs; some of which control almost feudal areas, and boast of princely residences, kennels, stables, and other accessories. A very large number of less pretensions represent coteries of business, professional and literary men, and the business operations dependent on this development of American social life, employ thousands of men and women, and distribute "sporting goods" to the value of many millions yearly. Millions more are earned by the transportation lines of the country, the great hotel interest, the journals and publishing houses which cater to these immensely popular diversions, and a host of boatmen, guides, and more humble servitors.

That the general results have given new vigor and self reliance to American manhood, youth and womanhood, few will deny, and that they represent a decided growth in permanent and profitably invested capital, is equally apparent.

"With horse and hound and horn" October brings to the votaries of Diana, the buskinned, virgin, huntress-goddess, the choicest season of the chase.

The days grow mildly warm, or bracing winds tear through forest and coppice, scattering the falling leaves, ruffling lake and stream, and bringing to man and horse deep draughts of health and courage. The noontide is rather a dream of vanishing summer, than a suggestion of coming winter, and the harvests are not so completely over, that one ceases to delight in

THE GAMEKEEPER BEFORE THE HUNT



Reproduced from a celebrated painting

the expectation of further reward for the season's culture of the garden, orchard, field and vineyard; while the apprehension of material damage to the possessions of the agriculturist have measurably passed away.

The fox, no longer enervated by summer heats and thin in flesh and coat, now glows with soft and glossy fur and vivid markings; the hare, full fed, yet lithe and vigorous, bounds from his form as if furnished with muscles of steel; the stag and antelope, no longer burdened with the care of their young, or worried by insect plagues, are in perfect condition, and seem to challenge pursuit; and even the youngest broods of the birds of chase are full-grown, perfectly feathered, strong-winged, and fully conscious of the dangers which they must avoid and escape.

In this month myriads of statesmen, scholars, artists, literary men—in short, workers of all kinds—draw from such scenes and diversions new health and strength of mind and body; going back, in some degree, at least, to that primal sympathy with mother nature which inspires every strong and enterprising nation, as it does every truly virile and self-reliant man.

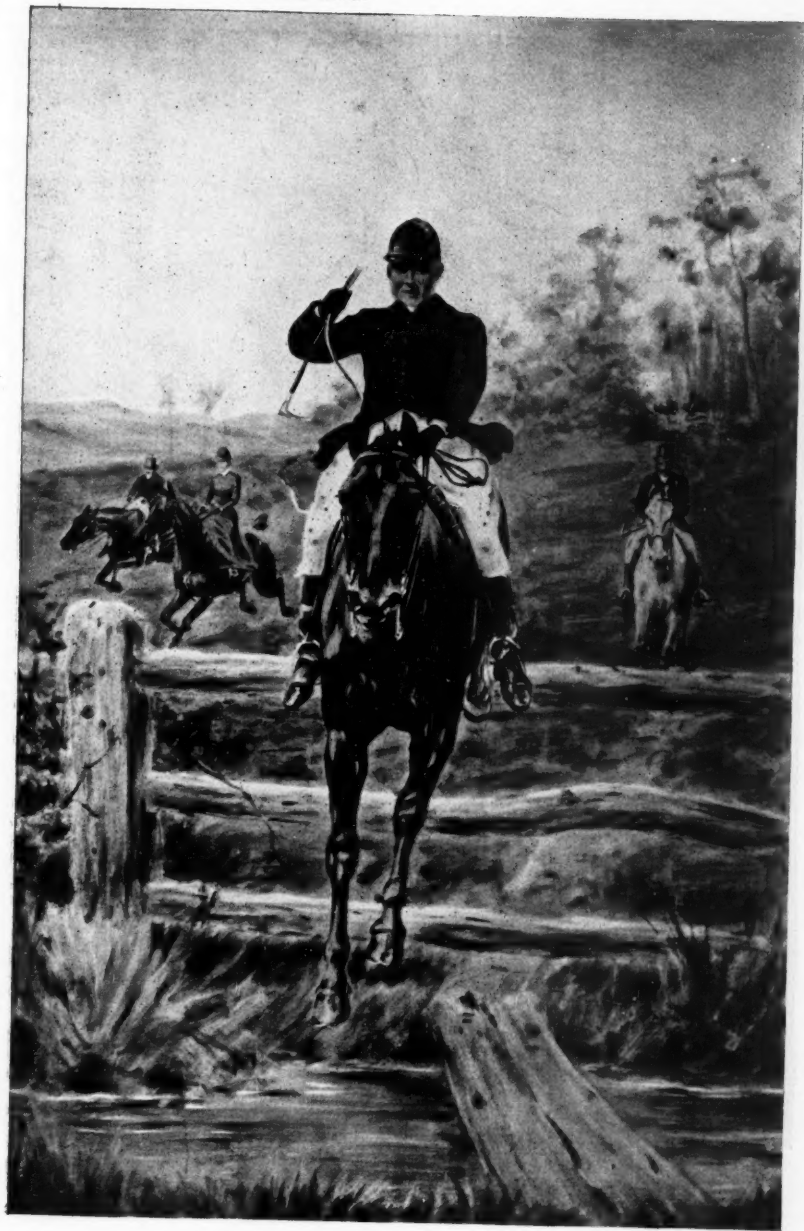
For a few golden days the mellow sunbeams, the bracing breezes, the sharp, yet grateful chill of the hoar frost, the grateful coolness of flying

spray, and perchance of driving mists and rain; the intense vitality of bird and beast; the strenuous speed and strength of horse and hound; the constant necessity for the exercise of faculties neglected and weakened by civilized living; hearty appetites, slumbers, and rare but delicious moments of utter indolence, and lack of all care, bring to men over-worked, care-burdened, under-vitalized, and utterly weary of what most civilized beings call life, a healing balm and magical elixir of life which no physician can offer and no chemist supply.

Around the whole world, in the northern hemisphere, this hunter life and devotion to the chase manifests itself in a thousand varying forms, and with the same beneficent results, to every honest hunter and true sportsman, of whatever country, race or degree. Whoever loves the headlong pursuit, in which the rider and steed are one in spirit and desire, following stag or wolf, fox or hare, in the common abandon of the chase, and with a single purpose to come up with the wild, headlong rush of the baying hounds, yet without greed of gain, delight in cruelty, or ungenerous advantage taken, must perforce become and remain a more healthy, generous, gallant man, and of cleaner life, and nicer comprehension and love of nature for his experience.



"WITH HORSE AND HOUND AND HORN"



From a painting by Blinks



Drawn by W. H. Upham.

RIOTS IN FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES OVER THE DREYFUS CASE

The above drawing appeared in "The National Magazine" some time ago, and so accurately forecast the situation in France, that it is herewith reprinted as indicating something of the recent disturbance there.

"H, would it be the same answer always, Margaret, if I asked again?"—See page 101



Drawn by W. H. Upham



"Yes—that—that was it. Tell me," and he leaned forward eagerly, "did I do wrong?"—See page 51

THE GIRL IN THE LONG TAN ULSTER

By Arthur W. Tarbell

IT was on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," of an October morning in mid-ocean, with a smooth, sun-lit sea, a lazy, comfortable roll to the ship that lulled one into day-dreams and a promenade deck that had about it all the color and capriciousness of a Parisian boulevard scene. Miss Belmont stood for a moment at the saloon entrance, looking interestedly at all this. Then, for the first time of the voyage, she stepped out on the deck and began to walk aft. Miss Belmont, in long tan ulster and a gray tourist hat, encircled by a modest plaid band, was a picture that satisfied the eye in every respect.

Lieutenant Creston, of the Seventy-first New York, caught sight of her first, and his recital of how the Tenth Cavalry did their little act at the battle of San Juan hill, came to an abrupt termination. Turning quickly in his chair as she passed, and temporarily losing control of himself—something, of course, entirely unpardonable in a well-bred military man—he exclaimed:

"By Jove!"

Colonel Telford, an old ex-trooper, who had seen service and plenty of it, under Sheridan, and who had been listening indulgently to the "kid," saw her a second later. It was a very emphatic tribute—the sudden might with which he brought his hand down on the shoulder of the man next to him, and muttered:

"By Jove!"

A few paces further on, and Miss Belmont saw something that interested her. It was a steamer chair, around which a group of children stood

like so many statues, and in which reclined a young man, with a face that could be remembered. One tot of a girl was snugly settled in his lap, her doll for the moment hanging head down on the deck, forgotten. Instead of listening to the story he was telling, this little one was looking up into his face, which was turned toward the other children, wondering what was that something so red and torn looking on one of his cheeks. Any one aboard could have told you something about every one else of the ship's company, but about this man, nothing. The few of them who had done their best to exchange the commonplaces of the day with him, had been obliged to retire in favor of the children. A book, which he always carried in his hand, was seldom seen to be read. He was more in the habit of looking out over the sea to the horizon line, and even beyond, into that something where every eye cannot follow. To most of those who noticed his face at all carefully, he gave the impression of one to whom something had happened. Miss Belmont was tempted to look twice, but did not. Had the man himself seen her, he might, perhaps, although this is not certain, have been aroused sufficiently from his reserve to remark, "By Jove!"

When Miss Belmont reached the rail at the end of the promenade, she turned. Gresingford, who happened to be stretched out near this particular spot on the ship, was reading some cynic verse of Kipling's. Gresingford was only a youth of one-and-twenty, but he had become very much

a man of the world, and it wearied him exceedingly to think that he must live on, knowing it all. Hence, nothing feminine interested him. That is, not until a little wayward gust of wind chanced to blow the flap of a tan ulster against his sleeve, and then he looked up to see who had been so far indiscreet as to intrude upon his presence. He caught, perhaps, just half the profile. But it was enough. His mouth opened automatically, allowing a very choice briar pipe to drop to the deck and roll away unheeded into the scuppers. Then he said something that sounded very much like,

"By Jove!"

And soon. Fifty "By Joves!" in the course of a five minutes stroll on an ocean liner is not a bad record. Yet Miss Belmont had been known to better it—on several occasions. It was her way. Everyone knew it, everyone, except—and in this lay the greatest charm of all—Miss Belmont, herself. Yes, the girl in the long tan ulster and the gray tourist hat was decidedly fair to look upon, but that was not all.

Fair to look upon! yes, that to the world was the whole truth. Only the world, in this instance, as it has done so often before, made a very sorry mistake. It had branded so many fair women as mere idols of gold, when in reality, they were something vastly more. It has been so cruelly apt to admire the outer, rather than appreciate the inner sign. Perhaps more than anything else, it was this that kept Miss Belmont from being what she would liked to have been at times to some men—a friend, simply a friend. To be quietly a good Samaritan when one is conspicuously beautiful is not easy.

"You may, perhaps, care to tell me about it." It was Miss Belmont who had spoken. The two chairs were

drawn together, well for'ard on the lee side of the ship, away from the rest. During the past few days this companionship of the chairs had been noticeable. Where others had failed, Miss Belmont had succeeded. She had come to him as one of the children, in that peculiarly winning way of her own, and because she had said the right thing at the right time, and also because of something she had not said, he believed her to be a woman who understood. So he had told her many things and they had become friends, only the one thing that was nearest his heart of all, he had not told her. It was this that he seemed now on the point of speaking about. He hesitated—naturally—for in this instance another woman was concerned and there had been that between them which was not to be talked of with every one. Probably elsewhere he would have remained silent, but here, in mid-ocean, where the soul so often speaks, it was different.

And so, with the waves dipping by them, he told her. He told her of his love, and of her to whom he had hoped, sometime, when he had earned the right, to declare this love. And although he was nothing, perhaps, but a boy, yet he spoke with a certain splendid manliness and honor that impressed Miss Belmont more than she might cared to have confessed. She was beginning to think what a supremely fine thing it was—a love like this—and how rich the girl, whoever she was, should count herself in the possession of it,—when, suddenly, the strong, youthful tone, born of love's theme, died away in the voice of the one beside her. The situation resolved itself into an eloquent silence. Other girls might have ventured an unnecessary and unwelcome remark at this point; Miss Belmont knew that none was called for.

Presently he continued:

"I'm afraid the rest is not so easy to tell," he said, with a new note of despair struggling against courage in his voice. "You may remember that the call for men came about that time, and I went, with Troop —, of the First Volunteer Cavalry. My friends said that it was merely caprice—my enlisting. Perhaps it was—perhaps it was something else. At any rate I went and if anything had happened to me she would never have known all that she was to me. But nothing happened, that is nothing—fatal—, he winced perceptibly as he made this painful allusion to his disfigurement, "and most of us, I'm sure, went into the thing at the start more for the huge bit of adventure it offered than anything else. We were boys still and the prospect for a first-class scrap, something like the old college football days, only of a slightly graver variety, was too tempting for most of us. That there was likely to be any serious danger in it, I don't believe one of the fellows thought for a moment.

"They kept us waiting, you know, a few weeks at Tampa, where we groaned mightily at the delay. And then, quite before we knew it, we found ourselves actually on Cuban soil, and within believing distance of what had hitherto been largely a dream—the enemy.

"It doesn't matter in the least that I should tell you everything that happened in those two months. I know they're making a wretched fuss now about what we had to go through, but the only thing which most of us actually craved for, and didn't get, was something decent to shoot at. The chance came one day. History dignifies it now, I believe, with the name, 'the Battle of Las Guasimas,' but the fellows, at the time, considered it a pretty good sort of a cross-country

run. It was really capital sport, and the things that I can best remember now about it were the bird-calls, that, coming from every side of the jungle as we advanced, seemed like so much music in the ears. And then there was the click-click of the 'Krag's,' the humming of the Mauser bullets through the air; and, finally, the cheers of the men as we charged the ranch-buildings at the top of the hill. Everything was exactly as it should have been—a sort of theatrical sham battle, until—well, until one of those Spanish beggars got the range better than was his wont, and then—then something happened. It struck me here," he pointed to what the little girl had wondered at, a cruelly disfiguring scar—"and I suppose they carried me away. Later, it must have been weeks later, the nurse one day handed me a mirror, and I saw it." He made a brave effort to smile.

The chill of an October day was in the air. The long, slow swells on which the ship rose and fell, glided silently away toward the horizon with a regularity that was tiresome.

Off in the west an orange glow was lighting up the sky, the aftermath of an ocean sunset. They watched it for several moments, silently.

He leaned over, and, to cover his feelings, began to change the arrangement of his rugs. Then he said:

"After that, when I was north again, and the world looked so differently to me, or, rather," he added, with the best cheerfulness he could command, "when I looked so differently to the world, I—well—I believed I had no—no—"

"No right to speak to her," Miss Belmont finished the sentence for him.

"Yes—that—that was it. Tell me," and he leaned forward eagerly, "did I do wrong?"

It was not an easy question for any one to answer, especially another woman. Miss Belmont felt keenly the stress of the moment. Finally she said:

"I have no right to judge, but something tells me that you did. I think you wronged her."

At her reply the eagerness died out of his face and he sank wearily back into the chair. He did not answer immediately. Then he said:

"But I tried so hard to do what was best, to reason it all out."

"And you finally did just what the heart told you not to do."

"Yes—that is true."

Then, inclining forward again, he began to speak hurriedly, feverishly, with that intensity of tone, which, now and then in our lives, we give to the things that burn within us.

"But, how could I ask her? How was I to know that she cared enough to make such—such a sacrifice. Those things sometimes mean so much to a woman. Don't you see that? Don't you see that I had no right to appeal to her sympathy, her feelings. One is not always master of one's self at such times. I could not have had her do anything that she might live to regret—not for the world, no, not for the world." Then he added, "Don't you understand, she might—she might—but, of course, why should you understand? Pardon, please, my forgetfulness." He stopped abruptly.

But Miss Belmont did understand.

"You meant to say that she might have said 'yes,' out of pity for you."

He bowed his head.

"And so," Miss Belmont continued, "they put you on this ship and told you to travel and travel until both wounds had healed."

"Yes, until everything had been forgotten."

"Which means, I'm afraid, that nothing will be forgotten."

The man made no reply. He knew it was the truth. A hundred years in all the paradise spots of the east would not have made memory less keen.

"And if she loved you," Miss Belmont presently said, "what, now that you have left her, is to become of that love?"

"And if I had remained and spoken?" he asked.

"You, at least, would not have wronged her. If she had never loved you she would have told you so. Whereas, now you may have taken the one sacred thing out of her life. And no man has a right to do that."

The orange glow had by this time faded away into a paled purple. The gray dullness of sea and sky was about to become the darkness of night itself. Miles distant, to the north, a funnel and two masts, dimly discernible against the sky, showed that some liner, like a phantom ship, was making her way to the westward. The "Kaiser Wilhelm," herself, an almost animate monster of the deep, slid from horizon to horizon, throbbing along her course, incessant, persistent, monotonously. There was in the air that peaceful, pensive something which goes with the dying day, and, in this instance, the spell of that other thing, which we call love. Miss Belmont, in the fulness of her feeling, was beginning to realize how miserably futile, in the great crisis of one's life, human sympathy, after all, is, when she became aware that the man was speaking again.

"If it should ever happen, Miss Belmont," he was saying, slowly, more to himself than to her, "that, some day, somewhere, a thing like this should come into your life—not exactly similar, of course, but nearly so—and if he whom you believed to be the right man came to you, as I should have to

go to her, and asked you to be his wife; that man, when he left you, would go away, seeing—might I ask—the end of all things, or the beginning of all things?"

"The beginning." In the woman's voice there was neither hesitation nor doubt.

"And if, in his blindness, he went away, as I am doing, your prayer would be that—"

"He came back to me."

Later, when the decks were quite deserted, and black night, with its thousand eyes, kept watch and ward over the waters, Miss Belmont left her chair, after a long interval of silence, and going to the rail, stood looking up at the stars. The man presently gathered up the rugs and joined her. When she felt his presence she turned, asking, in a low tone, "And *her* prayer?"

The man clasped his hands tightly over the rail and unconsciously squared his shoulders. Then he answered between his tense lips, "Will be answered."

He felt a hand reach out toward his, and he heard vaguely the words, slowly and distinctly spoken, "I knew it—good-night." He raised the hand to his lips, and said nothing.

As she moved away out of the shadow, into the light of the saloon entrance, he watched her. And when she had gone, and he was standing there, at perhaps the greatest cross-road of his life, the bell of the night watch began to strike, and, presently, as the echo, he heard the lookout, high up in the crow's nest forward, shout back to the bridge his duty call. His words seemed the one thing needful.

"Eight bells," the lookout's voice cried from the darkness, "and all's well."

The next morning the "Kaiser Wil-

helm" touched at Southampton, and after discharging her English passengers and mails, proceeded on her way to Bremen. Several hours later, down the main ship course, from the Empress dock, following the course of the German liner, came the American liner, St. Paul, flying the stars and stripes at her stern. She was pointed across the English channel for Cherbourg, where she called at five in the afternoon. Then her helm was put hard to the starboard, and off she sped for the six days' run, homeward bound. There were hopeful, happy faces among her passengers, for the prospect of a fast voyage, with home as its goal, was a great factor towards happiness.

Up in the Switzerland country, months afterward, in the spring-time, the afternoon car was creeping cautiously down the side of the Rigi. In the valley, far below, the lake dwindled away into a tiny blue pool, and the thatched cottages became infinitesimal spots on the landscape. Uplifting themselves on every side, those mountains of our dreams, the Alps, towered in their solemnity.

Toward this outspread of grandeur a face was turned from the car window, the eyes of which saw neither Alps, thatched cottages nor tiny blue pool. They belonged to one who, keenly responsive to the beautiful at most other times in her life, happened at this particular moment to be looking inward, rather than outward. For she was wondering if he had really gone back, after all, and if, somewhere over there on the other side of the wide Atlantic, a girl was happy. Of course, she would never know anything more about it—the Samaritan heart in this crowded, careless world, seldom has that satisfaction—but still she wondered. She couldn't help doing that, this girl, on the Rigi, in the long tan ulster.

EDWIN MARKHAM'S MISSION AS POET

By Frank Putnam

FOR that dynamic minority who live in the spirit a new poet of the first order of nobility has been given his fit rank in this year 1899. Not a western poet, or an American poet, but a world poet. Aspirations high as the stars, sympathies broad as the universe, passion resistless as the sweep of the seas—these are the elements of the written life work of Charles Edwin Markham. His first book of general circulation is now, as this is written, fairly upon the market, and he is to-day the most widely discussed figure in the domain of American letters—as the author of "The Man with the Hoe."

His ancestry is significant. Born in Oregon City, April 23, 1852, son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Winchell) Markham, his people on both sides were of the oldest colonial stock of Pennsylvania and New England, and back of that was a double line of English scholars. There is a natural reason for this great poem—a reason drawn from the fountains of human liberty, and quickened by the spirit of our fighting forefathers.

* * * *

Thinking to write for "The National Magazine" something of this poem that has so stirred popular interest, I went into the Chicago Press Club this morning, and there had the rare and wholly unexpected good fortune to find Mr. Markham, a guest of the club, on his way east to confer with his publishers, Doubleday & McClure.

He told me the story of "The Man With the Hoe," and I will try to set it down as I heard it.

Fourteen years ago, up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, he first saw a copy of Millet's painting that inspired the poem. He was deeply impressed by the power and the terror of it. At that time he was superintendent of schools in Eldorado county, California. One of his friends was Melville Upton, then studying art in the west, now of the staff of the New York "Evening Telegram." They talked of the picture, and Mr. Upton suggested that Mr. Markham make it the subject of a poem. The idea siezed upon the poet's mind and he thought often of it, but did not undertake the poem at that time. Four years later he saw the original painting in an art loan collection at San Francisco. He sat before it an hour, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. Still he waited for the impulse to write. During the last Christmas holidays the hour arrived. He began by setting down significant lines, disconnected for the moment but destined soon to take place in the completed work. That night he went to his bed filled and thrilled with the theme.

Next morning he woke with the lines upon his lips. Pausing not to dress, he threw a light robe about him and wrote the first two stanzas as they stand in the finished state. That day he thought of nothing else, but wrote no more. Next morning his experience of the preceding day was repeated. He rose at dawn with the third stanza ready for utterance. And on the third day he rose as before and in like manner completed the poem. He did not

believe there was a magazine or paper in America that would give it publication, so he decided to add it to a volume of poems in preparation. At an assembly of literary folk shortly after, he was asked to read. There he read "The Man With the Hoe." For some minutes no one said anything. Then Mr. Bailey Millard, the literary editor of the "San Francisco Examiner" stated his belief that Mr. Markham's poem was greater than any other he had heard in many years.

Mr. Millard, learning that the poem had not been sold, determined to procure it for the "Examiner." He convinced his managing editor that it would be a good investment and the paper came to terms with the poet.

The poem was printed after due announcement and the rest you know. First it worked its way up and down the Pacific coast, then leaped the great divide and conquered the east.

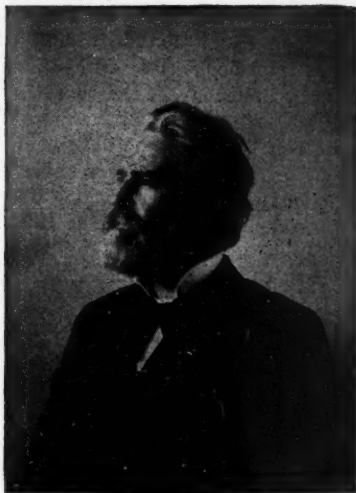
It is now invading England, and will doubtless create as great a furore there as here.

After the publication the deluge: Letters from mechanics, from educators, from children, from debating clubs, from every class and every quarter; ten publishers clamoring at the door of the Oakland home for a part or all of the poet's verses, to be put between covers (happiest of poets!) invitations to lecture; an endless stream of newspaper comment, mainly favorable, some frivolous, much based

on an inability to comprehend the big-ness, the figurativeness of the piece. Dr. Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, delivered twenty-five or thirty lectures on the poem through the state. The press made "The Man with the Hoe" the type of industrial oppression, the symbol of degraded labor. The phrase became instantly proverbial. A hundred poets—the light-hearts of the cult—wrote parodies upon it.

The author gave his work to Doubleday and McClure, who have just brought out the volume entitled "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems." The first edition of five thousand copies was sold before the book was ready for delivery. A second edition is in demand; others will follow.

EDWIN MARKHAM



Recalling one portion of a recent interview with Joaquin Miller, Mr. Markham's famous west coast contem-

porary, given in the Press Club, I asked Mr. Markham concerning the message he gives to the world.

"I believe," he said, "that the highest ideal of conduct consists in subordinating private interests to the public good. I believe in the upbuilding on earth of an industrial brotherhood, founded upon the principle of the golden rule. Fraternity, to me, is the holiest of all words, it being at once the essence of all gospels, and the fulfillment of all revelations. My poetry has been built upon this principle."

Mr. Markham has not yet decided to leave his school work; he has tempting offers, but may not, for the present, at least, accept. His position is agreeable; he has some time free to devote to his poetry, and means to do more and better work than he has done. First in his consideration is a volume of poems based on the problem of labor. This book will be called "In Earth's Shadow: Poems of Protest and of Prophecy." In this he will enlarge upon the ideals that must mold and marshal the new social order. A prose book is almost ready for the press, is unnamed as yet, and consists of thoughts and flashes upon literature, art and sociology. A third book of poetry, which the author believes will be his masterpiece, is, perhaps, one-third done. This is to be a lyrical epic—borrowing the poet's own term. In it he will attempt to survey the whole field of human experience: the problems of existence will find utterance in characters of the author's creation.

* * *

Naturally, the critics have not yet done discussing the merits of Mr. Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." I have heard it called "a populist yawp," and "the poem of the century." I'm not prepared to say that it is the poem of the century, but I am prepared to say that there is a vast deal more of truth, and sympathy, and unselfishness, in the average "populistic yawp" than there is in a long course of lectures at Mr. Rockefeller's kerosene university down on the Midway in Chicago. The reading public has received the poem with acclamation, and though the public often bows to cheap imported gods,

I agree with my friends, the masses, in their rating of this prophet from the Pacific. At first reading, the poem seemed too somber to fit the conditions of this day; there seemed no light in the picture to relieve it from utter hopelessness. I could not reconcile its bottom-of-the-pit blackness with my view that the race is steadily, inevitably, advancing in fitness to exist. But I see that the poet's mission was to set forth as powerfully as possible the still present injustices, with their menace to society; and in this purpose it seems to me no one can ever have more thoroughly succeeded. The success of the poem is its justification, since its purpose was of the noblest.

Of the more distinguished witnesses who have been called to the bar and relieved of their opinions, Joaquin Miller said: "Edwin Markham's 'Man With The Hoe' is the whole Yosemite—its thunder, its might, its majesty." Ambrose Bierce, coldest and most merciless of American literary critics, if we are to believe the authors who have passed beneath his microscope, said: "When all is said and done, I remain loyal to my conviction that Mr. Markham is a much greater poet than his famous performance would lead a judge of such things to suspect, and that if he is spared his eventual primacy among American poets is assured." So runs most of the qualified criticism.

I salute the new star, and trust that that eternal Purpose which speaks ever through the spirits of noble men will long spare this poet-prophet to preach his version of applied Christianity to his stumbling fellow men in the lofty and passionate speech of which he is so surely the master.

THE UNKNOWN EXPLORING COMPANY

By Frank M. Bicknell



NEVER have met any one who looked more like a typical Englishman, and less enjoyed being reminded of the fact than Mr. Archibald Greydene. So great was his aversion to being mistaken for a Briton, that when I look back toward the beginning of our friendship, I wonder that it should have got beyond a beginning; for I made the blunder in question at the outset, and told him so.

Nearly all the afternoon the heavy eastward-bound train from San Francisco had been climbing grades, crawling around curves at dizzy heights, and burying itself in the semi-darkness of well-nigh interminable snow-sheds. Now, as we were halting at Truckee, two and a quarter hours late, the passenger who had secured the upper berth in my section appeared, following the porter, staggering under more hand luggage than would have sufficed for an ordinary family of six. This was my first sight of Archie Greydene, who had been tarrying in Truckee since morning to transact a little business pertaining to some mines which he owned there.

We did not learn each other's names immediately, but we happened soon to discover that we were both going across direct to New York, and we made it a duty (which also was a pleasure), to get acquainted without needless delay. We outsat every one else in the smoking-room that evening, and before we left it I had grown to think him one of the pleasantest travelling companions I had ever met, and like-

wise I had contrived to imperil seriously his good opinion of me by offering the casual remark that I supposed he was an Englishman.

I was startled by the effect of my innocent speech. He sprang to his feet, and for the first moment looked to be on the point of flying into a passion; then, as if he intended to get out of my company without ceremony; and, finally, as if he had concluded to make a superhuman effort and recover his self-control.

"Did you ever hear of the town of Jacobs, in Dundy county, Nebraska?" he queried, abruptly.

"Never before," I replied.

"If you were to take a map of the United States and draw across it two straight lines, one from the northeast corner of Maine to the southwest corner of California, and the other from the northwest corner of Washington to the southeast tip of Florida peninsula, they would intersect not very far from Jacobs. I was born in a camp near that town. I own a place in Newton Upper Corners, Massachusetts. If being born in the geographical centre of the United States, and voting every year in Newton make a man an Englishman, I suppose I'm one; otherwise not. Good-night."

His singular behavior made me rather uneasy, and I felt a little awkward next morning, hardly knowing what countenance to put on with him. But, to my relief, he seemed to have forgotten the incident, and when the train stopped at Carlin we went out together to look for something to eat in the friendliest manner possible.

He must have been prepossessed in my favor from the first, for when, before the day had passed, I blundered again upon forbidden ground, he once more forgave the trespass. We had been skirting the Great Salt Lake for some time that afternoon when a slight accident to the locomotive necessitated a halt in one of the dreariest parts of the Utah desert. As a matter of course many of the passengers got out to investigate matters or to stretch their legs, and Greydene and I were among the number. While we were strolling slowly along beside the track, after having taken a look at the engine, he suddenly exclaimed:

"What a humbug geographies are—the school text-books, I mean! When I was a boy we were taught to believe that a desert was a vast level waste of sand, where no rain ever fell, and nothing green could grow. It reminds one of the famous definition of a crab as a red fish that walks backwards. Look at this, will you!" He moved his hand in a semi-circular sweep of the horizon. "This is a desert if ever there was one, and what do we see? Rocks, ridges, hills, mountains and vegetation; not exactly in plenty, the vegetation, but still there. And as for the vast plain, why, we have been zig-zagging about to avoid grades for hours now."

"I should like to take my deserts straight," he presently continued, whimsically, "not mixed and diluted as this is."

A few seconds later the bell rang warningly, and we made haste to get aboard the train. After we had taken our seats the conversation was not resumed at once. Greydene had turned silent, although I felt pretty well satisfied that he was not sulking toward me. From that time, however, for some days, at least, I was a little careful about asking him personal questions.

He was a queer fellow, and I didn't know what to make of him. Until I should know him better I realized that it behooved me to be cautious as to the direction of my advances. We had left Chicago for New York before I unwittingly bungled a third time.

He learned from me early in the course of our acquaintance that I contemplated crossing the Atlantic as soon as possible after my arrival in New York. During our last afternoon together he asked me, with his characteristic abruptness, if I had secured my passage to Europe. I told him I had not, and volunteered the information that I should probably go by Liverpool, and cross from London to Paris.

"Don't do that," said, he; "if you are going to the Continent come with me direct to Havre and thence to Paris. You will find the accommodations comfortable, and the speed not very much behind your Cunarder."

"Very well," assented I, not unwilling to continue my journey with one whom I had found, despite his oddities, a pleasant travelling companion. "You have crossed a good many times?"

"No fewer than fifty, I think," he replied, carelessly. "I used to keep a reckoning, but I lost count some years ago."

"How about the Glasgow and Southampton steamers?"

"I never have set foot on one of them," he answered, stiffly. "Haven't I told you?—if I haven't I'll do so now, for once and all. I never have been in Great Britain."

His tone was such that I could not misunderstand him. The English and all their possessions were taboo with him. The red spots on the map of the world, as prepared for John Bull's subjects, were danger signals, and henceforth I must be careful not to flaunt them in the face of this incomprehensible young man. What, in the name

of wonder, ailed him? Was he a rabid Anglophobe, or had he committed some extraditable offence for which he was wanted by the police in England?

Since he had assured me he never had set foot on English soil there was no cause for the latter supposition; moreover, I was sure he was a thoroughly upright and honorable man, against whom nothing of that sort could be charged by any possibility. The more I meditated upon his case the more I was bewildered, until finally it was borne in upon me by degrees that he was not entirely happy, and that there was a woman at the bottom of his trouble.

Why I should have come to hit upon this hypothesis I hardly know, unless it was a direct inspiration. He never hinted even remotely at anything of the sort, and certainly he was as far removed from the typical sighing lover as man well could be. Nevertheless, after I had made up my mind as to the correct diagnosis of his disorder it remained fixed with a fixity that nothing was able to shake.

The month of October was now nearly past, and travel having set strongly the other way some weeks earlier, we found more than a plenty of room on our steamer.

I should have been glad to ask Greydene a long series of questions, but I manfully suppressed my natural curiosity and forbore. I was quite ready, too, to tell him all about myself, and my own rather prosaic concerns, but, although I had taken pains to show my tendency to communicativeness, he never encouraged its development. When he made any inquiries regarding my plans, he always did so with a definite purpose; as when, near the end of our trip, he asked me where I intended going from Paris. I replied that I had thought of visiting the Riviera, and I emphasized the fact that

I wished to spend the winter in a mild climate, as cold winds, snow, and the rigors of the north were my abhorrence.

"If you enjoy warm weather why not come with me?" he proposed. "I have, lying at Bordeaux, a little craft in which I sometimes go a pleasuring. If you will be my guest for a few months I will take you where, I'll venture to assert, you have not yet been in all your extensive travels."

"Where is that?" I inquired, my curiosity a good deal stirred by his words and manner.

He hesitated a few seconds, then answered, with a laugh:—

"Now suppose I don't tell you where. Join me and ask no questions. Put yourself in my charge for a personally-conducted tour, and I will guarantee you a brand-new experience. I may as well inform you that it will be new to me also, so we can enjoy it together. We will name ourselves the Unknown Exploring Company, Strictly Limited, and you see sights that no man ever saw before. Come, do you consent?"

"Ye-es," I answered, after a short inward debate; "yes, your offer is mysteriously attractive, and if you'll promise to keep me warm I'll go with you."

"Oh, I will keep you warm enough, if that's all," he assured me, with a significant laugh; and so the matter was settled.

A week later we were in Bordeaux. Greydene's "little craft" was the "Powhatan," a 1500-ton yacht, superbly appointed, taut and trim as a man-of-war, and comfortable enough for an emperor's own private use. She was nearly ready for sea, and after certain odd-looking crates, boxes and packages had been put aboard and lowered carefully into the hold, under Greydene's personal supervision, we steamed down the Garonne and out into the Atlantic."

After crossing the Bay of Biscay

and rounding Cape Finisterre, we headed in a direction some points west of south. I speculated in my own mind as to our ultimate destination, but I respected my friend's wishes and took care to ask no questions. I should not have been unwilling to overhear some member of the crew giving a shipmate his opinion upon whether the "Powhatan" was bound, though I doubted if any of them knew, and, indeed, I was sure the captain himself came to Greydene every morning to get sailing directions for the day.

Wherever we were going there seemed to be no hurry about our movements. Under easy steam we dropped leisurely down toward the Tropic of Cancer, the weather growing warmer almost hourly, so that soon we were obliged to don the lightest of summer attire during at least a part of the day. One morning Greydene sprang upon me another of his characteristic surprises. We were on deck at the time. In some way he had injured his hand so as to start the blood to flowing. I heard him exclaim, and, glancing at him, perceived that he was regarding the hurt with an expression quite different from that which the occasion would have seemed to call for. Ere I could speak he asked, with a laugh:

"Have you ever heard what young William of Germany once said when he cut his finger?"

"I think not," I answered; "or if I have I do not recall it now."

"He is reputed to have gazed at the flowing blood a moment, and then to have exclaimed, in a bitterly scornful tone: 'Das verdammte englishe Blut!'"

"Indeed!" commented I, hardly knowing what to say or how to take him in his present mood.

"Well, I think I now feel a good deal as he did on that occasion."

"But you have no reason to anathe-

matize your blood as being English," I suggested, in surprise.

"It is more English than his," was the moody retort. "My father and mother were both born in England, and so were their ancestors for centuries back."

I hoped he was going to tell me more, but he did not. I suppose he didn't realize how sorely he tried me sometimes. He was like a serial story in a popular magazine: he always stopped at an interesting point. Only with him you had the disadvantage of not knowing just when he was to be continued, or whether the *finis* ever would be reached at all. However, I rather thought my chances of getting eventually all his story, in which I was becoming deeply interested, were fairly good.

We had been passing within sight of the Madeira Islands, although not within very easy reach, when, late one evening, Greydene and I sat together in the main cabin. We had been playing chess, or playing at it. I had won three successive games, not from any especial proficiency on my part, but because, plainly enough, his mind had not been concentrated on his play. As I called "checkmate"! for the third time he pushed the board aside, and, leaning his chin upon his clasped hands, eyed me thoughtfully for several moments. Finally he spoke, with his usual disregard for sequence.

"From our bearings taken this noon I estimate we must be coming abreast of Cape Bojador soon. To-morrow I shall begin to bear in toward shore, and by the day after I hope to make a landing. As the time is so near I may as well tell you definitely where we are going."

"I shall be glad to learn any particulars you may care to impart," I responded, immediately on the alert.

"Very well. It is my intention to

begin an exploration of the Great Desert. Sahara has been traversed in a northerly and southerly direction times without number; but, so far as I know, nobody ever has crossed it as near its central portion as I shall go, on a parallel of latitude. Such is the feat I purpose attempting."

This cool declaration did more than astonish me, it dumbfounded me, staggered me, filled me with consternation. Of all the perilous, mad schemes I ever had heard or dreamed of, this seemed the very wildest and most impracticable.

"Heaven preserve us!" I ejaculated, as soon as I could get speech, "are you crazy? I don't want to risk my life—"

"You are at liberty to withdraw from the expedition, and I will see that you are returned safe to civilization," he interposed, quietly; "but perhaps you will wait until I have given you fuller particulars before questioning my sanity."

"Oh, explain, by all means," I begged, somewhat abashed. "I have no doubt you know what you are about. In what manner do you intend crossing the Desert, on foot, on camel-back, or in a litter, or how?"

"Men have thought it practicable to reach so inaccessible a spot as the North Pole, for instance, by balloon."

"Balloons are uncertain and treacherous modes of conveyance," I put in, discouragingly.

"That is a conclusion at which I have already arrived, therefore I shall not use a balloon; although it was a balloon, or, rather, an air-ship, that first gave me my idea. I intend to cross Sahara in a jumping-machine."

"Eh! what in the name of wonder may a jumping-machine be?" I queried, in astonishment.

"A jumping-machine," he replied, seriously, "bears somewhat the same relation to a flying-machine that a

grasshopper does to a butterfly, or a hen to a swallow. A jumping-machine is capable of rising in the air and shooting forward through it for a considerable distance, but it is unable to keep up a sustained flight, and must descend to earth at frequent intervals in order to get a fresh start."

"Can you give me some idea of the construction of your jumping-machine?" I asked, half inclined to think the contrivance he mentioned existed only in his imagination.

"Certainly," he assented; "and in a few days you shall see the thing itself. I have its parts packed away in the hold all ready to be set up as soon as we make a landing. The motive power I use will be electricity, derived directly from heat, and where we are going there will be no lack of that, it report says truth."

After the machine has received its first powerful impetus and sprung into the air, it is partly sustained by the aid of adjustable aeroplanes. The forward motion is kept up by a number of powerful propellers which beat the air just as a steamship's screws act to push her onward through the water. When the original and added momentum begins to fail, the aeroplanes are slanted automatically in another direction, and the machine descends as gradually as may be desired to the ground. It is my expectation and hope that each jump will cover a distance of not less than a mile, and that the machine will reach an average speed of at least thirty miles per hour.

I have been a long time at work upon the thing, and I have had the assistance of the best experts to be found. I think I have foreseen everything in the way of danger and difficulty, and have provided against famine, thirst, heat, cold and other unpleasantnesses that usually accompany such an exploration as I propose making. Still, I may

be met with insurmountable obstacles, and in case I do I shall not be ashamed to turn back and acknowledge myself beaten, for the time at least. I certainly shall take the best care not to make one step forward which I can't easily retrace should a retreat become necessary.

If you understand the principle of my machine you will see readily that it would be practicable to cross the entire desert with it, if deserts were the flat seas of sand which those delusive geography books taught us they were. But for rocky ground and mountain climbing my jumping machine is not pre-eminently adapted. Consequently, unless I can avoid all such typographical irregularities I may be forced to give up my trip for the present."

He talked well enough, and I was willing, even eager to listen, always with the unspoken resolve not to allow myself to be persuaded against my better judgement into joining in his rash undertaking. I asked a great many questions, and raised whatever objections occurred to me, but he had ready answers to them all.

It was evident, as he said, that he had thought out his scheme thoroughly beforehand and practically had provided for everything. In theory, at least, his plans were perfect, from the heat-diverting awnings above his craft to the heat-converting electrical apparatus beneath; from the concentrated canned nutriment that was to keep the traveller alive to the efficient miniature armament which was to defend him from possible attack of hostile man or hungry beast; all that could be imagined as necessary, and much that few persons would have thought of had been supplied. Yet, although the success of the expedition appeared so well assured, it was to be considered that the various parts of

the machine had been made, some in France, some in Germany, some in Belgium, and although they were now assembled together, after a sort, beneath the decks of the "Powhatan," they never had been set up and there was no practical assurance that they would work together properly. However, Greydene informed me that he intended to make a trial trip alone, and another in my company if I wished, before setting forth on his grand enterprise. Whatever chances I took I was to take with open eyes and without further urging on his part.

The next morning we had gained enough "easting" to see the coast, and were sailing nearly parallel to it. A range of mountains looming up at some distance inland made it necessary for us to continue our southerly course until we could strike a more favorable spot, from which to start under the best conditions for jumping machine. Consequently our landing would be delayed longer than Greydon had reckoned upon. This disappointment he bore philosophically enough, however, appearing as little hurried as he had done in the earlier days of the voyage. In spite of himself, he was a true Englishman, with all the reputed national phlegm; or if ever he felt eager about anything he knew well how to conceal his eagerness under an impassive exterior. That afternoon, as we were sitting in the cabin to avoid the heat of the deck, he took me once more into his confidence so far as to relate some important items of his family history.

"If you should decide not to accompany me on my desert exploration," he said, "and if I should not reappear here, or penetrate to the eastern boundary, within a reasonable time, I should want you to inform my grandfather of my probable death. His name is Archibald Graydene Chillingly. I was

called after him, but I have dropped the Chillingly for the present. My grandfather is my only living near kinsman, and I stand in a similar relation to him. He would naturally be interested to hear of it if I were dead, since I am heir to his estates and title."

"His title!" I repeated.

"Yes; he is the Marquis of Hurlingforde, and I have promised to become Marquis of Hurlingforde if I outlive him."

"You speak as if a marquisate were an evil greatly to be dreaded," I said, noting his despondent tone.

"So it is for me," he returned, gloomily.

"This thing has been hanging over me for years now. Even before my father's death, I expected it would come. There has been a sort of fatality about it. My father was the youngest of seven sons, and his eldest brother the heir, had two boys. When my father left England to seek the fortune he found in America, there were eight sound, healthy lives between him and the title, and now I,—an American heart and soul, am condemned, seemingly to end my existence in the English peerage."

"Your uncles and cousins all are dead then," I said, scarcely able to believe that he should take so melancholy a view of what most young men would regard as a highly fortunate situation.

"All gone, every one of them," he answered, with a deep sigh, "and all by what might be called unnatural deaths."

"My Uncle Archie, with his wife and two boys, were drowned while crossing the Irish channel in a yacht. My Uncle Rupert, a soldier, was shot in battle. Uncle Algernon, of the Royal Navy, was killed by the bursting of a gun at its trial. Uncle Percy was thrown from his horse while hunting, and died of the injury. Uncle Regi-

nald was killed in a railway collision; and Uncle Max, who had a violent quarrel with his father, and went off to Australia, was cut to pieces in the bush by blackboys. My father died of an injury received while inspecting one of the mines he owned, and I—" he uttered a short, ironical laugh—"I am being preserved for the ultimate purpose of ornamenting the House of Lords. My grandfather is an old man now, and though he is still hale and inherits longevity, his death must occur within a few years at the outside."

"If you were inclined to be superstitious you would be careful about engaging in the desert exploring scheme, unless you court one of those unnatural deaths to which so many of your family have been fated." I added the last half of my speech in a jesting tone, yet the idea came into my mind that possibly in some of his moods he might consider life so little worth living as to be not unwilling to throw it away in the wild adventure he was on the point of undertaking. Perhaps, I did him an injustice there.

He was about to reply to me when we were interrupted by the sudden and unceremonious entrance of the captain, evidently under some unusual excitement.

"Mr. Greydene," he began, without waiting permission to speak, "we've just sighted something that makes me think some one is signalling us from the shore,—a castaway perhaps. Shall I heave to and send a boat, sir?"

"By all means," Greydene responded, rising immediately; and in a few seconds later, with me at his elbow, he reached the deck.

The signal, which we examined closely through a glass, seemed to be a white flag, or a white rag, hoisted on the end of a short pole, probably a spar or oar; and as our steamer drew a little nearer we were sure we could discern

a man energetically and persistently waving to us. When the "Powhatan" had gone as close to the shore as was deemed prudent, a boat was lowered, and, in charge of one of our sub-officers, was rowed landward. On account of the heavy surf there seemed to be some difficulty in getting near the beach, so that finally the man who had signalled us plunged into the water and made his way, by wading and swimming, out to a place where he was finally pulled aboard. The boat was then backed and turned around, after which it made the best of its way to the steamer. From the vigorous action on the part of the stranger it seemed evident that he was not the typical castaway of of nautical romance, half dead from hunger, thirst and exposure; consequently we were in a measure prepared to receive on board, about twenty minutes later, instead of an emaciated tatterdemalion, a good-looking, athletic young man, dressed in attire, which, but for its recent wetting was in a very fair state of preservation. The story he narrated to us was briefly as follows:

He had left Cape Town as a passenger, the only one, on the English brig "Falcon," bound for the port of London. A contagious fever had broken out among the crew, and about half of them, including the captain and both mates, had succumbed. The remainder of the men, left their own masters, behaved very badly indeed and did little else but carouse and sleep. One night, during one of their orgies, they had contrived to set the ship on fire. The passenger had been asleep, and they escaped panic-stricken from the doomed brig, leaving him to shift for himself as best he might. Luckily he had wakened in time to take some care of himself, and by dint of great effort, had succeeded in lowering a small boat with a hastily collected supply of water

and provisions. He had seen no more of the drunken crew, but a few days later had sighted land, and reached the desolate shore upon which the "Powhatan" had found him. He had been there only a week, and had not yet undergone any actual suffering, although naturally his anxiety about the future had worn upon him somewhat.

After he had finished his narrative Graydene requested to be informed who it was that his opportune arrival in those waters had been the means of rescuing. The answer given by the castaway surprised me not a little, but its effect upon the owner of the "Powhatan" was scarcely short of magical.

"My name," said the young man, "is Archibald Graydene Chillingly."

Graydene stared at him for some seconds, quite speechless, apparently undecided whether or not to credit the evidence of his ears.

"Archibald Graydene Chillingly," he repeated at length, "where did you get that name?"

"It came to me in much the usual way," replied the young man, surprised in his turn at the sensation he had unwittingly produced. "I was named for my grandfather in England."

"But—but it can't be," stammered Graydene,—"it can't be possible that you are the grandson of of the Marquis of Hurlingforde!"

"It may seem strange, but I am indeed," was the answer. "Although I never have seen him, and perhaps never shall see him, my grandfather is certainly the Marquis of Hurlingforde, if I am to believe what father tells me."

"And your father—his name?" demanded Graydene breathlessly.

"Maxwelton Graydene Chillingly."

"Eh! but Max was killed by the bushmen in Australia, and I never heard that he had married previous to that time—"

"I have heard my father say that he

was seriously wounded and afterward carried off into captivity by the natives of Australia, but he escaped eventually and is alive and well at the present moment, or was when I left home," said the young man, who evidently did not understand why his chance rescuer should show so much interest in his family history, or be so extensively informed concerning it. Whatever Graydene may have been thinking, there was no doubt in my mind but that the late castaway was what he represented himself to be. The family resemblance between his and Graydene was fairly startling; the two cousins might well have passed for brothers.

"You say your father is living," Graydene exclaimed; "is he still in Australia?"

"Oh, no; he left Australia years ago, and after marrying the daughter of an English missionary, finally settled in Tahiti."

"Are there other children beside you?"

"I have three brothers older, and three younger than myself. We are seven, you see."

"It is wonderful! It is providential!" Graydene exclaimed, more than half to himself; then halting suddenly before the ex-castaway, he demanded:

"Why does your father remain in that out of the way place? Doesn't he know that he is direct heir to the Marquisate of Hurlingforde?"

At this question the young man opened his eyes very wide indeed. "Why, no, he has no idea of such a thing," he replied. "He quarreled with my grandfather before coming out from home, and has had no word of communication with him since then; but I have heard him say that when he left he had six brothers living, five of whom were older, and one younger than himself. They can't all be dead."

"They are, though," Graydene assured him; and then revealing his own identity to his bewildered cousin, he entered into a full explanation of the state of affairs and the false position in which he himself had been placed through ignorance that his Uncle Max was still alive.

The discovery that he was no longer in danger of becoming Marquis of Hurlingforde had produced an astonishing effect upon my usually phlegmatic friend. It had lifted a crushing weight from his spirits, had made him over into another man; had rendered him almost unrecognizable. His face was radiant with relief and satisfaction.

The trip into the Great Desert was given up instantly, was hardly thought of again, the Unknown Exploring Company was informally dissolved, and the skipper of the "Powhatan" nor ordered to put on full head of steam that he might get around the Cape and onward to Tahiti with all possible dispatch.

That evening, after his namesake cousin had turned in to get his first civilized sleep for some weeks, Graydene gave me a solution of the mystery touching his unwillingness to be a marquis, and his dislike for England and everything English.

He prefaced his confession by taking carefully, almost reverently from his pocket, a thin flat packet, which, on being divested of several folds of fine tissue paper, proved to contain a photograph.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, handing it to me with the air of one who displays a priceless treasure.

I took it from him with much curiosity. It was of cabinet size, and represented a young woman, and certainly was well worth looking at. The face was strikingly beautiful, high-bred, a trifle inclined to be haughty in expression perhaps, yet, withal exquisitely sweet and attractive. I had no words

with which to express my admiration, but Graydene read it in my eyes, and was satisfied without any verbal tribute.

"Have you ever chanced to hear of Miss Dorothy Standish of Boston?" he asked.

"Ye-es," I replied, after an effort of memory; "and what is it I have heard about her? Oh! wasn't she the rich, beautiful and high-born American girl who refused to be presented at Court when she visited England years ago?"

"The very same," he answered proudly. "I believe she is the most exaltedly patriotic American living," he continued, extravagantly. "She wanted to visit England because there are many things there worth seeing, but, although she might have had entrance to any ducal castle in the country, she wouldn't go near one of them, because she doesn't believe in hereditary nobility or the divine right of kings, or any of that stuff, whatever."

He paused a moment, his eyes glistening, and then resumed more quietly, though still with much earnestness: "I met Miss Standish several years ago at St. Augustine, Florida. I had the happiness of rendering her a service. She was very gracious to me during our stay in the city, and when we met again at Tampa, I am sure she was more than ineregly glad to see me. Our acquaintande had progressed toward intimacy, and I was beginning to cherish certain audacious hopes,—not without reason, I think,—when a jealous rival interferred."

"Do you mean that he won her away from you?" I queried, when he paused momentarily.

"No; he had no chance, but he didn't want me to have any either. He revealed to her a fact concerning me that changed her attitude toward me."

"He told her I was direct heir to an English peerage. She had not suspected before that I was not as much

of an American by descent as she herself, and when she learned that I must one day become Marquis of Hurlingforde, she solomently yet firmly refused my offer of marriage. It was in vain that I begged, argued, pleaded,—she was as immovable as a rock. She declared that she never could so far forget her principles as to follow the despicable example of the common herd of American heiresses who run breathlessly after a title, and consider themselves in the seventh heaven of bliss if they succeed in catching it.

"It never should be said that Dorothy Standish, direct descendant of one of the oldest Puritan families of New England, had become Marchioness of Hurlingforde, in the country where her forefathers were treated so shabbily. And—now," he concluded, with a face beaming from excess of happiness, "eight lives stand between me and that title. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility that I ever shall have to give up my American citizenship."

Six months later Maxwelton Graydene Chillingly, with his wife and seven stalwart sons was safe in England. About four months after that I had the pleasure of being best man at the wedding of Mr. Archibald Graydene Chillingly and Miss Dorothy Standish, which took place under circumstances of great brilliancy at Trinity church in Boston. My friend did not enter into further confidences with me, but I feel bound to believe, from what I saw of the newly wedded couple, after their return from the bridal tour, that the beautiful Puritan maiden could not have found it easy in former days to sacrifice her heart for the sake of her principles.

Up to the present date the jumping machine has not been put together; whether it ever will goupon a trial trip seems to me extremely doubtful.

Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XVI INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice. The father dies suddenly and Mrs. Marshall decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter. Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived. He leaves her, and her child, a daughter, is adopted by Mrs. Howard. Terrill meets and falls in love with Mildred Landon. He fears that Mildred will not forgive the past, but tells her all and finds her equal to the trial. Mrs. Marshall finds a ring De Loste had given to her daughter, and with it confronts his wife. Several years pass, and Judge Terrill's son is about to graduate from college.

particular portion of his life is gone forever.

Judge and Mrs. Terrill, who, with Mildred, had spent commencement week in Cambridge, had returned home. They had yielded to their son's urgent appeal that he might accompany a friend to the Rocky Mountains for a summer of rest and recreation before beginning the practice of law with his father. Thus it happened that Thornton Terrill and Kenneth Phillips boarded the west-bound train full of bright anticipations for the summer.

It was the intention of Thornton and Kenneth to visit in Detroit a fortnight before continuing their western journey. Detroit was the latter's home.

He and Thornton had been almost inseparable friends for the past two years, and he had looked eagerly forward to introducing him to his friends. When a telegram was handed him upon the train announcing the serious illness of his mother, his consternation was great.

There was as much contrast in the disposition of these two friends as in their outward appearance. Perhaps that was the secret of their warm attachment. Although not noticeably short in stature, Kenneth was a little under size. His fair skin, rosy cheeks,

Chapter XVII



THORNTON TERRILL'S college days were over. His parents had been generous with him, and he had striven honorably. He possessed an in-

herent taste for the law, and his father had gladly given him a chance that in his own youth he had been obliged to make partially for himself.

Thornton was not oblivious to his advantages, and his pride urged him to work fairly well. He sighed with relief when it became an assured fact that he had won the second highest place in the class.

As he waited for evening, when he would take the train for the west, he felt his first tinge of homesickness, as perhaps every man feels when he severs his college ties, and realizes that

mirthful blue eyes, rather small hands and feet, had inspired in some fertile brain at college the nickname, "The Lady."

He was so impressionable, so quick to lose his temper and, one might add, to find it; warm hearted, always ready to shoulder a friend's burden, excelling in athletic sports, generous to a fault, it was small wonder that "the lady" was the idol of his associates.

Always genuinely sorry over his many failures in class and ready and anxious to bear his full share of blame for every escapade in which he took part, he was a favorite with the faculty even while they shook their heads gravely over his many faults. There had been very few who could resist the genial nature. Although apparently friendly with everyone, it was Thornton whom Kenneth cared for more than all.

He had planned to crowd so much into the visit that the turn of affairs disappointed him greatly.

Mrs. Phillips, lying in a darkened chamber, sighed regretfully as she thought of Kenneth. She, too, had planned much for the visit. She had not seen her son for six months. The only child, he was the idol of his parents. It had hurt her greatly to have been obliged to send the telegram. But the physician's mandate had been that the house must be kept absolutely quiet until the attack had passed.

After leaving Thornton at an hotel, Kenneth went directly home. He tiptoed softly into his mother's room. Her face lighted with joy and she feebly held out her arms. Those who admired Kenneth would have honored him could they have seen his blue eyes soften and fill with the tears of which he was not ashamed. He knelt by the sufferer's side.

"Here I am, mother, and now you must get well."

"Kenneth! Kenneth! dear boy!" was all she could murmur.

"Is the pain very bad, dear?" he whispered as he laid his cheek softly against the one furrowed with pain.

"Better now," she murmured.

"Don't worry about anything, mother. Terrill is the best fellow in the world. We will stay at the hotel until you are better."

He knew by the wistful look in her tired eyes that it hurt her not to have them at home.

"You see, mother, we want to run around a lot for the next few days. And by the time that you are well, I will be ready to devote myself to you, and Thornton can devote himself to some of the people to whom I shall introduce him."

She patted his head gently as he rose to leave the room at a warning look from the nurse. He stooped to kiss her and murmured in her ear, "As you lie here, just remember all the time that I love you; well, just love you to death."

A beautiful mother smile lighted her face as she watched him leave the room.

Kenneth had managed to complete his college course in spite of his singular faculty for getting into scrapes.

Mrs. Phillips was so quiet that the nurse thought she slept, but she simply lay dreaming.

That evening when Kenneth and Thornton were directed to their seats in the hotel dining-room, a woman was seated at the same table. She was very large and florid, suggesting that at some future day she might be subject to apoplexy. She had wonderful eyes, but the scowl between them absolutely spoiled their expression. As she ate her mouth opened and shut somewhat like a clasp.

The companions were interested in their conversation and they scarcely

noticed her. At first she was intent upon her supper. Finally her ear was caught by Kenneth's words: "Terrill, do you feel too tired to go and call on my cousin, Miss Howard, to-night?"

"After having heard her praises sung by you steadily for two years, Phillips, I am anxious to meet her."

"You will not be disappointed, I am sure," replied Kenneth warmly.

As soon as the woman caught the name "Terrill" she looked earnestly at Thornton. She watched him furtively all through the meal, in fact she prolonged her supper to study him. She listened to his voice. She looked hard at his nose. Friends had always claimed that from Thornton's nose it was easy to tell who his father was, although there was nothing else striking in similarity of feature. These same friends had always asserted that if the nose was not sufficient proof, then it was only necessary to listen to the voice.

But the uncanny-eyed woman apparently did not seem sure of her point until Thornton and Kenneth rose from their seats to leave the room.

"No other man in the world ever held his head just like that when he walked," she muttered.

She had listened carefully to their conversation and had gleaned considerable about their summer plans. She immediately changed her plans and decided to remain in Detroit for the present. She would shadow Thornton Terrill, was her decision.

"It is a long lane that has no turning," she thought, and many schemes flashed through Mrs. Marshall's mind as she left the dining-room.

Chapter XVIII

That evening when Thornton Terrill followed his friend into the parlor of the magnificent Howard home, his

artistic sense was thoroughly pleased by the wondrous harmony of the rich furnishings and the subtle refinement exhibited in the tinting even of the hangings of the room.

While waiting for Kenneth's cousin to make her appearance he glanced around with silent admiration. He thought that if only Miss Howard was in keeping with her evident surroundings he could assuredly account for the pronounced admiration for her that his classmate had always evinced.

Suddenly there was discernible the soft rustling of skirts in the hall. Kenneth rose and started impulsively toward the door, his face full of eagerness. A moment later she entered, "Kenneth!" "Margaret!" and the cousins warmly shook hands.

As Thornton stood waiting to be presented he glanced at her curiously, critically. He instantly decided, and ever afterward held to his decision, that she was the most beautiful, the most singularly beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She was very small, but perfectly formed, of a rich dark type of beauty, with black eyes full of an enigmatical fire. Thornton later found that these same brilliant eyes could be capable of surprising tenderness, and also that their depths could be full of tantalizing mockery.

The duskiness of her hair blended with her eyes. The bright carmine in her cheeks relieved the olive tint. As she greeted Thornton the brilliant lips parted in a smile and disclosed even, white teeth. When she conversed she did not speak rapidly, as Thornton half fancied she would. Instead there was a certain slow and musical sweetness in her voice that seemed that of another race.

As Kenneth and his cousin talked, Thornton listened more often than he joined in the conversation. He

laughed at her gay sallies and decided that the two were extremely good friends.

All during his intimacy with Kenneth he had heard much of Margaret, and he knew that they must have been famous cronies in their childhood. He felt that through his friend he really knew her well, and he had been most eager to meet her.

Kenneth had often told him of her wonderful gift for music, and before the evening was over he was given an opportunity to judge for himself. When Kenneth asked for music, Thornton fully expected to hear her make the customary and threadbare excuses, and he was prepared to do the ordinary urging before hearing her perform. To his surprise she rose instantly and went to the piano as readily and as graciously as one would go to meet an old friend.

"What do you want, Kenneth?" she asked, "something light or something classic?" and she looked inquiringly at them.

"Mix it all up, Margaret," he replied, and then calmly stretched himself upon the couch to enjoy the music to the fullest extent.

Margaret not only wished to demonstrate fully to the tall, broad-shouldered, and rather silent friend of Kenneth that she and the piano were the greatest friends, but she really felt in the mood to display her skill.

She ran her fingers softly over the keys in prelude. Thornton sat where he could watch her. The mobile face softened wonderfully as the dreamiest selections from Mozart, Chopin, Schubert and Schuman floated through the room.

Her power of expression was wonderful. He fancied that she could make the instrument sob or laugh at her own capricious will. She seemed almost unconscious of their presence.

Nearly an hour had passed when she paused suddenly and said: "I beg your pardon. I absolutely forgot that I was not alone. Perhaps you do not care for music as I do."

"I do not think I ever enjoyed myself more," said Thornton, cordially, as he thanked her and rose to take his departure with Kenneth.

The two friends walked silently back to the hotel. Both were busy with their own thoughts, and each would have been astounded could they have read the others. Not until they reached their own room did Kenneth speak of Margaret.

"Were you at all disappointed in her?" he asked.

"Not in the least. You are a lucky man to have such a cousin."

"I'm not so sure of that. But she is beautiful, isn't she?" There was a note in his voice which suggested that he would have resented contradiction.

"Very. To me the oddest beauty that I have ever seen. I do not know to what it can be compared."

"I, too, have always thought her face unlike any one else's."

"I should think it would a fascinating study. How wonderfully changeable it is. At times when you jested together it would glow and dimple as the face of a child. And you recall when you referred to something in the past that seemed to anger her."

"Yes, to my sorrow," was the reply.

"Well, in an instant her face grew passionate with anger, and I expected—I hardly know what. Then when she was playing I set where I could watch her face. At times I thought it was the very sweetest I have ever seen. And again the saddest. When she gave that last pathetic selection, Kenneth, I could swear that her eyes were full of tears."

Kenneth moved uneasily at these words.

"I would not say a word for the world to any one but you, Thornton, but do you know, I cannot understand Margaret. Why shouldn't she be happy?"

"It certainly seems that she is surrounded by everything generally supposed to contribute to a girl's happiness."

"Yes—she is. You probably surmised that my uncle is wealthy. He is a very rich man. He and Aunt Katherine adore Margaret, and they have done everything in their power to make her happy. That girl has not a care. She has never been to college because they do not believe in college life for girls. But she has traveled all over the world. She has had the very best masters that money could procure ever since she was a little bit of a thing. You know she is the only child they have, and consequently has had an easy time, just as I have had. But the great difference between Margaret and me is, that I am happy, and I feel, rather than know that she is not."

"Perhaps you only fancy these things, Phillips. It may also have been simply the effect of the music that made her face appear as it did to me to-night."

"No, I have noticed it a thousand times. And her eyes are so black that when she has certain moody spells they grow tragic and fairly haunt me." Kenneth's own blue eyes looked troubled.

"I have always noticed," said Thornton, "that certain temperaments cannot be happy even under circumstances that to another would be an earthly paradise. It is a great pity. Perhaps Miss Howard is really not unhappy, only moody."

Although the thoughts of each were centered upon Margaret the conversation drifted to other things.

Could they have seen Margaret Howard one hour after they had left her they would have been more interested in her than ever. She spent another hour at the piano. There was a passionate depth to her music to-night that startled her parents, who were reading in the library.

"The little girl surpasses herself to-night," said Mr. Howard as he listened. They had heard her perform brilliantly many times, for her gift really was a great one. But to-night there was a storminess followed by a plaintive tone that stirred their hearts.

When the music ceased with a discordant crash as though a cry of pain was wrung from a human heart, Mrs. Howard laid aside her book and a few moments later followed Margaret to her room. She had made no light in the room and had thrown herself across the foot of the bed.

Mrs. Howard's face grew troubled. "Would she never understand her daughter," she thought. She hesitated a moment upon the threshold of the room. Mother love triumphed. She could not bear to retire and leave Margaret alone.

"What is it, darling?" she asked gently.

"Only wondering—just wondering."

A look of pain crossed Mrs. Howard's face at these words. She knew all that they implied and it cut her to the heart. She loved the beautiful, perverse, moody girl with all her heart. She gloried in her beauty, her talents, but she never understood her.

The girl's nature was so complex and contradictory that it would have taken a wiser woman than Mrs. Howard to have understood it perfectly. She had done everything in her power for Margaret's comfort and happiness and yet deep in her heart lay the feeling that she had never wholly succeeded.

Years ago when Margaret was a very little girl she had come home from school one day with her cheeks blazing with excitement and her eyes burning with anger.

"Mamma, mamma," she cried and threw her arms around her mother. "You are my mamma, aren't you?"

"To be sure I am, dear. I would not be any other little girl's mamma for the world."

"Louise said you were not my mamma and I was so frightened," and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Howard drew the little quivering thing close to her heart and soothed her lovingly. It had always been her desire that Margaret should never know that she was an adopted child. Her relatives had respected her wish. She loved her as dearly as though she were her own and she never wanted her to know the difference. But sweet-faced, rosy cheeked children are cruel sometimes, and they wilfully open eyes that otherwise might have remained closed in blissful ignorance.

Once again when Margaret was thirteen an angry schoolmate said to her cruelly: "Well, I don't care! Perhaps my father is not so rich as yours, but I guess he is my own, and so is my mother and yours are not." Margaret recalled with a shudder similar words of her baby days. This time she did not cry. She walked into her mother's room with a look in her eyes that no one had ever seen before.

"Are you my mamma? Tell me the truth."

Mrs. Howard hesitated. She looked at her silently. The white, young face

frightened her. "Why do you ask?"

In reply Margaret told her what had taken place, and she added: "I want to know the truth."

"You have been my own dear little girl ever since you were a tiny baby."

"But who is my mother?" persisted the girl.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Howard, quietly.

"Do—not—know?"

"No. I thought that we would never want to know, and I destroyed the papers of your birth when I took you into my heart and my home." With these words she left the room. It was months before Mrs. Howard could forget the unutterable reproach in Margaret's voice as she said: "Never want to know who my own mother is."

She never referred to it again. But there was a shadow that lurked in the great, dark eyes, and sometimes for days nothing could dispel it. The wistful look in the young face at times almost broke Mrs. Howard's heart, and it made Mr. Howard uneasy. But she never complained, for she was not insensible to their great love and their care for her all these years.

As she grew older there was a quality in her music that often wrung her hearers' hearts. When she touched the keys as she did to-night before she retired, her parents understood and knew that they were powerless to help her.

Mrs. Howard kissed her tenderly and left her alone.

Margaret Howard was as a restless, untamed bird in a beautiful cage. If the door were to be opened the bird would escape.

(To be continued.)

FAIRY GOLD

By Annie T. Colcock

"HOW far do the ancestral acres extend?" she asked, in half mocking tones, as he rested a moment on his oars and looked around.

The sky was blue, of that silvery tint that lifts the dome immeasurably high, and a soft haze floated over the glassy surface of the river. Along its further bank a waving, rustling fringe of tall reeds marked the boundary line between the hazy heavens and the shimmering water, and obscured from view the long stretches of low, flat rice-lands, skirted by distant, thread-like lines of forest on the far-away horizon. A warm steam rose from the fields, bathed in April sunshine, and the cool, dim shadow of some overhanging cypress trees was very grateful to the two occupants of the little boat that drifted idly along the hither bank of the river.

"Did you hear me?" repeated the clear, mocking voice.

"Further than your eye can reach in either direction along yonder shore," replied her companion, lifting his soft, wide-brimmed hat and running his fingers through the crisp waves of dark hair lying on the white forehead, that shone in such sharp contrast to the bronze of cheek and throat.

"What more can life hold for a man who has attained his ambition?" asked the girl, with a little curl of her soft lip, as she untwined a long spray of jessamine from an overhanging bough.

"Not quite attained," he corrected, "although this crop ought to make the last payment on the purchase, and leave a margin to run the plantation for the best part of another year."

"And you regard the unencumbered title to this family estate as the summum bonum of existence, don't you?" continued his tormentor, stripping off a hand-

ful of yellow bells and dropping them lightly on the glassy surface of the stream.

The young man dipped his oars softly, setting in motion a series of tiny wavelets that tossed the floating blossoms gaily on their course.

"Once this long cherished ambition is realized, you will sip the cup of contentment for the rest of your life?" she insisted.

"Why not?" he queried in his turn, a smile parting his lips and showing a gleam of white teeth. "The capacity for contentment is part of the inheritance of the Southern gentleman."

"Based on a complacent self-esteem, and nurtured by an overweening family pride," retorted the girl hotly. "He would rather rust out near the bones of his ancestors, than wear out in the contest with men of ambition and enterprise."

"In the perpetual scramble for the almighty dollar, you mean," he replied coolly. "No, the bump of acquisitiveness has always been lacking in our family."

She was silent, but there was a flash in the blue eyes and a pucker in the smooth, white forehead.

"But what can a little nomad like you know of a man's attachment to his native heath?" added the young fellow, lightly, with an evident desire to lull the threatened storm.

"If you only knew how it vexed me, Hugh, to come back and find you stagnating here, instead of taking your place in the world, where your talents could be seen and recognized!" exclaimed the girl impulsively.

"What else would you have me do, Beatrix?" he asked. "You know I've never had an inclination toward any of the learned professions—"

"There you go—it's too absurd! You

Southerners think a man must be either a lawyer, a doctor, a preacher or a planter. Nine-tenths of the population of this state are made up of briefless barristers, inexperienced doctors, prosy preachers—"

"And incompetent planters? Thank you! I daresay you are correct," Hugh Avenant broke in, as he sent the little boat flying, with long, sweeping oar-strokes.

Beatrix looked up and recognized the danger signal in the hazel eyes.

"If I had been a man," she began presently, changing her tactics and abandoning open warfare for feminine diplomacy, "if I had been a man, it would have been my ambition to become a great financier, to lay my finger on the pulse of the world's commerce and feel its throbbing—"

A hearty laugh interrupted her.

"What do you wish to speculate in, you mercenary fairy? Would you like to control a corner in sunbeams, or a monopoly of blue skies? Isn't your ladyship's purse long enough now for all your whims?" He drew in the oars across the boat, and resting one elbow upon them and his finely modeled chin in the palm of a strong, shapely, sunburnt hand, looked fixedly at her with a quizzical expression.

"Do you know you are not a particle changed in all these years? You are just the same impulsive, petulant, inquisitive, mischievous—" he paused, half smiling, and looking intently at her flushed face.

"Well, continue," she exclaimed. "Let us have the full inventory of my charms!"

"The same exasperating, bewitching sprite of a child you were when you left our home and went away North to school—how long ago? Surely it must have been yesterday! Even the yellow locks are the same. Yes, petite princesse, that tailor-made gown—which, by the way, is very becoming—is but a thin disguise, you haven't even added a cubit to your stature."

"I can't return the compliment; you have grown out of all recognition. Still I observe the same calm, self-confident air

that formerly characterized you, and the same propensity for teasing."

"You don't recollect your father, Beatrix?"

"No, I've only a faint memory of a pale invalid who coughed perpetually, and was always too weary to play with me. The clearest of my early memory pictures are of the Doctor's brown eyes and curly beard, of the stories he used to tell me while sitting on his knee beside papa's sofa, and of the day when he said ma'm-selle and I were to come and live with him in the big white house down the road."

"It was rather singular," commented Hugh, "that your father should have appointed him your guardian—a comparative stranger in a strange land. But what a difference it made in my childhood, having you—"

"To lord it over?"

"To second me in all nefarious undertakings and furnish the touch of romance in all our adventures."

Beatrix laughed, with a soft twinkle in her blue eyes.

"I can see a picture now—" she said, "in the dim pine wood behind the white house with green blinds. The path curves away like a white ribbon, flecked here and there with brown pine needles, and on either side there is a thick growth of young, green fern. Against the tall stem of a giant pine is erected a structure resembling an Indian wigwam—"

"Within the door of which," interrupted Hugh quickly, "sits a tiny maiden with an old blue dressing-gown draped in regal folds over her white pinafore, and a crown of fading wild flowers on the floating halo of her golden hair."

"Beside the door of this wigwam," continued Beatrix, ignoring the interruption, "stands a slim, dark-eyed boy with a streaming cock's feather in his cap, and his hand resting on the wooden sword hung by a crimson sash about his waist."

Beatrix leant over the side of the boat and trailed her pink finger-tips through the water.

"We didn't often quarrel, did we?" she said presently.

"Not often," replied Hugh, and then their eyes met, and the blue ones fell; for the same thought was in the mind of each.

In all their childish plays it was at her command and for her sweet sake that the little knight errant had been inspired to "deeds of derring do," and one day, with boyish self-confidence, he had made the boast that when he was a man he would "get rich and buy back grandfather's plantation that the Yankee's sold for taxes after the war. And then, Trixie, you shall marry me, and we will live at Broad Acres together." "I don't want to live on your old plantation," she had replied, loftily. "I'm going to live in New York, and I'll have a big brown stone house, and a carriage and horses, and I'll go to the opera every night. I'm ever so rich already, cause I heard ma'mselle say so—and the other day lame Bob said you ought to marry me and take my money to buy back your old plantation. But you shan't have it, so there!"

The boy's slim figure had drawn up to its full height, and the hazel eyes flashed as he said: "I'll never touch a dollar of your Yankee money as long as I live! And I won't marry you now, unless you ask me to!"

The quarrel had been made up before the sun went down, but the cause had rankled in the boy's soul for many a day. It had been the first rift in their childish romance, and in the years of her school-girl life they had drifted further and further apart. At Dr. Avenant's death, the guardianship had passed into the hands of her mother's brother, and the holidays had been spent in the North; her graduation at a fashionable school had been followed by a year or two of travel, and then by her debut in society, and this was the first visit to her adopted mother after several years of young ladyhood.

The boat had turned up a narrow creek, at the far end of which loomed a red-roofed threshing mill, beside which a tall brick chimney pointed skywards. A pine

tree of huge girth stood sentinel on one bank, and just opposite, an old bent oak laved the tips of its gnarled branches in the clear tide.

The full notes of a sweet-toned bell rang out, sounding the noon hour to the plantation laborers.

Beatrix lifted her head, and found Hugh's eyes fixed upon her.

"Listen to me," he said, as the notes died away. "Suppose I tell you that this life suits me better than any other; that to breathe the pure atmosphere of the country, away from the fevered excitement of great cities, is more congenial to me; that standing aloof from the seething press and struggle I get a truer appreciation of the world's progress, and can study its great questions unbiased by motives of self-interest; that to me there is a dignity in this co-partnership with nature that I find in nothing else. Does it not occur to you that the world is more indebted to the producer, who gathers the fruits of bountiful Mother Earth, than to the man who buys and sells her produce, and enriches himself with the scratch of a pen? Can't you appreciate the peculiar charm of a life where one does not have to give value received for all the privileges one enjoys? To put the seed in the ground, and see it watered by a generous heaven and nourished by an ungrudging sun——"

"Except in years of drought and storm," commented Beatrix, cutting short his sentence.

"Well," he admitted, "every business is subject to losses, and I'd rather owe mine to the dispensation of Providence than the rascality of man."

The girl laughed. "Granting the charm," she persisted, "can you justify yourself in filling a niche in the world's economy that could be just as well occupied by any well-meaning, thick-headed rustic, a man of coarser mould?"

"That is where we differ," exclaimed Hugh. "The planter should be a man of judgment and intelligence; he should understand something of the principles of engineering. Then, too, as regards our

laboring population, where the negro is a useful, obedient tool under the control of a wise, judicious master, he is little better than a brute when driven by the common white man, who maintains his superiority by force, with a pistol in his hip pocket! The Southern gentleman and the negro are socially as far removed as the poles, and for that reason a kindly familiarity is possible between employer and employee that could not be if the former was lower in the social scale."

"Well, I presume it is to that theory you owe the air of 'grand seigneur' which is so becoming," remarked Beatrix, critically regarding the proud poise of the dark head. "Do you know you have grown up to be a very distinguished looking man?"

The young fellow flushed crimson under his sunburn. He deftly guided the little boat beneath the drooping oak, and springing out, passed the painter through a heavy iron ring in the trunk of the tree. Then, as he gave his hand to Beatrix, and guided her little feet up the slippery, moss-grown bank with all the deference due to the princess of a royal line, he said, gravely:

"In whatever respect I have found favor in your eyes, mademoiselle, I owe it in part to the good blood of my father and mother, but chiefly to the influence of this primitive existence which you have been pleased to condemn. In this sweet solitude," he added, lifting his hat and glancing round at skies and trees and placid water, "one has a chance to forget how far man has outgrown the image of his Maker—and one is not ashamed of his high parentage."

* * * * *

The dusk of a September evening was deepening into a silvery night, lit by a nearly full-orbed moon. The bright rays of a large kerosene lamp streamed through the window of the little way-station, across the narrow platform, and threw a red reflection on the polished rails of the track that cleft its way through the dark pine forest, gleaming in the moonlight

like fine-spun threads of cobweb attached to the far horizon. A puff of faint white smoke rose at the end of the long perspective like a plume in the helmet of a red-eyed cyclops. On came the gleaming headlight, and the noisy train rushed in, paused a moment with panting, impatient breath, and then sped away with a gusty roar.

Hugh Avenant hurried forward to greet the two passengers who alighted,—one, a gentle, dark-eyed woman, whose brown hair was smoothly parted under her close-fitting widow's bonnet,—the other, a little fairy-like figure in a dainty traveling costume.

"Confess you didn't expect to see me!" exclaimed Béatrix gayly. "But the dear mother couldn't be persuaded to spend another night away from her boy—in spite of all the inducements I had to offer—because, forsooth, the anxieties of the harvest season would be too much for him without a parent's sustaining sympathy! And I could not make up my mind to let her travel alone; so, you see, this crop of yours is a fetish to which we all bow down.—No, I'm not going to make you a long visit. I'm going right away in a day or two to cooler climes. What a breathless evening it is!" And indeed there was hardly a movement in the air, though the pine-tops whispered together as they drove along the sandy road, and through the village, where the lights gleamed cheerfully from the windows of little summer cottages, scattered here and there, and half embowered in trees.

At all times of the year this little settlement among the fragrant pines was something of a health resort. It had been the home of Dr. Avenant for nearly twenty years, and here Hugh and his mother still passed the long summer months when the poisonous miasmas of the rice fields obliged them to quit the plantation, eight miles away.

The surrey rolled in through a white gate that stood hospitably open, and pulled up in the shadow of two great sycamores, before a square, white house.

"How familiar it looks!" exclaimed Beatrix. "Are the blinds still painted green, Hugh? I can smell the perfume of the grape-vines on the back porch!" Hugh followed her as she flitted about the garden paths, pulling a rosebud here and there, and diving into favorite and long-remembered nooks.

After tea was over, they left the mother writing letters by the bright sitting-room lamp, and wandered, arm in arm, up and down the moonlit paths.

"I feel like a little girl, tonight," declared Beatrix, "and I decline to be talked to seriously. Put off that grave countenance, and stop thinking about your tire-some plantation. I believe your whole heart is bound up in it."

"It is bound up in the success of this year's labors," replied Hugh.

"You admit it?" she exclaimed.

"Because not until that is assured," he continued, in a deep voice, resonant with feeling, "can I go to the woman I love, the woman I have always loved, and say: 'Petite princesse, here is your little kingdom and your faithful subject, will you not enter into possession?' What do you think she will say to me then, Beatrix?"

"She will say—" cried the girl, recoiling a step and throwing out one hand with a passionate gesture—"that she declines to be regarded as the ornamental adjunct to your family estate. A woman has a right to expect that she will be consulted in some degree about her future—and it's a poor sort of love that prompts a man to map out his own course in life independently, and then say to the woman for whom he pretends to care: 'Here is my itinerary, may I hope for the pleasure of your company?'"

A long pause followed, broken only by the piercing chirp of a katydid, that throbbed in the darkness like the tortured string of a violin. Then Hugh spoke.

"Is that all you have to say, Beatrix?"

"That is all," she answered, in a low tone.

"Then let us go in," he said, gravely.

The next morning dawned dimly,

with little dashes of rain, and the light, scurrying clouds looked stormy.

As the day wore on the wind rose in fitful gusts, and Hugh came home at dark, looking anxious and despondent. Beatrix hardened her heart when he spoke of the brimming tides in the river, and the hundreds of acres of golden sheaves lying on the stubble, waiting to be cured by the sunshine that never came. After all,—she thought, as she bade him a cool good-night,—his gravity was caused only by anxiety for his precious crop.

It must have been nearly midnight when she was awakened by the sound of an opening window.

"Who is that? Is it you, Tony?" said Hugh's voice.

"Please Gawd, boss, I tink I bin nebber git yuh," came the answer out of the darkness.

"What's the trouble? Speak up, man, can't you?" was the peremptory command.

"Sho! Ain't I cum tru de win' an' rain to tell oonah? De tide done pass de high-watah mahk a houah atter sundown, en 'e keep a-risin' steady, tell 'e done wash de bank, een Cypress Quay——"

"A break in Cypress Square, you say?"

"Jus' a leetle one, boss, but——"

The window slammed hastily, a few moments later a hushed footstep descended the stair; the house door creaked, and Beatrix saw the flickering reflection of a lantern on her wall; there were voices out at the stable, and a horse neighed. She strained her ears to listen above the noise of the rain and wind. Surely those were the hoof-beats of two horses passing out at the gate! Was it possible that Hugh had ridden off eight long miles, to the plantation, in the storm at that hour of night? What insanity! She felt personally aggrieved, and provoked at the anxious beating of her heart. It was impossible to sleep. The wind rattled the light slats of the jalousies like castanets. She dozed once and dreamed of a weird ballet, and white ghosts rattling their skeleton arms. There was a banshee moaning in the pine woods; she could hear it sobbing,

screaming in the distance—then nearer and nearer, till it flew over the house top with a hoarse, whistling cry,—and she woke, startled, to hear the crash of a falling limb and the sharp ringing of the rain drops on the window pane.

She threw on a warm wrapper and pressed her face close against the glass. Though the moon was at its full, the night was dark as ink, save at brief intervals when the wind tore a rift in the whirling clouds; then she could see the tall sycamore near the window bend almost to breaking, as it thrashed the air with blind, impotent arms. Louder grew the tempest; the frame house shuddered in its grasp, and the strained timbers creaked and groaned. Now and then sounded the dull thunder of a falling pine.

To be alone was unbearable. Hastily opening her door, she hurried down the passage to Mrs. Avenant's chamber, and tapping lightly, heard the summons to enter.

"Can you not sleep either, poor child? This is an awful night. I fear Hugh's crop will be badly injured."

"Did you know he had gone there himself?" asked Beatrix, hesitatingly.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Avenant in anxious tones. "Impossible!"

"Yes, a man came an hour ago with tidings of some trouble, and they went away together."

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" exclaimed the mother, "nothing was worth that risk!"

The long hours wore away, and the two women kept anxious vigil.

Towards dawn the wind fell somewhat, and blew in long, sobbing gusts, like a child that is weary of crying and ready to be consoled. Then Beatrix returned to her room with the pretense of trying to get a little sleep; but her resolve was already taken. She braided her hair with cold, trembling fingers, assumed a dark cloth riding habit, fastened a soft cap securely on her head, and waited impatiently for the day to break. The rain had ceased entirely, but at each gust the heavy drops fell in a shower from the drenched

trees. The silhouette of the big sycamore began to loom up against the gray sky, and the leaf-strewn garden paths and storm-washed flower-borders showed more and more clearly.

She stole softly down the stairway, and out into the cold light of the pale, young day. No one was stirring.

A soft call at the stable, and an impatient rattling of the heavy door, brought old Bob's gray, woolly head to the loft window.

"Who dar?" he muttered, peering out.

"Come down, Bob," she whispered sternly, "come down at once, I want you."

Presently a shuffling step was heard descending, the door swung open, creaking on its rusty hinges, and the old negro limped aside as Beatrix entered and peeped into the stalls.

"Put the side-saddle on Buckskin, quick!" she commanded, with a stamp of the little foot by way of emphasis. Old Bob made feeble remonstrance, but she had domineered over him too often, as a child, to be deterred now. A moment later she swung herself lightly into the saddle, and splashed down the wet driveway and through the white gate.

The wind blew her hair into her eyes, and the overhanging branches dashed raindrops in her face as she galloped down the road. Was all the rest of the world sleeping peacefully, she wondered, as she flew past silent houses with closed blinds. The village was soon behind her, and the dense woods on either side shut out the feeble daylight. Her progress was checked, now by great splashes of water, now by fallen limbs; and now and then a huge, prostrate tree forced her to make a wide detour through the swampy, yielding ground that lay on both sides of the roadway. Each time she came upon one of these fallen forest kings, her heart grew sick within her. What was that dark object lying beneath yonder trunk? Only a great, ragged fragment of bark torn from its side. And those were the glistening limbs of some old dead tree, that the lightning had destroyed years

ago, which now lay in a shattered heap yonder,—yet at a little distance how fearfully they resembled the mangled remains of the good, gray mare who had passed that way in the night and storm.

On, Buckskin! The swamp on the left hand was brimming with water, and the torn lily-pads were beaten against the narrow causeway. Under the bridge the water raced in a boiling torrent, and the foam was forced up between the loose, rattling planks. Buckskin pawed them delicately, and threw up his head with a little snort of fear; but the whip in the girl's determined little hand descended smartly on his shoulder. He cleared it with a bound and a scramble. For a second his hind quarters sank with a loud splashing—but he was up and away again, leaving a black, yawning gap in the bridge, as the loose planks were whirled aside by the current.

On through dark woods and open, wind-swept field! The light was growing brighter as the sun struggled up behind a heavy bank of clouds. Down the long avenue, littered with broken branches and torn streamers of gray moss wrenched from the hoary limbs of the over-arching oaks—still they galloped on, the good bay horse and his little rider. The ribbon had fallen from her long braid, and it rippled out like a golden mane; the blue eyes were still wide with anxiety, and the little gloveless hands clutched the reins with nervous eagerness.

Before the tall, brick house, with its pillared portico, they paused at last; but all was silent there, the closed windows showed no signs of life. A great rose trellis was blown upon its side, and the tangled vines lay in green confusion across the wide, brick steps.

"Hugh!" cried the girl, in her clear treble. "Hugh!"

A comely negress approached from the rear of the building, and began to exclaim and ejaculate in the soft, low-country dialect. Beatrix cut her short with a hasty question.

"Down by de ol' flood-gate, missy,"

was the answer, and a brown finger was pointed toward the fields. "Lord, how dat chile kin ride!"

On the point of a jutting angle of high land, beside the crumbling brick walls of a disused flood-gate, stood two figures; one was a tall young fellow in mud-splashed boots and stained corduroys, his coat wet and torn, and his soft felt hat crushed down over his forehead; the other was Tony, the faithful water-minder, looking fully as dejected as his young employer. From their high vantage ground they could overlook the whole swamp, and the wide sweep of fair field that yesterday had been covered with yellow sheaves. On the leaden waters of the river, beyond, the white-capped waves rose and lashed the encircling bank with fury, gushing over in several places into the low fields, filling them with a salt and ruinous tide, and sweeping the loose sheaves together in a mass of useless debris, when their force had spent itself.

"There is nothing we can do yet, Tony, till the tide goes down,—little enough even then. It's a bad outlook."

"De Lawd's han' is heaby on us dis day!" ejaculated the water-minder in response.

"It's a wasted year," continued Hugh, gloomily, "and a year is a big slice out of a man's life. A year of blighted hopes," he added, in a tone of deep despondency, "the blackest year I have ever known!" He turned round as he spoke and perceived for the first time the bay horse and his pale little rider, for they had approached unheard over the soft ground.

"Trixiel! What mad prank is this?" he exclaimed. "Your habit is dripping wet, and Buckskin's flanks are smoking. Child, how could you take such a terrible risk? Don't you know the danger of falling trees and limbs in such a wind?"

"Child, indeed!" retorted the girl, her pale cheeks growing pink at the sound of the old pet name, so long unused. "Since when have you become more than two years my senior?"

"But why did you do it?" Hugh con-

tinued with a little thrill at the sight of her tear-wet lashes and quivering lip. "Was it because——"

"Because I wanted to see if you were trying to drown yourself as well as your stupid old crop—and you looked as if you wanted to, just now. How dare you call this a wasted year, even if all your precious sheaves are washed away?"

"Don't you know what this disaster means to me?" he replied, dully. "Instead of paying off the last cent on Broad Acres, I am deeper in debt than ever. It will take two years of hard work to pull me out."

Beatrix twisted the reins nervously around her fingers.

"Hugh," she began, timidly, "I want to speculate in futures. I've always wanted to, and—and this is such a good chance. I'll buy your crop just as it is, at the same figure you expected to get when it was put on the market, and I'll feed the fishes with it. Do fishes eat rice? Or if they don't, I'll sow it broadcast along the river for the ducks to eat, then we can have splendid sport this winter. Won't you let me go ducking with you, Hugh? I'm not afraid of a gun now, though you used to call me such a coward, long ago—Hugh! Don't look at me that way, I can't bear it!"

His slight, straight figure was drawn up to its full height,—he lifted his hat, almost unconsciously, and threw back the

wet, brown locks from his forehead, with a little proud, impatient toss of the head.

"I thank you, Beatrix—but do you suppose I would accept such a gift from you?"

The soft red lips quivered, and she held out a little, timid hand.

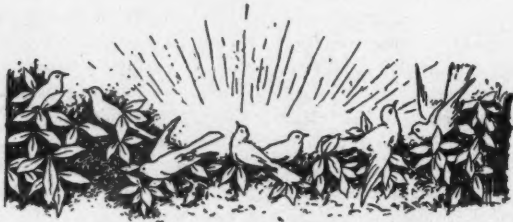
"Are you too proud to take what I would give you? Are you so determined to win back this old family estate by your own efforts? Is there nothing dearer to you than Broad Acres—except your pride?" and her voice broke in a half sob.

"Trixie!" he cried, starting forward, and seizing the little cold, outstretched hand. "What are you saying?"

"You dear, foolish boy," she whispered tremulously. "Won't you please take some of my Yankee dollars now, sir?"

A feeble sunbeam burst through the heavy cloud-bank, and lit up the storm-washed fields; it glistened on the torn, wet reeds by the old flood-gate, and sparkled on the raindrops in her yellow, unbound hair. Tony stood there, hat in hand, gazing in open-eyed astonishment—then suddenly his face lit up comprehendingly, and with a fine delicacy, he turned away his head.

At that moment Hugh's arms clasped the little figure in the dark riding habit, a shower of gold streamed over his shoulder, while something soft and warm, and light as the fall of a roseleaf touched his bronzed cheek.



"With your intelligent minds awake to the situation——"



COURTING BY LAW

By Flynn Wayne

MURDOCK it was called in the postal guide. North Horton was the name painted over the door of the little railway station, and Mo-quaw was the traditional christening still favored by the old settlers who antedated the building of the railroad and the establishment of the post office.

A town with three distinct names, but still of small proportions and of no particular pretensions, located in the middle west on the shores of a shallow river, whose shifting current made and removed great banks of sand along the water's edge.

Early in its history, the neighborhood had been inundated with quinine to ward off the shakes of fever and ague, which held its victims cap-

tive every alternate day, but as the swampy land advanced in value, the ague disappeared with mortgages.

The town was quiet and easy-going in every way. There were no class distinctions; none extremely poor, none extremely rich, and it boasted of one negro resident, "Aunt Sophia," who took in washing. The high-sounding titles of "mayor," "councilman," and "town clerk," were generously apportioned to the prominent citizens.

The present incumbent of the mayoralty was Ira Higgins, whose chief compensation was the honor of the dignified title, "Squire," which clung to him even upon retiring. He had served several terms in this capacity, and his long nose,

silver-bowed spectacles and linen duster were his insignia of office.

Sarah Hill, a maiden lady of unmentionable years, prominent in social circles, was tacitly understood to be the inseparable "company" of the Squire at all gatherings of note. In fact, it was a matter of history for some twenty years past, that they were engaged to be married, but just when no one would even venture a prophecy.

Sarah Hill was a devout Adventist, and she annually predicted the end of the world. The neighbors had come to consider it in the light of a good joke, but the Squire was differently situated, and the sober reality of the prediction was forced upon him for twenty consecutive years. It was the way Sarah had of talking whenever he mentioned the tender yearnings of his heart for matrimony.

Squire Higgins was a patient man, and he loved Sarah dearly, but when, on the night of October 12, which marked the passing of the twenty-first courting year, he paid his usual visit, there was a wrinkle in his brow that suggested determination. Going up the steps, he gave the bell a sharp ring, and was met by Sarah's smiling face.

"Come in, Ira, dear," she said.

"No, I won't," were the words that resounded in her shocked ears. "Will you marry me to-morrow—not day after, nor next week—but to-morrow?"

"Why, Ira!"

"Well, I'm done with this nonsense. I've waited twenty years for you to get over your crazy notions about delaying, because the world's coming to an end, and I propose to have my way now one day, or quit."

"Oh, Ira, how can you talk so? It was only a mistake. I am positive that the end will come, and I am sure it will come next year, I—I know

it will. If it don't then, Ira, I'll—"

"I've been a-hearing that same thing from you for twenty years past, and I want no more of it. Will you marry me to-morrow?"

"No, I cannot, you dear, foolish man, I—"

"Good day; sorry I've troubled you so long," broke in the Squire, and turning on his heel, walked away, leaving Sarah engulfed in her own tears.

When the neighborhood heard of the estrangement they were curious to know the cause, for it was not dreamed that Sarah's predictions had played so serious a part in their love affair. The principal social topic was the extended period of courting, in a vain attempt to reason it out, and fix the blame on the proper one. They knew of no reason, nevertheless they talked.

Dana Reising, the village attorney, as he sat in his private office, (his principal occupation) wiped the perspiration off his bald head and thought, (an uncommon event). "There must be a reason—if not the lady can recover in a breach of promise suit. I will look into the matter," and straightway he went to call on the sorrowful Miss Hill.

The next day news of the attorney's visit to Miss Hill's home was talked of by every inhabitant of the village, and it was soon learned that the Squire had been served with a legal summons. Through the suggestion of her attorney, Miss Hill called on the local editor and explained matters.

The "Murdock Courier" established its importance as an exponent of justice by championing the cause of Miss Sarah, because the Squire had different political views, and now was the long looked for chance for the editor to get them. Public sentiment was greatly agitated over the matter, but, when the "Courier" was emitted from

its obscure place in the corner of a photograph gallery, with a full account of Miss Hill's suit against Squire Higgins, present mayor of the city, matters became stirred up considerably.

The peaceable village was divided upon the question, and under the championship of the "Moquaw Enterprise" the friends of the Squire took issue, and a newspaper war as well as individual arguments became a local feature, and everyone was blessed with the gratifying knowledge that he knew as much about it as any one else. It was all a matter of conjecture.

Even the small boys playing at marbles in the streets, with favorite shooters bulging both cheeks, managed to articulate occasional utterances on the all-absorbing topic.

"I say, Johnny," said one, kneeling on his knee to take sure aim, "What side's your folks on?"

"Don' know, 'ceptin' I heard Pop tell Marm that Sadie Hill's sued the Squire for some breeches he'd promised. He said she otter have 'em."

"Kentucky jeans?" inquired Johnny, and then the discussion was dropped for one more exciting relative to the position of "shooters" and unnecessary "fudging."

One of the village stores, which had been the rendezvous of the old and retired denizens of the village, now took on new life. Here they sat with their legs crossed and hands clasped over their knees, and argued the case with as much earnestness as the tariff.

The seventeenth of October—the date set for the trial—was bright and warm. The inside of the town hall, where village justice was dispensed, had grown old and musty from its lack of usage. In one corner stood Jack

Brunson's old bass viol—a relic of the last orchestra practice; in another the bass drum and tuba horn told their story of neglected band practice dur-

"The principal social topic was their extended period of courting"



ing the hot summer months; and the newest of the lot, that is, the ones upon which the least amount of dust had collected, were the dress helmets of the volunteer fire laddies, which were left there on the evening of their annual ball. In the centre of the room was a long table used for general purposes. The seats consisted of ordinary wooden benches placed between the windows, together with a few scattering chairs, and their many coatings of white paint in places bore the

marks of soiled hands and clothes. Notches had been artistically cut in not a few of them by zealous whittlers, and here and there an initial appeared to relieve the sameness. The floor was passably clean, with the exception of a small area near the stove, where the dark-colored spots indicated a lack of saw-dust cuspidors, familiar in all regular law courts.

When Tom Jarvin, the village marshal, turned the lock in entering the hall this fine October morning, he was in a thoughtful mood. The circumstances of the peculiar trial, and his duties pertaining thereto, were a source of profound interest to him. With energy and enthusiasm he prepared the musty room for the day's work. The floors were swept, the bass viol hidden under the long table, the drum and tuba horn hung behind the door, and the firemen's helmets tacked artistically but insecurely above the jury box.

The approaching trial, from the prominence of the principals and the nature of the case, was one which attracted much attention. Even the women folks hurried through with their Monday washing, or "put it to soak," that they might be in attendance.

Gradually the seats in the little town hall were filled, and the window-sills and loose stove wood were utilized for seats.

"Tell you what," said grouchy Felix Saunders from his seat on an upturned maple stick, "I'd a heap rather sit here than on them benches. You ain't obliged to give up yer seat to ther women folks."

"Yer right, there," said his companion; "but what business hev women folks here anyhow? They might be to home."

Carlton Peters, the village druggist, carefully whittled at a toothpick and told his views to the new Methodist

minister. Jim Thompson slid a pencil back and forth through his nervous fingers, and argued the case in low whispers with Ferdinand Cason, the blacksmith. The room at length became crowded, even to the standing room. A stir among those at the door showed the presence of the Squire, his counsel and favorite dog, who came in and took their seats on the right of the long table, the dog occupying a place on the Squire's lap. A little later Miss Sarah and Lawyer Reising elbowed through the crowd, and took seats on the opposite side.

Both attorneys were busily stirring themselves, gathering their papers together. Lawyer Reising's five-and-forty years had left him badly in need of hair restoratives, and little beads of perspiration sparkled on the cleared expanse. Nervously fingering his mustache during his low, muttering conversation with Miss Sarah, he glanced across at the defense with a look of vehement determination in his eye.

Bailiff Tom Jarvens stood watch in hand near the jury, earnestly counting the minutes. At last Judge Wilsey rapped for order, and instantly all in the court room became quiet, and the famous trial began. Witnesses were sworn and examined with the usual official routine. Every now and then the vigorous questioning and cross-questioning from the attorneys especially added interest, and the monotony of it all was periodically relieved by spirited objections.

"I object, your Honor; the question is incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant."

Willie Samuels, aged nine, who occupied a window sill, and whose ambition was to be a big lawyer some day himself, repeated this sentence with great satisfaction.

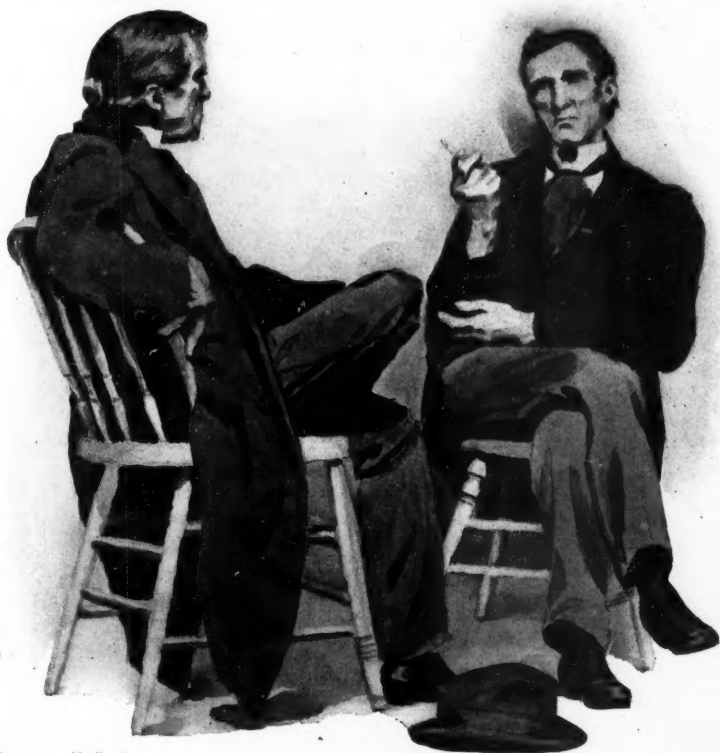
The detail of the case dragged; every

point was fought to the bitter^d end. At one time the proceedings were stopped for a moment by the plaintive mew of a kitten, and a moment later Sarah's favorite Angora crossed over and jumped into her lap—it having followed her to the trial. The specta-

ny, and they looked pitifully at their friends. Sarah gently rubbed the sleek back of her pet Angora, and the Squire patted his faithful dog absent-mindedly.

After a time Lawyer Reising arose and began his plea for the cause of

"Here they sat with legs crossed and argued the case with as much eagerness as the tariff"



Drawn by N. F. Ayer

tors in the court room came and went like a shifting tide, and those tip-toeing out were replenished by the newcomers. When all the witnesses for the plaintiff had been examined, the defense rested and the lawyers prepared their notes for a battle royal in legal phraseology. The jury were sighing and yawning from the monoto-

justice to his client. He referred to the Squire in words not complimentary, and extolled the virtues of Miss Sarah until she appeared as the heroine in a deep and dark tragedy. Going over the evidence in hand he dwelt largely upon the important facts, and colored each to suit himself. His nervous temperament asserted itself as he

progressed, and before long he was punctuating his remarks with vigorous blows, pounding on the jury railing.

"I say, gentlemen of the jury, what have we here? We have a case seeking right and justice;" and the louder he talked the more weary seemed the jury. "It is in your hands, not mine. You are to decide whether the ignoble treatment of my fair client is not worthy of a liberal recompense. Under God, there is a right and a wrong. I believe, gentlemen of the jury, with your intelligent minds awake to the situation—"

There was a pause. He had awakened them in an unlooked-for manner. His emphatic punctuation after the word "situation" loosened the firemen's helmets from their temporary fastenings, and they descended collectively upon the expansive brows of the unsuspecting jury. Confusion reigned. Saunders Wilson, six feet five in his stockings, with his inquisitive nature arose suddenly from behind the door, and, colliding with the bass drum, sent it crashing to the floor, bounding spitefully around the tuba horn, which followed. The pet poodle and loving cat each instinctively sought safety under the table, where on top of the big bass viol they met in mortal combat, and the prostrate instrument gave forth stranger and wilder tones than it ever had before, even in the hands of a novice.

Instantly all was a scene of greatest excitement. The Squire made haste to separate the savage warriors, and crawled under his side of the table. Miss Sarah, with a frightened "Oh, mercy me!" followed his example on the other side, seeking to protect poor pussy. In the melee the table was overturned upon Miss Sadie, and she promptly fainted. The judge rapped for order, and Bailiff Jarvens kept the crowd back. She was placed in a chair,

her brow dampened with water, and she slowly revived. The Squire stood silently by, pale with exhaustion, and a fiery red spot burned on his cheeks, as a result of his exertion. Finally, awakening to a deep sense of emotion, he ruthlessly kicked his pugnacious dog out of the way and crossed over to Sadie.

It was not a time for words and the Squire knew it. He only gently took Sarah's hand in his own and looked down into her tear-dimmed eyes as she gasped, "Ira."

Then the Squire, melted by the tears, pressed the hand just a little bit, and said: "Will it be all right, Sarah?"

With a faint smile playing around her mouth, she answered: "Any time, Ira."

With this the Squire wheeled in his place beside her, and addressed the judge.

"Your Honor, I consent to a judgment for the plaintiff."

But Lawyer Reising, impelled by Miss Sarah's hasty instructions, interposed.

"Your Honor. My client desires that we dismiss this action."

The spectators in the court room were too astonished for even whispered comment; all they could do was to look at one another in their amazement. Judge Wilsey took off his spectacles, and wiping them with deliberate ease, said:

"In view of what has just been said, I think this case may more properly be adjourned."

The local papers the next week contained extravagant accounts of the wedding, stating that the common council attended in a body, and giving the name of Judge Wilsey as best man. The cause of the estrangement forever remained a secret, but the Angora and the faithful dog now dwell in peace together.



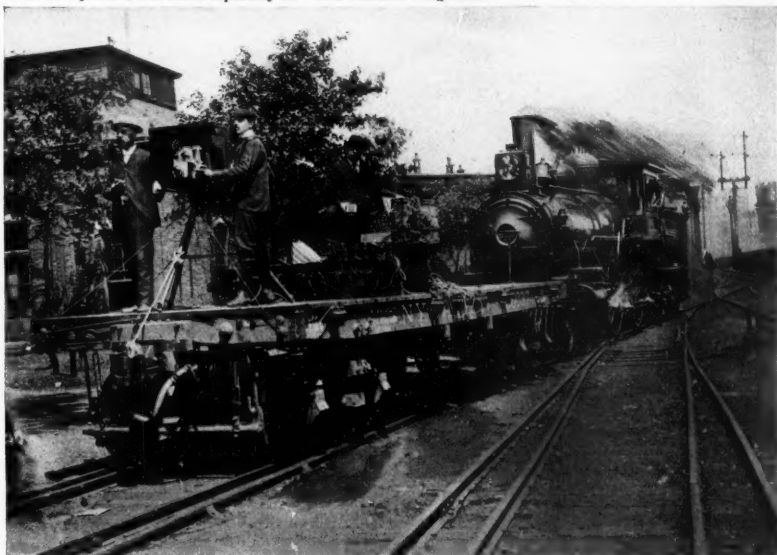
By George S. Hodgins

NEARLY every one is familiar with the appearance of things in general.

as seen from the cab windows of a locomotive. Not that the majority of people have ever ridden on the modern iron horse, but with the advent of the biograph, the world as it appears to the engine driver is now faithfully reproduced in the marvelous moving pictures which are shown upon the screen. Two very good pictures taken each from the front of a passenger engine on the New York Central, are often shown. One being the "South gate of the highlands," and the

other, called "Crack the whip," is taken among the curves near Bryn Mawr. These views show how the pilot or cow-catcher of an express engine eats up the miles of track, and how swiftly the telegraph poles fly past. Most people are familiar with the rush of the "Empire State Express" on the N. Y. C. or that of the famous "Pennsylvania Limited" or the "Black Diamond" on the Lehigh Valley road. But the real thing is different. The "eye" of the kinetograph, by which the photographic records are taken, looks ever ahead, and does not take any side

The American Mutoscope and Biograph Camera on a flat car, pushed by a locomotive at the rate of 60 miles an hour, making panoramic pictures for exhibition in the Keith theatres. First picture of the kind ever printed, and taken especially for "The National Magazine."



A perilous trip. G. W. Bitzer, operator of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co., taking a panoramic scenic picture for exhibition in the Keith theatres. First picture of the kind ever printed, and taken especially for "The National Magazine."



glances, which are permitted to the occupants of the cab. In real life, unlike what the prearranged pictures show, the section men and spectators do not stand on one side of the track and wave hats and handkerchiefs, as the train flies by. No!

All is much more prosaic in real life, and much more interesting.

The first time I had a ride on an express engine, I found out that what I had read in the newspapers about riding on an engine was very highly colored indeed.

The nearest thing to the truth was once said by the mayor of some city, when he was delivering an address of welcome to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. They had assembled in his city to hold their annual meeting. He told them he had recently had a ride on a locomotive, and that he had never before known how many things could get on the track in front of any one train.

I had the experience of a ride on an engine which pulled a fast passenger train on the "flyer-limited" from Floxam to Old Hull. "You had better muffle up well, Brooky," said my friend Wilton, while the brakes were being tested in the huge train shed at Floxam. "You know the wind is just awful on one of those flyers." I observed that the engineer was not muffled up, it being a beautiful June day. "Well," Wilton said, "he and the fireman are used to it, you know. They can stand it and it doesn't matter to them."

I had got my pass and permit to ride on the engine from the superintendent, and had duly presented them to the conductor and engine driver. They said they hoped I would enjoy my ride, and I hoped so too, even if I wasn't muffled up to speak of. I made a few random enquiries, which seemed to me fitting at the time, about the size and weight of the engine, our probable speed and the boiler pressure carried, and got a lot of information as to the "shape" she was in, which seemed to be far from perfect, though she looked all right, I thought. Wilton broke in again with, "You won't be able to walk around when you get to Old Hull, my boy," for he was determined to "see me off" on my perilous journey. "Why not?" I asked, perplexed, for that seemed to me to be an awful price to pay for one ride. Wilton explained that he did not mean permanently, but that he had always heard and read that such was the case with a novice. Many, he affirmed, could not walk for an hour and a half on account of the terrible jolting of the machine. This view he persisted in, though

I assured him many engine drivers and firemen had been known to have succeeded in walking to the pay cars at a brisk pace, even after an exceptionally fast run. But that, I was told, was because they were used to it, and it didn't matter to them, you know. Wilton thought nothing mattered much to the engine crew, and I felt what fearfully reckless fellows they must be. However, I was in for it now, and had to be reckless too, so that things wouldn't matter to me either.

I took my seat on the fireman's side—the left; as I was instructed to do, and though I apologized for taking his seat he assured me that it didn't matter, so I thought Wilton might know more about the whole thing than I had given him credit for. It turned out that the fireman expected to be fully engaged in shoveling coal. I gave him a cigar which he put in his pocket, under his smock, and said he would smoke it, with my permission, at Old Hull.

When it was time to start, one of the many semaphore arms, which Dickens has likened to great wooden razors, "shaved the air," and made the line clear for us. Two short blasts from the air signal whistle in the cab, gave us the word of command. We were off. Wilton tried to wave a fond adieu, but was blotted out, and blown away and annihilated by the rush of steam from the cylinder cocks. In fact this steam so enveloped the whole engine that I who had imagined I would jauntily wave my hand at parting in a sort of a doesn't-matter-to-me-style, was doomed to disappointment. When I next saw the light of day, we were clear of the curved roof of the station, and off in earnest.

The cylinder cocks were soon shut, and the heavy beats of the engine quickened. A moment later there was a catch in her breath, so to speak, and a swallow of steam, I thought; with a click of the reverse lever latch, and the beats were softer but regular and our speed increased. The engine had been "notched up;" or in other words the reverse lever had been drawn

up several notches on the quadrant so as to give the engine the benefit of the expansion of steam in the cylinders.

Now we sped on over the high viaduct leading out of Floxam; past backs of houses; and slapped in the face by advertisements set upon close fences, which told all manner of extravagant lies, in the desperate attempt to get someone interested before it was too late. By and by we were out in the suburbs, where the cross streets were protected by gates. These were all shut as we passed, and a watchman at each, stood just inside lazily waving a white flag. These watchmen did not look at us with any interest, and seemed to wish we would hurry up and get out of the way and let the traffic of the streets go on again. What ignoble wretches, I thought, not to take sides with us, and let the city—nay the whole country wait, until we, the famous fast 9.36 a. m. limited flier—the much advertised "Morning Glory," of the road, had seen fit to rush by. As we went on, the suburban stations flew past, in the opposite direction, as if going up to Floxam pell mell. People standing well back on the platforms, looked at us with something approaching becoming respect, as they ought. As we rounded a curve on my side the fireman called out, "Alright!" but got no response from the engine driver. He (the engine driver) was nearly out of my sight on the other side of the boiler, which in this engine came right through the cab, leaving the fireman away back on the tender with two fire-hole doors, and plenty of hard coal to throw into the "Wooten" firebox. Again at another curve on my side, the fireman called "Alright!" "What's alright?" I shouted, as soon as I could catch his eye. He came up close to me, and with an onion and tobacco breath yelled, "The signal—I can see it first on my side, and it saves time, as Bill doesn't need to shut off. We need every second on this run." The great truth then dawned on me, that to make time on a flier it is not sufficient to have a fast engine and big wheels, but

that every one on or off the engine, must be fearfully alert, and know how to play the game, with skill to take every advantage, and watch for every emergency. These men did that. I had not been long on the engine, but I was learning.

We seemed to be always increasing in speed. Our first stop would be Blakely and to reach it on time we, like the stag in "The Lady of the Lake," "stretched forward freer and far." Now the men on the line interested me. Groups of section men were passed frequently. They were slow-going fellows, and no mistake. They worked away, tamping up the ties, with a devotion worthy of a better cause. They never got out of the way until the end of the very last second. Then they moved as if they didn't like to, but did it just to oblige us. At first I was afraid some of them would be struck down and killed, but they got clear by the skin of their teeth, every time.

The bell was ringing as we met one or two trains on the other track; going in the opposite direction. Our bell rang out clear and true. Not so with the others. The bell on the approaching engines rang, first sharp, then true, then flat, as they came, and passed, and sped away. The sound vibrations coming to us from them, over ever lessening space shortened the interval, and was equal to a quickening of vibration; then as we came opposite, there was one true stroke, and the next was flat or lower in tone, as the flying trains dragged the sound waves apart, and gave a slower rate of vibration to the ear.

It was wonderful: the fearful force with which the trains went past each other, on parallel tracks can only be realized by one on an engine. You may see the other engine roll slightly and lurch; you see the plume of steam thrown up from the stack, beaten down by the fierce wind, and then the incredible rush by, and all is over—line clear, and your own engine flying on, eager to pass another.

The race is exhilarating. The separate and distinct beats heard at starting, are now blurred into what seems one contin-

uous rush of steam from the stack. The rush and tear of the flight—the absolute lust for speed, boils up in one's veins; and slow moving man has learned to fly! People looked at us now from the side roads, men driving dog-carts and making what was once called a good pace. What despicable little affairs they were—pulled by a horse, or even two, driven tandem. They cannot rush along as we can. They simply crawl and are content with that. How very amusing!

Now Blakely is getting near. The distant signals seem to come to meet us. We are at top speed, rolling and rushing, with the water in the boiler bobbing in the gauge glass, and the wind blowing from the four quarters of the earth, full upon us. The side rods, as I looked down on them, quivered, one blurred, nebulous flicker of light, before the spokeless wheels. The reeling rocker-arm pushing and pulling the valve rod in and out of the steam chest with incredible rapidity—all acting according to the fixed laws of dynamics; coldly calculated beforehand by trained men,—we flung forward, and flew.

When the engine driver pushed home the throttle lever, the safeties fairly screamed with delight, and drowned the sound of the reverse lever clicking down in the "corner." The whish-wish of the air brake valve, steadily applied, produced just a noticeable slacking of the mad rush. Another whish, and a slow down. The side rods took shape, and the wheels seemed to have something more solid in them than rims. We came on up to the station, bell ringing; and shot past it, and had all the air out of the train line, and a touch of the reverse lever, before we halted, a car and a half too far ahead of the pile of baggage on the platform. "Infernal bad brake!" said the engine driver to me; "it won't hold worth shucks; pistons all out full travel and slack not taken up; some one will sweat for this, you see."

But we were gloriously here! Stupid men looked languidly at us. Men who couldn't run like we had, and didn't know

a good engine when they saw it. They looked at us uninterestedly! Confound them! We were the 9.36; from Floxam, south-bound; fast flier; limited; express; mail carrier; 72-inch drivers; scheduled 58½ miles per hour; and were here, on the 18th of June, and on time too. We had had no mishaps—nothing hot, and we had run like the Deuce to do it, and did it, and what did the people mean by not taking off their hats and cheering their betters! I felt I was part and parcel of this glorious machine, and had a worthy and just feeling of resentment against this ignorant worldly callousness.

The engine driver ran round the engine, as it stood with air pump panting sixteen to the dozen, thumbing the bearings, and hurriedly seemed to put a drop or two of oil here and there, and told the conductor the brake was no good, and got up ready to start again, as if he wasn't the greatest man on earth.

But why had we to get to Old Hull in such a hurry? The 117 miles between Floxam and that point would have taken an old-time stage at least two days, at very good going. We were given short time enough, with only one stop. Well, why? Simply because the traveling public grudge the time, and fail to see the glory of passing over this road, which offers to its patrons, "rock ballast and no dust," all the way. It was dollar-and-cent competition that had brought all this about.

Again the signal whistle spoke, and we were off once more in a cloud of steam; the injector at my side singing, and the sated air pump giving puffs now and then, for it had got the air pressure up again, which we had used to stop. Now we were off, over a long low trestle across the river Wewano. Again the catch of breath as the reverse lever clicked in the higher notches and the throttle stem came out a notch or two more as Bill adjusted things for the race to Old Hull. On over the trestle—the counter weights in the wheels made me bounce slightly on my seat, to the steady vibration, up and down

of the whole machine. I wanted to rush again, and at once, but we had a sacred duty to perform. We must go to Old Hull on time of course, but we must go safely and surely.

On we went, and the speed got up, and other trains went past us with a whirl on the parallel track, and signals stood "line clear," and switches were set right for us, and locked, and everything seemed to be as it should be, though in these matters our safety was in the hands of others entirely, whom we could not see, or speak to or reach in any way. The line ahead was always empty. It seemed as if we were on the only train on the whole road going to Old Hull.

We came round a curve on a high embankment, with the track sloping evenly inwards, to counteract the centrifugal force of the train as we sped on. We swung out on to a long tangent—the double line of rails stretching away into what looked like a small box. That was a through bridge of six spans. As we flew toward it, it looked as if we could never get through so small a space. Instinctively I looked at the smokestack, to see if it would clear. I knew that this very train, the "Morning Glory," raced through that bridge every day in the year. When we got to it, the bridge was equal to the occasion, and to my startled fancy seemed to open up and rush over us and under, and all around. How the oblong frame opened out, with a flutter and flash of a thousand rods and beams and interlacing bars. Each span ahead growing to our size as we came on. I could see the ripples on the water below and some logs floating close to one of the piers. We were over and flying out on the embankment, leaving the huge bridge to shrink down into the insignificant little oblong frame again. I could not see the bridge behind me, though I tried to look back, as the cars obscured the view. We were isolated from our train completely except for the signal whistle and bell cord, though in sole charge of its speed, its motion and its safety. We saw none of

the people who had committed their lives to our alertness, watchfulness and good judgment. I was beginning to realize the situation, and to see things as they really are, and the responsibility of it all came home to me clearly. We crossed a coal train at Bolton. She was standing at the station, steam was blowing from the cylinders and making a lazy cloud across our track. How our pilot zipped it up, and sent it over our heads like an interloper, who had no business on the right of way of the famous "Morning Glory." We were again on a long stretch of level tangent, or straight track; on a low embankment, with a cross road away in the distance. I could see the country all round for miles. Now remember we have all read that nothing ever happens on a long reach of straight level track, for everybody can see everybody and everything. It is as one rounds a curve, so the newspapers make out, that things happen; but it was not so this time. I saw away in the distance a buggy, drawn by one horse, moving along the road toward the track. As we could see them plainly, no doubt the occupants of the rig saw us. It appeared easy for the buggy to be over the track before we passed. The incline of the road up to the railway, however checked the speed of the vehicle slightly. I could see that there was a woman driving, and by her side was a little girl. The woman seemed anxious to get over, for she used her whip. Most strange to say, though there was time, the horse balked on the railway line—of all places in world—and stood stubbornly there. No amount of whipping—and he was lashed furiously—would make him move. Bill whistles for the crossing and the fireman gave the bell a pull. The horse at last moved a few paces ahead and drew the buggy all but clear. Instantly Bill had shut off and the pops screamed. The brake was on hard in the "emergency," and the reverse lever was in the last back gear notch, all done quickly and firmly at the first chance of danger. We slackened. The thought flashed through my head,

"The brakes are bad." Hardly knowing what I was doing or where I was I sat with eyes riveted upon the mother and child. Then I said to myself in a low voice, drowned to all human ears by the roar of the train, "Get out—stand to windward of the wreckage." The woman instantly stood up leaped out on the left side, caught up the child, and fell down the bank just as our buffer beam shouldered the buggy off the track, and flung it down. One of the shafts broke and the traces were torn off, leaving the horse free, which leaped away unhurt. He galloped up the road. We only passed the crossing by the length of the engine and about half the tender, as it was. Bill jumped down, and the conductor and brakeman came forward at once. When we were sure no one was hurt, the conductor asked the lady how it all happened, while she stood motionless, hardly able to speak. Bill looked at the broken rig, a smashed mass, then at the pilot, and instinctively utilized the moment to thumb the "big end," and make sure it wasn't hot. "Glad you ain't hurt, missus, or the child," said the conductor. "I'll leave this young feller here to catch your horse if he can and help you along, though no one can't mend your carriage," he added pleasantly. He turned to the brakeman, and gave him his orders in a more official voice, instructing him to do everything for the lady and get her name and address when she was less flustered. The woman looked too bewildered and frightened to take it all in. It had come upon her like a bolt out of the blue. She stared at the huge engine, and at Bill, who said never a word, and then she sat down on the bank and cried. As the bell was pulled for us to be off again, on signal from the

conductor, the woman turned round and asked very quietly, "Who told me to get out on this side?" "No one, ma'am," said the conductor, taking off his cap. "We ain't had the pleasure o' speaking with you until it was all over." "Did you hear any one speak?" I asked her, and all stared at me. "Yes," she said, "I heard some one very plainly say, 'Get out—stand to windward of the wreckage.'" "That's one o' them interpositions o' Providence, sure as fate," the conductor interposed, as we began to move forward again. I knew it was mind communication simply, but I held my peace. We were off again with a whish of steam from the cylinders and getting up our old rush as if nothing had happened. I looked back and saw her with her handkerchief to her eyes and the brakeman examining the broken buggy. Why we hadn't taken her on board, and given her a Pullman car all to herself I did not know. But the conductor had done the best for her, as I found out afterwards. So on we went with a rush, trying to make up the lost time. We fairly raced, we bowled along, past grade crossings and everything and flung ourselves into Old Hull exactly three minutes late.

When I got down my legs were a little stiff, but I was able to walk about—why not indeed? After leaving the engine driver and fireman with many cigars and hand shakes, and one or two for the conductor of course—what traveler does not give a conductor cigars? I strolled off to the telegraph office to enlighten Wilton. I left a blank on the office desk prepaid—I always do that sort of thing very neatly. It read:—"To Septimus Wilton—Floxam—Wind just delightful—can walk beautifully,—A. O. Brookside."





REUNION OF THE NATION'S DEFENDERS

By Mitchell Mannering

THE annual convention of the Grand Army of the Republic at Philadelphia, September, 1899, marks the highest watermark of a series of splendid reunions which year after year have enlivened one of the many great cities of a Republic, which, whatever its other failings, has never ceased to make the re-union of the loyal soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, notable for lavish hospitality, splendid parades, universal good feeling and kindliness, and a renaissance of gratitude and honor for the surviving heroes of that supreme struggle.

Over three hundred and fifty thousand visitors, it is said, filled every hotel and hospitable dwelling, besides the five thousand tents at Camp Sexton, the numerous quarters supplied by suburban residents, and the hundreds of excursion steamers, yachts, canal-boats and other craft which lined the water front, and lay moored in the broad-bosomed Delaware.

On the first day many, and often most wonderful and affecting were the

reunions which took place. Gray-haired officers and aged non-commissioned and privates met after long separation, or found a deeper sense of comradeship and affection in the recollection of more recent meetings saddened by the common sense of regret at the absence of some loved comrade who would nevermore witness a reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On the river had gathered the fleet of Sampson, fresh from dry-dock and navy yard, snowy white as an angel of peace, but grim, massive, and enhalloved with the chrism of recent victory. In the streets hundreds of bands and drum corps marched and wheeled, filling the air with martial quickstep and ancient points of war.

The grand parade on Tuesday, mustered it is said thirty thousand veterans, gathered from every state in the union—Sons of Veterans and kindred organizations. Notable among these was a band of the women nurses, of the mothers, wives and spinsters, who had served in ward and hospital ship

the sick and wounded of the army and navy. There were but few of these who had not long left behind them the stately womanhood of middle life and not a few had passed far beyond the three-score years and ten, which the Hebrew psalmist assigned as the limit of an useful human life; but they arranged themselves in order, and block after block received the hearty and sympathetic plaudits of young and old, rich and poor, as well as of "the boys" for whose sake they had endured so many weary hours of labor, watching and apprehension. As if in striking contrast to these a company of red-cheeked, lissom Kansas girls, wearing uniforms of army blue with white facings, moved merrily and in perfect step along the line of march, cheered to the echo, and the observed of all observers. As in other cities on like occasions of late years, the school children were a prominent feature among the countless number of striking features of the parade. The public decorations were rich and appropriate, but could hardly excel the effect of the continuous vistas of varied and often striking display presented by the business streets and along the line by private residences.

President McKinley, surrounded by a splendid staff and many notables, reviewed the huge procession which for four hours and a half passed in unbroken array before him,

On Wednesday the ex-prisoners of war held a special parade, attracting much attention. They included in their number many who since their rescue or release from southern prisons had attained wealth, influence and eminence with the home blessings and comforts which must often suggest by the force of strong contrasts the Dantean horrors and sordid hopeless existence which once threatened them with hopeless misery.

On the last day the grand naval parade drew countless thousands to the borders of the Delaware. Five hundred river and ocean craft, it is said, gathered in order far up the river, gay with flags, crowded with merry voyagers, and carrying scores of bands and hundreds of musicians. At

• A MEMORY OF '61.



a given signal the leading vessels, revenue cutters in full gala dress, led the advance of the splendid flotilla. A moving mass of flaunting banners, excited faces, gay raiment and gallant vessels, the cortege moved down past the wharves and buildings black with spectators who cheered and wondered as they passed the warships, the guns broke into the thrilling tenor and bass of popular cry, with fierce sharp barks and a deeper diapason, startling even brave sea-kings and tried mariners.

And as the guns roared and were silent by turns, they spoke to the

hearts and memories of hundreds, yes thousands of men, who well knew what it was to tread the reeling deck of a warship, to work the heavy guns or hold a staggering ship to her course, when the scuppers ran red with blood, and the corpses lay thickly apart from the flaming batteries. There too, were those who had passed through the gates of death at New Orleans, Mobile, and Port Royal, who had seen the concentrated circle of fire with which Beauregard, Ripley and Rhett, had driven back the monitors of Dahlgren at Charleston, and, proudest boast of all, some who had seen the coming forth of the "Merrimac," the fate of the "Congress" and "Cumberland," and the world-famous duel between the great sea-dragon and the little "Monitor."

Thus the gala salutes of the White Squadron were not only a fitting part of the day's ceremonies, but attribute to an audience such as never again will or can find in the thunder of American guns, such remembrances of

the brave old days of a passed youth, of gallant comrades, and sturdy foes, and of battles greatly won in a righteous cause, and renowned for all time in the annals of naval warfare.

Philadelphia—worthy setting for such a scene—will long remember and recall it. So will those who saw the setting sun melt away, gilding the domes of stately buildings and splendid parks and gardens, as the day imperceptibly gave place to night. When the lights broke out, the great reflection swept city, river and suburb "like the eye of God." Through the city echoed the sounds of music and rejoicing, and above the soft radiance was rent by rockets, torn by exploding shells and radiant with myriads of fiery jewels and strongly colored flames.

On the last day Chicago was chosen as the next meeting point, and with the parting farewells and the scattering crowds, another page was turned in the records of the Grand Army of the Republic.

AUTO-ANALYSIS

Lo, I am but a harp through which the winds of passion sweep:
Attuned to voice the melody of airs that whispering flow,
Responsive to the ardor of the tropic minstrel's glow,
Exultant with the tiger gales that down the world-aisles leap.

My riches are the symphonies the God of Nature writes—
The lyrics sung by zephyrs in the orange and the pine;
The groan of Man in martyrdom beneath the sword divine;
The rapture of the lover on the throne of his delights.

Not mine the palace builded with the plunder of the mart;
Not mine the haloed happiness of vine embowered home;
Not mine through halls of learning and of artistry to roam,
But mine the mighty pulsing of the universal heart.

Frank Putnam

POETIC JUSTICE

By H. T. George



HERE is in the lives of all of us, an hour which differs from ordinary hours in that it is the longest which the glass of time has counted since its moulding. Miss Van

Doerte glanced at the clock with impatient curiosity. She had always a great curiosity regarding the superlatives of existence. Existence as a rule is so sadly positive for the most of us—thus the gods make it endurable. For there is danger in even comparative happiness, and Miss Van Doerte was conscious of treading perilously near the heights to-night. There was a glow of young color in her cheeks, and another light than that of the fire in her half-closed eyes. She knew this and was ashamed.

She threw herself back languidly among the many-hued pillows of her couch, and once she put up her hand and patted a yawn decorously, and then resolved the yawn into a careless little tune. Also, she turned her back upon a certain inviting mirror, in which, had she been a less sensible woman, she might have sought a witness to the general becomingness of a carefully chosen gown. All of which was manifestly superfluous in view of the fact that Miss Van Doerte was quite alone, and no one could have been the wiser if she had paced the room's length frantically, or laughed wildly aloud, or committed a hundred other primitive vulgarities, as she felt an amused consciousness of longing to do. But when one is twenty-nine and

a Van Doerte of the Van Doertes, one does nothing so foolish.

Not even—not even, thought Margaret, drawing the ribbon at her belt lazily through her fingers, not even when one is waiting to meet her lover. And as she thought the word Miss Van Doerte blushed in coy, school-girl fashion. It was for the first time since she had received her first proposal, and that had been aeons before. He had proposed six times since that.

The first time,—Margaret checked them off upon her fingers, had been then, when she had blushed and cried a little, and wondered what method of self-destruction he would choose; the next time, a year later, when she was angry and melodramatic; the third, six months after, when she had laughed scornfully; and the next three at intervals of two years, when he had come back from his vacations, and she had learned to laugh good-naturedly, and to cling to his friendship. And the last time had been only a year ago and she had looked at him wistfully as she laughed her negation, and he had gone away wrathfully—back to that endless engineering in the far west. But she had taken a vague comfort which she would conscientiously have denied, in hearing the old-time defiant vow "to ask her again next time!"

For there are many women, marching with shut lips and resolute eyes—a little too conscious of the world's eyes upon them—straight on to the goal they have set for themselves; who yet smile in knowing that somewhere in the careless universe there is a heart which is lonely because of them. They do

not want the heart—in the life they have chosen they have no time for loving; but in the still nights when a woman looks into the heavy eyes of her soul, they are glad for being loved. And there comes a time, unless the woman has been cruelly endowed with that spark of divine genius which is sexless, when a first doubt of themselves is born of these dreams. That is when the day dreams begin to waver.

Miss Van Doerte's dreams had resolved themselves into very material and disenchanting realities. It was hard to acknowledge this and she had not acknowledged it without many inward tears—Margaret's tears always bubbled to the surface in laughter, which did not in the least take the sting from them—although it was the reason her dearest friends called her hard. No heart has so proven the bitterness of defeat as the beaten heart of a woman who has dared to stand before the sceptical eyes of her conservative world and proclaim her self-sufficiency.

Margaret Van Doerte had dreamed of fame; and in her dream had called her talent genius. And talent so misnamed sinks beneath the burden of its incompetency. The years had brought her, therefore, not fame, but that unwelcome notoriety among one's own poor circle of acquaintance which is the most pitiful burlesque of fame.

Then, too, the ephemeral success of her one published book had not brought her triumph. She had made the mistake of putting her whole soul into it, and a woman has but one soul, however many books she may wish to write. She had not "lived up to it"—its excellence hung like a dead weight upon the hands of her mediocrity. But she was an honest woman, and in the face of her success she read unflinchingly the fact of her failure, as many a lesser talent has not the courage to do.

At twenty-eight, thirty does not

seem so hopelessly old; at twenty-nine one can almost persuade one's self that it is young, but Miss Van Doerte had begun to listen to the admonitions of those practical friends who take the place of one's conscience, and who were bluntly sure that it was more than time for her to settle down. Which phrase, in view of the fact that Miss Van Doerte was at no time a vagabond or a rover, except in her quest for publishers, could have but the one eternal significance. And Miss Van Doerte was not so very certain of the contrary. She had rebelled for a long time; she had been so sure of herself. But so long she had wooed fame, and fame, even as she at Teddy, had laughed at her outstretched hands. (The simile was rather a weak one, for Teddy had never proposed with outstretched hands. He generally pushed them deep into his pockets as though he were afraid he might forget himself and collar a lady)

Miss Van Doerte laughed again as she recalled it all. Laughed very tenderly and softly, confessing at last what it was that had softened defeat. It was Ned lounging in the background with his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pocket. And then she saw her own face reflected in the darkness against the window pane, and with a sudden movement she laid her cheek beside the cool glass.

"O, you poor thing!" she whispered compassionately—"You're just a woman after all! Just a woman who has wasted years in the dark out there, because you thought you did not need the light. But you did—you're just a woman like other women—and O, be happy, be happy dear, you're getting old and you've failed in everything, but you're the woman Teddy loves!"

And then she pulled the window-shade down sharply, remembering that only women in novels talk thus to

themselves, and that even in that world the fashion is obsolete. And she sat up very straight, turning the pages of a magazine with careful attention. There was a long article concerning "Women Who Succeed," and she smiled pityingly as she read the title.

What poor creatures they were! They were welcome to their secret, the secret she had tried so hard to learn. For there was another secret that she had just discovered, and the mystery of success was clear to her, as it was clear to the mother of women in the dawning of the world.

She put the magazine aside impatiently! Surely it was time! Surely he would hurry if he only knew! And he was going back again to-morrow, but in the meantime—the woman's eyes filled with happy tears which she did not care to brush away.

She heard the bell ring with the characteristic pertinacity which betrayed his finger on the button, and she heard the maid's step in the hall, and then he was standing in the doorway and she was putting her cool hand quietly in his.

"Well, Teddy?" she said, "Well, Margaret!" he responded; and then he had taken both her hands in his, and was shaking them hard.

"How glad I am to see you—how awfully glad!" he protested. "Jove, it's like getting back to the world again, coming home here and finding you waiting! If I shut my eyes and opened them quick enough, I could fancy that I hadn't been away at all, and was just saying hello again last year."

"You always had startling impressions," she said. "Now, I can't turn the years back that way. I'd be younger if I could. But I can be just as glad to see you as ever. Come over here to sit; it's your old chair."

When you looked at Miss Van Doerte's mouth you fancied her voice would be sharp and merciless; when you looked at her eyes you knew it would be just as it was, very low and very deep and very soothing. Ted recognized the element of restfulness in it as he sank into the wide chair with a sigh of masculine content.

"Just the same," he murmured confidentially to the firelight. "Just exactly the same. Not a bit more enthusiastic, is she? But she never was half so glad to see me as I was to see her. Gad, when a fellow's been digging away out there for a year, I tell you—"

"He's glad to see anything that hints of civilization—thank you!" Miss Van Doerte replied demurely. She had thrown herself back once more among her pillows and she did not look at him. Just then she would not, for her life, have looked at him.

"O, come now, you know what I mean. I'm trying to say, in some sort of fashion—you could say it better and prettier in a book of course—that I am utterly and idiotically happy. That is, I shall be as soon as I have a cigar. May I smoke?"

"And it is you who ask! You are wierdly ceremonious, Teddy. And if, strictly for instance, I object?"

"Ceremony ceases to be a virtue. I should defy you. But there is a family out in the Fargo where I drop in pretty often, and they're death on smoking, only when I ask real prettily, they think it wouldn't be just nice to say so, so I have got into a bad habit of being polite."

He shook his head solemnly over his delinquencies, and she sighed delightedly.

"It's good to have you back again; you're so nonsensical," she said.

"Yes, you always have a good deal of fun out of me," he acquiesced. "You ought to be very grateful to me."

But you are not grateful. It is one of your many deficiencies."

She was smiling blindly into nothingness, not hearing all he said—not caring to hear; only vividly conscious of little familiar phrases here and there, and of the vague protectiveness of his voice as he rambled on, sometimes laughing, sometimes serious, waiting lazily for her irrelevant replies. She was tasting, as only women taste who have fought leaderless battles, the full restfulness of leaning her weary womanhood against his crude masculinity. It was good to hear his voice, good to listen to his laugh, good to see his kindly face again—but best of all to note how strong he was, and full of honest life. And in the utter relaxation of the moment the flush of welcoming him died from her quiet face, and the old, hard lines crept back to it.

And then his voice changed sharply so that she woke from her dreaming.

"But say—look here, Margaret! Come to notice, you have changed. You're pale, and thin, and older looking. You're working too hard. That's what's the matter. Stop it."

A little foolish, wholly womanly thrill of pleasure came over her at the old, authoritative tone, at the loving care with which his sharp eyes studied her face. What if he did tell her bluntly that she was growing old? It was the truth, wasn't it?—a truth which her friends told her every day, more politely and quite carelessly. She smiled slowly.

"No," she answered, "I have not been working—not at all. I have only been—well, only thinking a good deal."

"It's those confounded books!" he said, wrathfully. "Look here, why can't you stow all that—take a rest? I wish you'd take a trip out West. It would brace you up, awfully."

"Would it? Well, perhaps I will

some day. But as to the confounded books—why, you will be glad to hear it, Teddy—you will rejoice with an exceeding great rejoicing—I have given up the books. I have accepted the verdict of the publishers. I have decided that writing doesn't pay—and that means that it is not my forte. There is a difference, you know, between a forte and a penchant. You probably knew that before—I have grown old learning it."

Even then it seemed to her vivid consciousness that she had revealed her secret—her happy, bold, unwomanly secret. To say that she had given up her work, was not that saying shamelessly—many things? She held her breath a little as she waited for his answer.

"Given up your writing!" he cried. "Given it up for good? Oh, that's because you're worn out, tired. You must rest—a good long rest; but you mustn't give up! Accepted the publishers' verdict? Nonsense! Why, you've succeeded once. And that fellow—what's his name—that big bug that has just gotten out the new book, you know. I read that he tried twenty years before he succeeded. And you've only tried ten."

His hearty voice was full of good-natured encouragement. He did not understand.

"But ten years," she said, wearily; "ten years is a woman's life."

"Oh, fiddle-sticks!" he retorted, disdainfully. "When a woman has the blues she always thinks she's growing old. A woman's life? You've just begun yours. Why, see here, Margaret"—he leaned forward and took her hand gently in his—"I believe in you, and I want to be proud some day to say that I was your friend, even so early."

Three years ago, one year ago, she would have found her dearest triumph in his praise. One year ago, when he

had laughed at her book as she at his love. She had tried so hard to make him believe in her—in her genius, not in her womanhood. But now a sudden angry intolerance of his slow faith came to her. She drew her hand away, and clasped it in its fellow behind her head.

"You are very good," she said, softly. "But you are a trifle late. It's a bad time to begin believing in a person when he has lost his belief in himself. May I ask when you first arrived at a realization of my powers?"

He waived the sarcasm in her tone.

"Oh, I've been reading over that one book of yours. I know I laughed at it once, but you see I thought it was the only thing that stood in my way then. But lately I read it with a friend out West, and it's got good stuff in it—awfully good. She cried quarts over it, and she swears by you now

"Does she indeed?" Miss Van Doerte's voice was a trifle cynical.

"Thank her for me when you go back to her, will you? I hope she didn't cry on the cover, though. I admired the cover of that book immensely. But never mind, to have some one to swear by me—that has been my great ambition. And you?"

"I? O, I always swore by you, not in that way, exactly, though. But Margaret, I always said that you were the cleverest girl in the world, besides being the best and sweetest. I've impressed that upon you often enough, haven't I?" He laughed a little consciously. It was not like Teddy to be conscious.

"Faith, but I must have bored you, poor child."

Miss Van Doerte drew a long breath which might indeed have been of reminiscent weariness.

"Yes, Teddy," she said lightly, "You've bored me often enough to have a little mercy on me now."

Teddy smiled into the firelight.

"I will," he consented reassuringly. "I promise, Margaret. I've come back this time to take up our friendship where you've tried to keep it. I've bothered you for eight years now. I've wanted you and swore to have you, and tried my very best, and failed, utterly and ignominiously. I couldn't see that you were too good for me—except, of course as you are too good for any man. I thought I could make you happy. I see now I couldn't. I knew you didn't want me—your sentiments on the subject were quite clear—but I thought you didn't quite understand how much I wanted you. But you knew your own mind perfectly—poor little girl!"

He laughed again appreciatively.

"But I sacrificed myself in a good cause—I gave you something to laugh at, didn't I?"

She looked at him with mocking eyes of sheer amusement. Miss Van Doerte's sense of humor was cruelly developed.

"O, Ted, you are so amusing! You are so naive—for a man. Yes, you made me laugh; you will always make me laugh, I think. But I'm almost sorry you won't propose again. It would be eight times, wouldn't it?"

"O, if it would entertain you," he said. "And if one could think of some new formula. But no, I won't propose again, honest. I've come to see things your way, now; come to understand that love does not always win love, not even if you wait for so many patient years. And come to understand that if a fellow can't have a girl for his wife he should accept her for a friend and be thankful. I think I'll make a first rate friend, Margaret, so if you please I'll just be that, as you've wanted me to be all along. The truest friend you'll ever have, dear, and the proudest of you. And if you ever do marry,

Margaret—you know you may sometime find a fellow who is good enough for you, a fellow with more brains than I, and able to appreciate your true worth (not but what I can do that in a way),—if ever you should marry, why even if I do feel just the least little ache in my heart perhaps, I'll wish you happiness with all my soul. And what's more, I'll wish the fellow happiness, as well. I can't promise any more than that, can I?"

The speech was half laughing and half sober, but it was quite honest, and he said it with his steady eyes straight on hers, and her own did not waver.

"Thank you, Teddy," she said evenly. "You were always a good little fellow, I'm glad you've grown so sensible."

Then she sat up and drew her tea-table toward her. It is an instinct with women to turn for comfort to their tea-tables.

"I am going to make you some tea," she laughed, "I am such a confirmed old maid."

He leaned back in his chair, watching her firm hands busied amid the fragile china, and he sighed a little wistfully.

"If you had said yes last year, Margaret—but I think there never was a woman so changeless as you. I suppose it is because you are always right.

"Yes, it is because I am always right. It is a great thing to have a reputation like that; it almost compensates one for being generally wrong. But that is quite enough about myself. Concerning a person who is always right there can be very little discussion.

And then she leaned forward in her turn and looked in his face commandingly.

"Tell me now about a much more important personage, Teddy; tell me about her!"

"Who?" he asked, clumsily. A woman could have asked it inquiringly. Being a man, he might as well have shouted her name straightway.

"Oh, the one; the girl you read my book with, which is the one great proof that you have something to tell. For an interest in my book was necessarily subservient to an interest in the girl who cried over it. Confess now, Teddy. You take two lumps, don't you?"

He confessed lazily, a little shamefacedly, playing with his absurdly small cup. And sometimes when he looked too steadily at Margaret, his words halted for an instant, and his eyes were troubled.

"Well," he said, "I think I liked her first because she had your name, only we call her Meg. She's a—well, she's a Meggy sort of a girl, you understand."

"Lucid," Margaret murmured, "but I quite understand."

"Yes, she's that sort of a girl—pretty, deuced pretty; the kind of a girl you want to kiss when you look at her."

"And when she cries?" Margaret suggested. She was triumphantly conscious of the utter calmness of his tone.

"Yes, of course. And then I found out that she had read your book and liked it no end; and she found that I knew you and had your photograph, and she just went wild. And so—well, because I wanted to talk to some one about you, I got to calling at her home, and we never talked about anything else. And then we read your book over together, and she understood what you were trying to say to the world—what you did say so gloriously. And when I came to understand you, why it took my breath away to think that while you were writing things like that, I should have dared

to hope—what I did hope. I never gave you up till I read that book of yours, and understood. I think you put your soul into it, Margaret—and perhaps it is hardly a fair test to measure any man by a good woman's soul. But I gave you up, then. I didn't go back to the hotel that night, Margaret. I stumbled around the lonesome little town till morning, thinking hard, and trying to adjust myself to the new order of things. It wasn't easy. It seemed as if a big piece of something had gone out of my life. But I'd think of how you would laugh when you knew, and then I'd laugh, too; and so after awhile I felt better. And Meg helped me, of course, because she's a sweet little thing, even if she isn't much on brains. She's nearer my size, you know. And so—and so that's all.

"Of course, if you were some women, Margaret, I couldn't tell you all this; but you are not some women, and you will understand how I feel about you and Meg. I hope Meg will never quite understand—because she thinks a good deal more of me than any girl ought to think. And that's a bit of a change, you know. It's really rather pleasant, after you've spent the best years of your life loving a girl, to find suddenly that some girl loves you. Even if you can't quite stop, all of a sudden, thinking in the old way of—"

"Never mind, Teddy," Miss Van Doerte interrupted sharply. "The old order changeth, and the new, in this instance, is eminently more satisfactory."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, staring at the firelight with a half frown on his face.

"It's a deuced queer thing to explain," he complained. "I don't know that I really care to explain; but still—I tell you what it is, Margaret, I don't want you to think that I'm the kind of a fellow that's off with the old

love and on with the new all at a moment's notice."

He looked toward her pleadingly, and then laughed whimsically.

"But you could hardly be so unjust. How many moments in eight years, Margaret? And you never yielded an inch, did you?"

Perhaps it was because the firelight in her face traitorously betrayed it, perhaps because he was not worthy of the trust he had put in himself, but he leaned suddenly toward her, his elbows on the tea-table, his laughter dying, his face flushed a little.

"Would it be the same answer always, Margaret? If I asked again? I never meant to say it again, upon my soul I didn't, dear—"

"And you won't say it now, being a sensible boy and in your right mind."

She felt a strange, impersonal shame for his weakness, as if the heart of the girl out West were dominating her. But the scorn in her voice was not of him, but of herself. She could not help it that he did not understand this, and she was scarcely sorry. It was so altogether best that he should not understand—to-night.

He sat up very straight, with a sharp breath that was half pain, half resentment for the mockery in her tone.

"No, I won't. I'm neither a knave nor quite a fool, I hope. And then there is Meg. You know I was never weak enough to break my heart—I have Meg."

There was a little boyish bravado in his voice that made her smile wearily.

"But do you know"—he rose and pulled his gloves from his pocket, straightening them carefully, finger by finger. "Do you know, I believe I'll go now. There's Meg, you see, and—you are such a wonderful woman, dear, and—and I think my head is a little turned by getting home to you. I'm quite fond of Meg, truly, you know,

She's a darling, of course. It was because—well, I had asked you seven times, I suppose. Habit is strong, you know. You don't think the worse of me, do you, Margaret? You'll make allowances for my being—"

"A bit demented to-night, Teddy, or merely the slave of a habit?"

She pushed back the tea-table as she rose, laughing again because there were tears in her throat that hurt her.

"And, Ted, I'm glad you've found the right girl, who loves you, and whom you dearly love. And tell her I am a good friend of hers."

His face cleared relievedly, as she put her hand steadily in his, and he pressed it hard.

"That'll make her awfully happy, Margaret—what a sensible girl you are to be sure. I'm sorry I can't come up again before I go back; but Meg will be jolly glad to hear about you. And Margaret, don't give up your writing—your work. Remember there are two people away out West who believe in you, and know you will succeed. Promise me you won't give up? I shall be so proud of you!"

How could she explain again? He would never understand; never. So she only said.

"Leave it to fate, Teddy. Fate always brings things around some way—the way it wants to."

The words sounded a little dreary in spite of her, and he looked down at her hesitatingly, as if the tired quiver in her voice were an articulate pleading. But when she lifted her eyes to his they denied the quiver so resolutely that he thought he had not heard it.

"You'll feel different about it after a while," he said assuringly. "I know you better than you know yourself."

Which is a remark men are fond of making to a woman, and which they implicitly believe.

"And so good-bye, dear girl, good-bye," he said.

"You say it so solemnly," she answered lightly. "Good-night."

Then when he had gone, she went across to the window to watch him as he passed under the glare of the light on the corner. It had begun to rain very softly; a quiet October rain, and she saw him turn back, hesitating. A slow flush crept over her face. If he came back—nay, what if he came back?

But he went on, turning up his collar and pulling his hat low. The light, dancing in the slanting rain, threw his shadow in a long, gambolling fantasy that made her laugh gently.

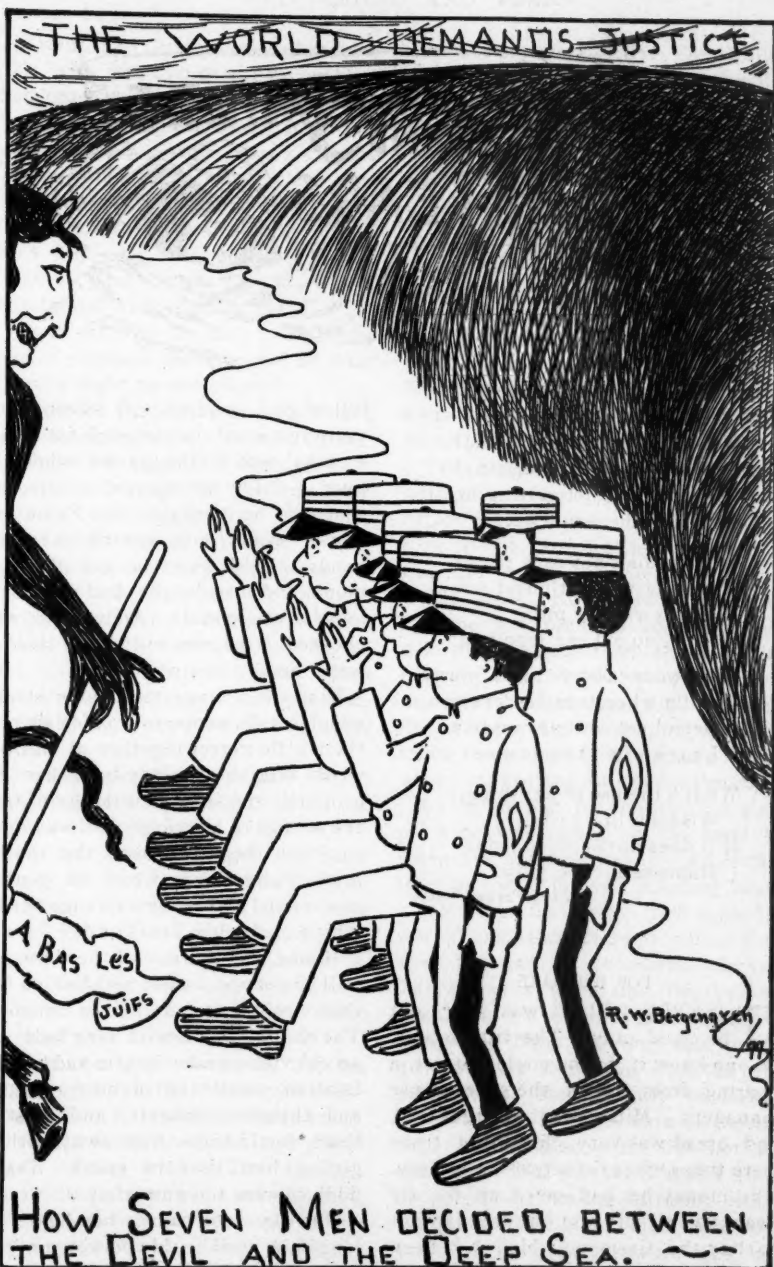
She turned back into the room then, and was glad of the bright glow and happy firelight. If one is quite alone such things are good. Not in real life do the desolate seek shadows. She wondered a little if real life had never any wholly tragic tragedies; tragedies without the broad touch of comedy that adds bitterness to the pain. And she wondered too if she ought to cry, if some women would not cry. But instead she smiled again, thinking of the girl out west—the girl who cried over her book.

"Your poor little one book," she told herself. "That was your mission in life, you see. And you, you had your chance—had it seven times."

She sat down in the chair they had called his, and looked blindly at the burned out end of his cigar, thrown into one of the dainty cups.

A small heap of white ashes lay about it, and she leaned forward and stirred them with one finger with grave interest.

And then her lips quivered suddenly, and she hid her face in her outstretched arms.





BE JOLLY

What's the use of being sad?
What's the use of sighing?
What's the use of getting mad?
What's the use of crying?

Sadness does not cure the ill,
Sighing will not mend you;
Anger is a bitter pill,
Tears no aid can lend you.

Work your case of "blues" away,
Smile when troubles fret you;
Cheerfulness will always pay,
Laugh when things upset you.

What's the use of anything,—
Wisdom, life, or folly,
If it does not seem to bring
Happiness? Be jolly!

Ellis Parker Butler

FOR HER SAKE

GUISEPPE CRISPI was poor, but he could play. The trouble was, no one knew it, for he could not get a hearing from any of the opera house managers. Milan was a large city, and bread was very cheap, but there were times when Guiseppe was hungry. The money he had saved up for six years had all left him one day; it went to buy the Cremona which had been hanging up in stingy old Ferrari's window all that time. And of all the bag

full of gold sequins and silver soldi, there remained only enough for a few months' rent of the garret where he lived. Still, he married about this time, for he thought that Fame and Money would both stretch out their hands to him when he got the Cremona, and besides, he had waited as long as he could. And little red-cheeked Nina was willing to live on water and a crust with him.

Nina could sing—marvelous strains which set Guiseppe to wondering. In their little garret together at night he would take the melody from her lips as it fell, and send it out again from the strings of his violin. It was prettier than the music from the thumb-marked pages over which he poured; newer, and possessing a strange burden which made his heart quiver.

Money was scarcer all the time and still Guiseppe could not find an ear that would listen to him a moment. The shabby figure with long hair and an old violin under its arm had become familiar to all the orchestra leaders and theatre managers, and most of them would wave him away without giving him time to speak. Tramp fiddlers were too numerous.

The day soon came when he put his long thin hand in his pocket only to find one soldo, and when that was gone—

It went, and Guiseppe Crispi and his little wife slept that night without their crust, and for two more nights—then Guiseppe grew desperate. The roses had gone from Nina's cheeks, and the lillies were in their place. She was so weak that when she started to rise from her cot the evening of the third day, she fell back. Guiseppe shook his hands in the air and cursed, then turned and knelt by her.

"*Carina mia*, sing to me! One more song, if you have the strength, *ma bella!* Then to-night we shall feast!"

He placed the pillows under her head and picking up his violin, stood by her.

"Sing *carina*, sing!" he whispered.

Softly she sang, for her voice was weak from] hunger, but Guiseppe leaned over her so that not a note might be lost, and took down upon the strings of his Cremona the melody, storing it away in his memory. When it was done, he stooped and kissed each pale eyelid where it had fallen over the weary eyes, then tip-toed, bare-headed, from the dusty little room.

"Sudden death of Signor Guido Lucci!" a newsboy shouted in his ear as he reached the street.

Guiseppe reeled against the wall, and put his hand to his head, trying to think. Lucci—Lucci! Who was Lucci? Ah! Yes; Lucci played at the theatre two blocks away. A celebrity, and this was to have been his second night. And Lucci was dead! Some one must take his place. Oh! If—

Down the street he sped, hoping, despairing, but with the desperate determination to make himself heard. He sought a rear entrance, and glided to one of the wings. The manager was striding about like a maniac, issuing contradictory orders, and vowing that Lucci's sudden death would be his ruin. Unseen, the slight figure in the wing put his violin in place and

began to play very softly. The strange, appealing notes stole through the hubbub, and then there was silence for a moment. The manager stalked forward.

"Who are you?" he demanded, almost roughly.

"Guiseppe Crispi? I have come to take the place of Signor Lucci."

"Some one must appear to-night. Can you play like that for an hour and a-half, at intervals?"

Guiseppe's "yes" was so husky as to be barely audible. Could he play an hour and a-half! He could play till morning—forever!

The house was a sentient mass of humanity when the manager stepped before the curtain to make his explanatory speech, announcing and regretting the unexpected death of Signor Guido Lucci. He concluded by saying that he had found a genius in rags, who would engage their attention that evening, and that his performance was marvelous. Guiseppe did not hear any of this. He was leaning against a table, the picture of a woman's face in his mind, praying for physical strength—he had no fear for the rest. A glass of wine was thrust in his hand by some one, and he drank it. An instant later he found himself standing alone a half dozen feet away from a glaring row of footlights, and felt, rather than saw, the gaze of thousands of eyes. There was a titter, and then a deep hush. In his mind was swaying the song little Nina had sung, and his finger-tips were throbbing with the prisoned notes. Mechanically he swung his violin up, and his chin fell to the old, familiar place. He did not see the vast audience as the first rich notes trembled out, like the fluttering wings of a wounded bird. His mind was back in the garret, where she had sung, and where she was waiting now for his returning. At the thought as-

surance came, and his lithe body swayed, as the music swayed his soul. Those who looked saw not his tatters, but were lost in wonder at the infinite yearning of those quivering strings. Oh! how he played! He had waited so long—hoped so long, and now all the agony of his stifled soul was borne away.

Was he standing there long? He did not know. He did not know what or who was around. At last the cruel bonds had been cut away, and he could show the world that Guiseppe Crispi was no "tramp fiddler." The bow of the violin drew his life out, note by note, as it had been for the past few years; and there was a tear and a sob in every sound. Then came a shuddering wail of horror and despair, and women shut their ears. Quickly it passed; then came the yearning song of sadness, which an hour ago Nina had sung into his eager breast. The strength of the player was going, for his thin limbs were quivering now; but his eyes were bright and there was a smile on his pale lips. Mingled with the sobbing of women came the violin's tones, and their blending created an effect which wrung strong men's hearts. Some one rose from his seat in a box and cast a heavy purse at the feet of Guiseppe. It flew open from the fall, and gold pieces rolled about the floor. Guiseppe saw them blinking at him—then knew that they were meant for him—for Nina. Overcome, his hands dropped. Then a wave of feeling bore every one away, and diamond necklaces, rolls of bills, rings, gold, rained at the feet of the ragged figure with the old Cremona.

When Guiseppe Crispi climbed the stairs a half hour later, it seemed to him that there were wings on his feet—though his pockets were heavier than they had ever been before. The

garret door was open for a few inches, and he could see that the candle was burning low. Poor child! She had done it; her song had brought the crisis. He thrust both hands deep into his pockets and drew forth—oh, how it all glittered and shone!

"*Carina! Wake—wake! Carina mia! See! Did I not tell you we would feast?*"

Hestopped; violin and jewels crashed on the floor together.

She was lying on the cot, with her face to the door, as though to greet him, and her eyes were open, but—

He had won both fame and wealth with the swan-song of his love!

E. Carl Litsey.

CUPID AND THE LARK

One day I looked up to the sky—so blue,
And what do you think was there?

Why, Cupid! astride of a lark's swift wings,

Flying up, up, up, in the air!

His arms encircled her neck—so soft,
And his face was rosy with fun;
His golden hair streamed out as he flew
Far up toward the glowing sun.

"Now what do you mean by this flight
—so wild?

And why do you laugh with such
glee?"

They were gone; but his answer fell
faint from above—

"I'm off on a lark," said he.

Carol Schetky Turvey

SPEAKING OF FARMING

"When I was a boy an' lived in Iowa," said Uncle Joshua, "a feller come erlong an' took up a quarter-section in th' next township an' started in to show th' old settlers how ter do farmin'. But he come from Connecticut an' didn't jest understand how ter handle productive soil, an' luck was agin him from th' start.

"First place, he planted a big field of squashes, an' 'stead of trainin' th' vines ter grow in a circle as was customary in them parts he left them ter their own devices, an' th' pesky things grew over most of th' township. Yes, sir, he had ter walk eight miles ter pick some of them squashes, an' had ter carry a ladder erlong ter use where they'd growed over trees and houses.

"Then he planted a lot of Champion of England peas an' stuck green cottonwood brush in th' ground fer 'em ter climb on, an' blamed if thet brush didn't take root an' begin ter grow. Yes, sir, it was a reg'lar tug of war between th' brush an' th' peas, an' some of th' brush growed so fast thet it pulled th' peas up by th' roots, but mostly th' peas got th' best holt an' pulled th' brush up, so he had ter go round every few days an' stick it back in th' ground agin.

"He put phosphate on his 'taters, same's he'd always done in Connecticut, an' th' result was somethin' wonderful. They grew so big there wasn't room for more'n two in a hill an' th' rest 'had ter lay round on top of th' ground. He was mighty tickled over them 'taters, an' bragged a whole lot erbout 'em, an' it broke him all up when he come ter dig 'em an' found they was all hollow. Yes, sir, every blamed one of them 'taters was nothin' but a shell. They'd growed so fast they didn't get time ter fill up.

"But th' most curious thing thet happened was what made him give up farmin' in disgust an' go ter preachin'. He had a big field of likely lookin' corn, an' right erlong side was erbout a acre of Lima beans. Well, sir, I'll be dog gone if them two crops didn't somehow get mixed in the shuffle, an' when he got ready ter harvest his corn in th' fall, he had erbout eight hundred bushels of as fine succotash as you ever see."

M. LeRoy

"THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST"

"PIERRE, you will be careful?" and two clinging arms crept around his neck.

"Yes, sweet." Pierre Loti knelt by the bedside and kissed the pale face of his young wife.

"And—you will come to me as soon as the performance is over?"

"Surely, love."

"I was never afraid before. But do be careful, my Pierre. And don't forget Wallace for a second. He is a treacherous brute, and I don't trust him."

"I will remember, dear," said Pierre, patiently. "I never yet saw the lion I was afraid of. I will come back to you safely, little one."

Half an hour later, Loti, the lion-tamer, stood in the cage of the wild beasts. Handsome and fearless he looked, in his tight-fitting suit of green, that showed the perfection of his manly form.

At his command the tawny beasts leaped and knelt and went through the various tricks they had been taught. In their midst stood Loti, erect, alert, keeping his eyes ever on the great animals, unheeding the crowds that watched with breathless fascination the display of the power of man over brute.

Wallace, the huge African lion, was in a sulky temper. He obeyed the commands of his trainer slowly, as if half-minded to refuse altogether. At last—the performance was nearly over—Loti's attention was given to the two other lions, and for a second or two his glance was turned away from Wallace. The great lion's rage had been gathering, and he saw his opportunity. With a low growl he crouched a moment, his tail thrashing nervously from side to side, then he sprang toward Loti. Pierre saw—or felt—what was coming: he turned on the

instant, and even as the huge brute was in mid-air, the man had taken one quick step aside. One step—but it was enough, and the lion passed so near that his hot breath fanned Loti's cheek, and one paw just grazed the trainer's arm. Then Wallace, slipping and sliding along with the force of his leap, turned with a low growl of baffled rage, his tail twitching, his eyes gleaming with hate, his whole form trembling with excitement. There was a gasp from the audience; several ladies fainted. Amid a deathly silence, Loti, without showing a trace of fear, even to the quiver of an eyelash, slowly approached the great beast, keeping his eyes fixed steadily upon him. The lion trembled, and crouched against the bars of the cage. Loti kept his eyes upon him. "Down!" he said, sternly. The lion made no move to obey. "Down!" repeated Loti, advancing nearer, and raising the whip he carried threateningly.

With a low, almost inaudible growl, the lion sank down, shrinking away from the terrible gaze of those stern eyes. Loti struck him once, twice, with the whip. Then he gave a command, "Leap." The lion obeyed. Loti followed him closely, and gave him one or two more commands, which were sulkily obeyed. Then Pierre, satisfied, turned to the audience, made his bow, and left the cage, amid thunders of applause.

When Pierre Loti stood outside of the room where his wife lay, he heard a sound that thrilled his heart as no lion's roar had ever thrilled it. It was

a small sound, a feeble wail, but when it reached his ears the strong man leaned against the wall, faint and trembling. Francesca? Was it well with her? What if—? He pushed open the door and entered.

The doctor, a short, fussy little man, came forward with finger on lip, but with beaming smile.

"Yes, it is all right, sir. A boy, a fine fellow,—weighs ten pounds."

Pierre looked anxiously towards the bed. Francesca, very pale, but with a look of perfect happiness, met his glance with a smile. "Yes, Pierre. Bring the little one to me. I want to see you both together." Pierre, blushing and awkward, leaned over the small bundle on the nurse's lap. A little red face with blinking eyes looked up at him. His son! Their first born.

Loti held out his arms awkwardly for the precious bundle that was laid in them. "I hardly dare to take him, Francesca, mine. He is so little, I am afraid—"

Francesca laughed, a feeble little laugh. "My Pierrot! Thou! Art never afraid of a lion, but dare not take our son in your arms."

Pierre slowly and carefully made the short journey to the bedside, proudly bearing his son and heir. He sank on his knees, kissed his wife with passionate tenderness, and then looked down at the little fellow in his arms. "Ain't he a buster, Frannie? See what a grip he's got on my finger," as one crumpled rose-leaf baby hand closed tightly around the lion-tamer's finger.

Ida Kenniston



N Convictions N

By Anna Farquhar

OCTOBER

OCTOBER is the most cultivated month of the year. It has sown its oats, wild and otherwise, and now reaps them, gathering a rich harvest of experience, beauty and truth.

Like the gentleman of actual, unaffected culture, October harvests knowledge as a means rather than an end. Her grain is not stored away in a miserly spirit, but with a view to its further disposition, to its drawing compound interest of thoughts. October's mind is matured and touched with the inevitable sadness of experience to be read in all middle chapters of life.

The month has a noble beauty of both mind and body. There is a brilliant afterglow upon garb and spirit. The sun is setting, but its dying light glorifies every leaf and thought. Hitherto life has been lived in a hurry both glad and sorrowful, but now in the Indian summer days there comes a peaceful time to think.

October's rich maturity fascinates. It sounds a call irresistible, enchaining from the depths of a nature whose girlhood has blossomed into a wondrous flower, seductive, sun-like, steeped in heart-blood. "Nature is here in my heart! Look! Look! Listen! Listen!" she calls, and we take her in our arms for a wonderful moment before she goes.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEGROS

IF Mrs Stowe were here to witness a negro lynching, she in all probability would question with a shudder the outcome of her crusade in behalf of freedom. The shudder would be the natural expres-

sion of her deeply emotional nature, but a wide experience with the characteristics of the African race must indicate to her reason, or that of any other mind acquainted with both sides of the facts, that the negro is not altogether blameless for his present condition in the south. He cannot in fairness be held entirely responsible any more than can the moth for its corruptible tendency. It is the nature of the moth to be corruptible, it has no higher vision, and it is the nature of the negro to have done that which at the beginning incurred the temper of the mob. Until he has by a mental growth surmounting his animal tendencies left behind his present racial condition he must be held in a measure responsible for the tragedy of his present outlook. Education is the one and only means of rescue for the colored race. This is plainly demonstrated by viewing as a class the negroes of Boston, where they inhabit in great numbers, living in peace and progress owing to their individual and collective understanding of cause and effect, generally designated as right and wrong. In several northern localities the negro not only thinks, but he has also grown into some perception of what racial unity means, and thus doubles his rightful strength. In these communities the negroes "work together for good;" in the south where they have comparatively meagre advantages of education they work separately for bad, and as a general thing show even less respect for each other than they evince towards a white man or woman. The great mass of negroes feel more contempt and jealousy than

kindness and gratitude towards those among their race who, owing to natural ability and education, stand out pre-eminently as leaders or instructors.

Let a northern man contemplate a situation extending as far north as Lexington, Kentucky, where a white woman cannot in safety walk alone the streets of a village or city after sundown, nor go into the country unattended in daylight without risk of personal violence from negro men, and he will understand why any southern man stands ready to protect his own by extreme measures if milder means will not answer the purpose; then let the northerner go still further by admitting that in but few instances have any southerners other than the off-scourings of humanity participated in the outrage of lynching, no matter how genuine the provocation, and he will realize that human nature on both sides stands behind these proceedings, and nothing but an eager listening for the dictates of a wisdom higher than our own can rectify the errors existing. The negro does wrong because his thoughts and experiences do not yet lead him right. Patient education of his powers of thought and self-control will be his moral and spiritual salvation. Give him an ideal that he can understand and his mind will in good time cease to dwell in the body alone. With the negro, as with the Indian, a good example would teach him more of morality than a library of books on doctrine. Every lynching makes another lynching. Set a brute to teach a brute and a school of infamy results.

The strengthening of civil authority over the mob element rife in every community, a wiser patience with the race of black children for whom we stand responsible, and compulsory education are component elements of a policy that will cleanse our national record. The negro is beyond everything else imitative. He shapes himself after the model of the strongest influence about him, attaining growth from without, not from within, thus laying upon us as the master mind a weighty responsibility. When the colored

man is at last taught to think, the way to his salvation will be at hand; but as he now stands, the whites are continuing to do his thinking, and with what result?

THE MAN AND THE BOY

THE paramount influence of the mother in the rearing of boys is generally conceded, but small recognition is given to the unconscious influence of the man over the boy in his formative state, irrespective of parental duty. Every man who touches the life of a growing boy at even a remote point becomes an influence for good or evil upon the future of the boy. This is so because of the strong sex egotism predominating all things masculine. A boy loves his mother, but he struts about in imitation of his father. No money could bribe him to sign away his right of sex entitling him to a certain indisputable sovereignty, no matter how tattered.

As the father to the son, so is the employer to any and every lad in his employ. To the young mind the employer stands out as an example of a successful career, irrespective of methods, and from this early instructor a boy most likely receives indelible impressions of the color of the world.

When a business man teaches his office boy the commercial value of a lie, that boy, at first considerably puzzled, begins shortly to construct a train of conclusions militating against the interests of truth in all relations.

The boy is frequently taught that lying to an employer is one matter opposed to all law and order, but lying to a customer is another—something accepted as essential to all codes of trade. The boy at first reflects and wonders about this two-handed arrangement, but lamentably soon he accepts and appropriates a code of business honor that apparently has brought about the worldly success surrounding his young, receptive life. On the other hand, employers are responsible for many fine, manly qualities developed by boys who

are watching and imitating their every action.

In both large and small things the employer bears always with him a weight of conscious and unconscious moral responsibility towards the men and boys working in his service. He teaches integrity by his own conduct of life more successfully than by word of mouth. Each man is the general of a small, busy army of boys, whom he leads to conquest or ruin. In every relation the extent of human responsibility one to another is appalling, but the most painful feature of the man's relation to the boy lies in the tardy recognition he gives his own responsibility, and his careless acceptance of results once recognized.

PERSONAL RIGHTS

AN indefensible element of selfishness is disregard for the rights of others. This is demonstrated every day; particularly in small matters concerning which most people are either too careless or too masterful. We make an appointment with a friend and keep him waiting indefinitely, regardless of any feeling he may have about economizing his own eternity, and in so doing we rob him as effectually as if we were to make off with his money purse, for in homely words, "Time is money."

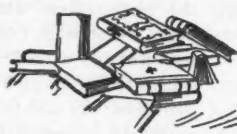
A redeeming feature of the character of the worst man I ever knew was his punctilious observance of the minor rights of others, therefore, in calling him "the worst man" the appellation applies only to his relations with himself—for he was no other person's enemy. A man's life is his own in so far as its conduct harms only himself—his own to live and to suffer for, but the instant any act of his causes unhappiness to another he oversteps the bounds of personal right. Human relations are wheels within wheels running the pendulum of existence whose each tick signifies a life coming in or going out. These wheels make contact so often that no cog remains untouched during a revo-

lution; no point of life shines entirely alone. This being the case the moment one cog or one wheel obstructs another a hitch comes in the gigantic machinery, hardly perceptible, but enough to retard the wonderful whole during one flash of time. We are not responsible for our brother if while walking along the road he stumbles on a stone, unless we put the stone in his way, then we are not only responsible for his fall but also for ensuing results. If we are not blessed with the temperament which promotes happiness, we at least can strive not to interfere with its natural bent. The rights of others to live in their own way, to love in their own way and to die in their own way should be sacred in our sight, even when for ourselves we choose a different path, because no man can read the handwriting on the wall of his neighbor's heart, no man has even a speaking acquaintance with another man's soul from whence comes the impulse of his life.

There is no greater show of egotism displayed than in the attitude of the majority, who in believing themselves right about every trifle, condemn all opposing belief. Just such conviction is the impetus of all Anglo-Saxon egotism, success and bad manners, but conscience pays the penalty and strikes a balance with many good qualities. The stablest factor in men's friendship hinges upon a masculine capacity to mind its own business and keep its finger in its own pie.

The provincial mind turned loose in a great city at once decides that everybody is going to the devil because city ways are not country ways. The countryman would limit the sky line of creation to his own horizon, and accordingly he makes himself troublesome and amusing. A family will rouse the entire neighborhood into a ferment of talk over the way Smith or Jones waters his grass, when at bottom no one is responsible for the life of that grass but Smith or Jones, who possibly may know more about sod than any of his critics.

A Glance at New Books



Conducted by Helen Ashley Jones

"THE ARCHBISHOP'S UNGUARDED MOMENT"

"THE Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, and other stories," are a group of humorous and bright sketches of various dilemmas and happenings concerning bishops. As purely imaginary stories they are excellent, and we enjoy them. There is human nature in bishops, as well as the rest of mankind, and these stories are told at the expense of this nature, combined with a superfluous dignity in his type. They are very amusing—only occasionally becoming strained and too much overdrawn to please. They are original, and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams has conceived some very funny situations, which he has quite cleverly enlarged upon: L. C. Page & Co.

"CONSTANTINOPLE,"

THE mysterious, the remote, around which hang great volumes of history and legend, rising from almost every spot we touch, from every tower, palace and mosque which meets our wondering eyes, is the subject of a work by Mr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, who

has written a very exhaustive book on this interesting city, giving us much valuable history, through which he has woven, in many places, bright bits of legend, connected with palace, tower, or person, and which lend a charm always to more serious facts of history. It is an excellent book, either to read before visiting the city of the East, or as a book with which to refresh one's memory after once having been there. All the principal haunts of interest Mr. Grosvenor has touched, and many times with almost poetic appreciation, always bringing to the stronger light some half-forgotten bit of legend or history. The book is profusely and finely illustrated, and has an introduction by Mr. Lew Wallace. Little, Brown & Co.

"PRETTY MICHAL"

IT is Maurice Jokai who has certainly exceeded himself, in so far as description goes, in his latest production, "Pretty Michal." The book deals almost exclusively with the methods of torture as practiced in the seventeenth

century, adroitly inserting a little of the popular superstitions and brigandage of those doleful times. Unlike Charles Reade in his great novel, Mr. Jokai leaves nothing to the imagination, but every expression and ejaculation made by the victims, in response to extreme physical torture, is too faithfully and minutely described; nothing is suggested, but everything is given, even the smallest detail. It seems a little vulgar to revel in such descriptions, a little too great an attempt to produce a sensation. Jokai is always vigorous, and has a certain impetuosity which imparts somewhat to the reader, and carries him along like a straw on a strong current; but there is a lack of finish—every picture is framed in blood, and appeals not to the sense of the beautiful or good in any instance. The selection of a headsman of the seventeenth century as a leading character would cast a gloomy headlight over any book. L. C. Page & Co.

YALE ON THE FIELD OF BLUE

A NEW book on "Yale," her campus, class rooms and athletics by Mr. L. S. Welch, justifies the name appropriately applied to it as a glorified catalogue. It will certainly be of interest to all Yale men, for as a catalogue it is complete, with here and there good bits of history and biography which would be interesting for any one to read. The book is of small importance outside a limited circle of readers. It is profusely illustrated with excellent cuts of the presidents, the professors of the many departments, the boat crew, etc. It will please Yale men, and increase, if possible, their permissible self esteem. L. C. Page & Co

"THE QUEEN OF THE SWAMP"

THERE have been comparatively few stories written dealing with the pioneer life of the middle west, though it cannot be for lack of material or of interest in the early life of these states, as there is a fascination about it, a simple merriment which affect us of to-day—contrasting as it does with our rush and crush and complex way of living. Stories like that of "The Queen of the Swamp and Other Plain Americans" by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, touch us with their pathos and amuse us with their simple, unaffected humor. They are wonderfully true in detail and the types are accurately reproduced. There is color in every picture, and they evidence the fact that Miss Catherwood is a story teller of the first rank, and possesses the essentials for a writer of short stories, which are to-day in such demand. This book is a collection of stories which have been published from time to time, and have recently been gathered together and form a very complete and amusing book of scenes of early life in the middle west. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ON THE BIRDS' HIGHWAY"

"ON the Birds' Highway" is a series of sketches by Reginald Heber Howe, a keen observer and bird lover, a combination which must inevitably insure something readable. He has not only good eyes for the "feathered tribe" but good ears as well, and the too short chapters on songs familiar and unfamiliar, reveal a true delight in his observations. The book may well be of value and interest to bird lovers generally. Small, Maynard & Co.

NOTE—Inquiries have been made by many of our subscribers as to the most desirable books to purchase to keep up with current literature. Beginning with next month a carefully studied and selected list of the best books recently published will be given, with name of publisher and price of book.

"THE LION AND THE UNICORN"

A FRESH volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis is always welcome, although the tales therein have been served first to the public through various periodicals. Mr. Davis' style is peculiarly his own, and "The Lion and the Unicorn," and "On the Fever Ship," are decidedly the best of this latest volume; and the latter is probably the best bit of descriptive writing Mr. Davis has done in a story. The sensations of delirium are most vividly described, and the pathos is moving, and not in the least mawkish. "The Lion and the Unicorn" is extremely pretty, although the title is obviously chosen for effect, rather than from any bearing it has on the story. One regrets that the young playwright's choice does not fall on Marion, instead of the unappreciative Helen, but men seldom do marry the women best suited to them, or most devoted to their interests. And there is one line in which Mr. Davis has no peers, and few rivals: his ability to handle love scenes. Chas. Scribner & Sons, New York.

"SEARCH LIGHT LETTERS"

IN the "Search Light Letters," by Robert Grant, the writer discourses in a charming fashion upon the various phases of American life, much after the manner of his earlier works: "The Reflections of a Married Man," and "The Opinions of a Philosopher." The Search Light is cast upon men, women and ethics, by a kindly, yet firm hand; and there are some fine bits of humor, and some really inspiring passages.

Perhaps the most naive is the one in which a modern woman's career in society, with the thousand and one

demands on time and health, the toying with philanthropy, the feverish pursuit of every new fad, the attempt to stand sponsor for all reforms and frivolities is so pitilessly and pitifully set forth. Modern life is so progressive; so crowded with things really valuable and interesting, that if Judge Grant's daintily disguised sermon will have a restraining effect on even one woman, hovering anxiously on the outskirts of that whirlpool of unrest and emptiness, known as "smart society," he is deserving of hearty thanks. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

"LETTERS OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS"

THE "Letters of Captain Dreyfus to his Wife," written during his imprisonment on L'Isle du Diable, are especially interesting, in view of the great wave of indignation sweeping over the civilized world, as we go to press, because of his re-conviction at Rennes. The letters seem very timely as revealing the character of the writer under stress of a great affliction. It is in such straits that the real self, or inner soul of man, comes to the surface. This correspondence is moving; eloquent of an indignant sense of wrong-suffering or injury; but it is not, as is often the case, under such circumstances, sentimentally pathetic. The reason for this lying in the lack of magnetism or warm-hearted human nature in Captain Dreyfus, himself. The letters are monotonous in theme and style, naturally enough; and their very power to move the reader so profoundly, proves that mere feeling, however sterile, truthfully and naturally portrayed, is mightier than any style or dressing up of a subject. Harper & Bros., New York.



THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all. Send for blanks.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST

First Prize: Mrs. Albert Fowler, 106 Washington street, Cumberland, Maryland.

Second Prize: Jennie Whitney, 16 Loomis street, Burlington, Vermont.

Third Prize: Mary A. Washburn, 26 Harrison street, Taunton, Mass.

Fourth Prize: Miss Mary Geneva Rathbun, Mystic, Conn.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN AUGUST

Literature.

1. There has not been for years anything in belles-lettres quite so satisfying and beautiful as the almost daily letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Browning in 1845 and 1846, which were given for publication by their son. These letters could go under the title of "A Literary Courtship," for this is what they amount to.

2. Edmond Rostand has given the world one of the finest pieces of literature in his famous "Cyrano de Bergerac."

3. The sage of Monticello was Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, whose country seat was at Monticello near Charlottesville.

4. The "Satanic School" was a class of writers in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, who showed a scorn for all moral rules and the generally received dogmas of the Christian religion. The most eminent English writers of this school were Bulwer afterwards (Lord Lytton), Byron, Moore and Shelley.

5. The Portico of Octavio, a large rectangular space enclosed by a double line of columns, was built in honor of Octavio

by her brother Agustus on the site of the Porticus Metelli founded in 146 B. C. The whole group was one of the most magnificent in Rome, and contained a large number of works of art by Phydias and other Greek sculptors. Now a church.

Art.

1. The general belief that St. Luke was an artist as well as a physician, rests on Greek traditions, and can only be traced to the tenth century. A picture of the Virgin found in the Catacombs with an inscription, to the import that it is "one of seven painted by Luca," is regarded as a confirmation of this belief concerning the evangelist Luke. Two most celebrated, "The Bambino" in Ara Coeli and "Madonna" in Borghese chapel.

2. Pope Julius II. invited Michael Angelo to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine chapel with frescoes. With extreme reluctance he consented to execute this undertaking in an untried branch of art. He was not a painter but the Pope's request was a command so he made the casting, constructed the scaffolding, and also invented a curious little paper cap which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night.

3. Raphael's sketches, pictures, all that constituted his artistic property, became the heritage of his two favorite pupils, Giulio Romano and Gian Francesco Penni, burdened only with the injunction that they should complete the unfinished works. Each of his servants received 300 golden ducats. A sum of 1000 crowns was devoted to the purchase of a house, with which the Pantheon Chapel, founded by the painter, was endowed.

4. Hans Memling, or Hemling, a Flemish painter born probably near Bruges, about 1425, and who served under Charles the Bold of Burgundy, was admitted into the hospital of St. John at Bruges, penniless and disabled by wounds, and painted for the institution some of his finest works.

5. The palace of the queen of Holland, called Huis in t' Bosch (House in the Wood), which lies on the outskirts of The Hague, is in the midst of a mighty wood, and is especially worthy of notice for the tapestry, and the frescoes and other paintings which it contains, by Rubens and several of his most distinguished pupils.

General.

1. The most notable occasion upon which St. James (Sant Iago), the patron saint of Spain, appeared to lead the soldiers of Spain, was in the year 939 when King Ramiro determined not to submit longer to the tribute of one hundred virgins which was annually paid to the Moors. From that day "Santiago," has been the Spanish war cry. Represented in victories mounted on a white steed and bearing banner of victory.

2. Sansculottes, literally "without breeches," a low, riff-raff party in the great French Revolution, so shabby in dress that they were termed "the trouserless." The name was afterwards assumed by the patriots as a title of honor.

3. Peter the Great of Russia worked in Saardam or Zaardam, Holland, in disguise as a ship carpenter for a short time in 1697.

4. Cipango was a marvelous island described in the "Voyages" of Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler. He described it as lying some 1500 miles from land. This island was an object of diligent search with Columbus and other early navigators.

5. According to a Scandinavian legend, the swallow hovered over the cross of Christ, crying, "Svale! Svale! (Cheer up! Cheer up!)" and hence it received the name of svale or swallow "the bird of consolation."

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER

Literature.

1. What event in his life suggested to Oliver Goldsmith the writing of "She Stoops to Conquer?"

2. Which one of the French poets was called the "French Burns and the poet of St. Honore?" What honors were paid his memory when he died, and where is he buried?

3. Who was called the Ettrick Shepherd?

4. Who founded a famous printing establishment at Antwerp?

5. Why is a "Library" so called?

Art.

1. What four painters of Florence were called "the Weepers," and why?

2. Who was Tommaso Guidi Masaccio?

3. What Dominican Monk painted a grand picture that Ferdinand II. paid \$15,000 for and that is now in the Pitti Palace, Florence?

4. Who was called the "Columbus of the Catacombs," and what valuable work did he accomplish?

5. By what means did Sir Joshua Reynolds strive to discover the technical secrets of the early Italian painters?

General.

1. What was the Roman Cap of Liberty?

2. What are the "Gates of China?"

3. What was the famous royalist song during the Hundred Days, "Paire de gants?"

4. How is the German Reichstag made up?

5. What was the Peace of Westphalia?

PRIZES FOR SEPTEMBER

First Prize: Handsome Oxford Bible. Illuminated edition.

Second Prize: "Dorothy Q" and other poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Third Prize: The Fall of Santiago, Thos. Vivian.

Fourth Prize: Bound Volume X. of National Magazine.



Publisher's Department

IN these days of haste and bustle, the American utilizes every moment to the best possible advantage, and business is conducted on the time-table plan. How much the railroad man absorbs in that glance at a watch, regulated and re-regulated every week to keep time to the fraction of a second! And in the advent of the "railroad age," we may partially account for the unseemly haste and high tension of business activity at the present time. Who can conceive of our stately forefathers bustling about, with those huge and cumbersome timepieces in their hands—calculating, with a scowling brow, as to whether there was time to cover so many appointments before a stage-coach left its moorings, and the prancing leaders galloped away! No! we are living in an age when time appears to have more value than ever, and with all this endless calculating of "meeting points," and making "schedule time" in everyday life, why does the philosopher seek further for the cause of the "nervous prostration," which so frequently finishes a race, ever strenuously chasing the phantom of wealth or fame, which is held up as the ideal of life. But there is no use in trying to sweep back the tide—but we may, at least, raise, here and there, an occasional dyke, to protect the

pursuit of happiness, in its purest and loftiest sense.

THE passing of the horse, and the coming of the automobile, is another cog in the wheels of that progress which tends to crush out individuality in both man and beast. The time was when Jones' mare, in its placid joy, or Thompson's colt, in its cautious canter, had as distinctive an individuality on the country road or village street, as the owners. Even the dashing roan that carried the doctor had a medical method in his gait, and a specific and material place in public estimation. And who can forget the days of the street car horses, who blinked wearily as they were favored with a brief breathing spell, and seemed to long for the good old days on the farm.

The old one-horse shay may pass away, but there are others being built, and no process of invention can crush out the relation of man to the faithful horse, whose bridle rein has been a cable tow in forming ties of association which no electric current and steam piston can sunder. Our fathers thought the railroads would banish the horses—but they are still with us, as a part and parcel of human progress; still the friends of man, and ever imparting, to those who observe them, a rugged trait known as "horse sense."

WHAT is horse sense? How did this apt expression originate, and just why is it so often and so appropriately expressed? The American people have many idioms that express feelings and thoughts concisely—if somewhat brusquely. In fact, the custom is growing so common that our English cousins will pronounce our language as quite distinct from the mother tongue. Only a few weeks ago an English cousin visited among us, and he was quite at a loss at times to know the meaning of our peculiar colloquialisms and use of words. The “rare steak” he insisted was only “underdone”; the “rails” were “metals,” the “napkins” were “servitors”; in fact, it was all “rummy” to him. The spectacle of eating corn on a cob, and serving butter in individual dishes, were moral departures from strict English custom. There was always a carefulness in his selection of words which Americans overlook, and we ought to be thankful to our English cousins for preserving English “as she is spoke,” for our every day abbreviated idiomatic intercourse is drifting into another tongue. And yet, could we part with these expressive Americanisms that say so much, and say it so directly?

Do let us be ourselves—our own native, barbarous selves, and speak with the hearty genuineness of natives, and not imitate or affect imported English, simply because it is imported. Our very ears rebel at such a prospect!

IF we are to measure the future by the past, the imagination is appalled when it attempts to foresee the probabilities of human attainment a decade or quarter century hence. The world truly moves, as Galileo insisted, and it moves in more ways than upon its axis. The congealing process in business has begun, in the way of

Trustism. The ossification of all personality is quite as threatening as that which engulfed Pompeii in the lava streams of Vesuvius, for human sympathy and human impulse seem about to be entirely eliminated from all business life; to be succeeded by a business war, unrelieved by chivalry, generosity or pity, and carried on by mercilessly mercenary methods, to the most sordid ends. And when these ends are achieved, how can their results be made stable, or materially perpetuated? The pendulum will swing back, because the human heart is not altogether fettered with the greed of gain, and human needs will break over any dam which fraud and force may throw across the stream of human desire and aspiration. Every one of us has a duty to perform, in keeping pure and sweet the nobler and more humane ideals expressed in individuality, despite the crushing force of commercialism.

We cannot turn back, because there are already too many pillars of salt who make life a failure through a hopeless pessimism, but must resolve that the future, with its illimitable possibilities, shall be kept open to the fair competition of the average man, and not made a feudal preserve for the aggrandizement of a handful of monopolists.

“WHAT masks are these uniforms to hide cowards” said the Duke of Wellington. The pulpit newspaper or periodical must be dumb indeed, which does not utter a bitter and strenuous protest against the infamy at Rennes in the conviction of Dreyfus. It is one of those world events in which every right-thinking individual feels a personal interest, and the pressure of an injustice which earth cannot endure.

The question did not turn upon the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus, but upon

the survival or destruction of a system of race hatred, which has obliterated every impulse of justice or humanity in a large portion of the French people. The question now is, can France save France from herself? "The National Magazine" had a correspondent, Mr. McCottor, at the famous trial, and an article from an eye-witness, written after cool reflection and a keen observation of conditions in France succeeding the trial, will be a contribution of absorbing interest.

ONE little girl, residing in far-away Kansas, has written the editor, asking him to tell her about the battlefield of Lexington. "I am studying about it, and want you to pick some leaves from one of the trees and send them to me to put in my history and tell the teacher about it." The wish of the little student has been complied with, and a sketch of the trip will be published in the November issue of "The National Magazine." There are many places of historical interest in New England, that will be described in subsequent issues, for our western readers. A stone's throw from the office where this is written, are the old homes of Daniel Webster and Wendell Phillips, and the "Old South," and State House and Faneuil Hall are almost within hailing distance. There should always be a live, wide-awake interest in American history, and the personal aspect in describing these places, always affords an enthusiastic interest to those who are just beginning to learn of the nation which has become a power in the world. We must not forget that the children of to-day are the people of to-morrow.

AND here is another opportunity to earn money. Of course, it goes without saying that every reader of "The

National Magazine" reads the ads. in each number. There is some information we desire from our readers, concerning the advertising department. Two prizes will be awarded on Christmas. The first prize will be \$10 and the second \$5, for the best answers to the following questions, according to your observation and belief:

1. Who are the closest readers of magazine advertisements, men or women, and why?
2. What is the most attractive advertisement in this issue of "The National Magazine," and why?
3. What is the most convincing advertisement in this issue? Would it influence you to purchase the goods advertised, and, if so, why?
4. Do women chiefly influence the purchasing for the men of the family, and which is more effective in inducing women to purchase, magazine or newspaper advertising, and why?
5. Do you hold a magazine in the right or left hand, when reading, and does a right or left hand page first attract attention, and why?

There is a common ground where readers, advertisers and publishers meet, and we are all interested in information concerning advertising results, as this is the reason why publishers are enabled to furnish periodicals at so low a price.

Now, do not delay in sending in the information asked, addressed to "Advertising Expert, National Magazine," Boston, Mass. Information is what our expert exists upon, and we want this information, as well as any other suggestion you have to offer in reference to the magazine. Remember, the prizes will be awarded on Christmas day, and we want you to make a study of "National Magazine" advertisements. A number of the best answers received will be printed in our January issue.

THE continued introduction of new labor-saving machinery into modern manufacturing continues to be an ever-disturbing element in industrial evolution. While those individuals directly concerned, and all in sympathy with them, find it difficult to realize that all these changes are for the betterment of the general conditions of the race; this is nevertheless the incontrovertible experience of the past. Labor troubles have done much to stimulate invention along the labor-saving lines, and the patentee enjoys a guaranteed monopoly of his invention; yet the archives of the patent office reveal thousands of inventions upon which more money has been lost than those upon which the fairy millions have been realized. So again the law of Equity appears. The passing of the drummer also has its pathetic aspect of injustice; and all these upheavals are due to the alarming development of Trustism—both of labor or capital, and the question of the hour is to keep the blaze under control. The employer, arbitrarily deprived of his legal rights in the conduct of his affairs, is quite as much entitled to protection as any who suffer from Trustism in its most blighting sense. Inventions will keep pace with the necessities of the age, and the problem, as in all other sweeping changes incident to the times, is to have each new condition as speedily and equitably adjusted as possible, and to keep off the vultures, which prey upon the employer and employee alike.

AMONG the large number of kind letters received the past month, expressing appreciation of "The National Magazine," one enthusiastic subscriber says, "I like the tone and individuality of your publication—it stands out distinctly by itself, a composite of all that is progressive and lofty in current periodical literature. But most of all, the distinctive Americanism, and the refreshing vigor of the new authors you are continually bringing out, appeals to me. 'The National Magazine' is a publication of power and

influence and long may it continue to prosper."

Letters written in this tone are an inspiration, and we are especially gratified to note that our policy of using only the contributions of American authors and artists meets with general approbation, because "The National Magazine" is the only periodical that has exclusively adhered to this policy, without an exception. There have been criticisms that it narrowed our scope because literature and art are universal, but we believe that America will never take her true place in universal art or literature, until our own publications cease chasing the freaks and celebrities of foreign lands in the same spirit that Barnum inaugurated, and give American talent consideration. Yes, we are American to the backbone, and if you don't like it, buy an English or Anglo-American magazine.

URING the past few years there has been a notable improvement in the quality of American literature. This is not, perhaps, strikingly apparent to the general observer,—but it is a fact apparent to any publisher. The manuscripts received are constantly improving in tone and quality—as well as quantity, and great things may be confidently anticipated in the American literary world within the next few years. "The National Magazine" proposes to be an active factor in this development. Prizes amounting to \$200 will be awarded for the best story touching some new phase of American life, not exceeding three thousand words; one for the best article on the Trust problem, two thousand words; one for the best poem, not exceeding five hundred words; and the best illustrated article of general interest to American readers. The chairman of the committee in awards will be a prominent American writer, and all manuscripts must be received prior to December 1st, so that prizes may be awarded in February or March. Manuscripts available for our purpose will be purchased at our regular rates. All contributors must be subscribers.



THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By Bennett Chapple

AN illustration of the valuable resources which a railroad may open up to civilization is the wealth of western Canada.

Until the year 1885, when its great trans-continental railroad was finished, spanning the entire breadth of the North American continent, the greater part of Canada was a wilderness, inhabited only by Indians, whose very existence depended upon the wildness of the country in which they lived. There were exceptions, it is admitted, but the vast interior—the very wealth of Canada—including the provinces of Manitoba, Abissinobine and Alberta, was wholly undeveloped.

Early in the history of Canada several far-sighted men formed a company known

as The Hudson's Bay Co., and petitioned the British government for the exclusive right to trade with the Indians in wild, unexplored western Canada, saying that if they were granted this they would establish trading posts in the most remote parts of the province. This enterprise on their part was appreciated by the government and the petition was granted.

With wise choice The Hudson's Bay Co. selected as a suitable place for the head of operations, a junction of the Red River of the North with a sister stream, and here, surrounded by a thousand miles of treeless prairie, the fertile soil black with richness, was the beginning of the metropolis of central Canada, Winnipeg.

The interest which a trip through this

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country would arouse may well be imagined. Here in progress today is an example of what our pioneer settlers went through fifty years ago, only conducted along modern lines with modern improvements and conveniences.

In July of this year I was one of a party of New England editors who chartered a special car and made the trip from Montreal to Vancouver in the interest of desired information regarding this newly developed country.

Our route lay along the northern shores of the Great Lakes, and from there through the endless prairie lands to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg on to Calgary, which lies in the foot hills of the Rockies, the same wide stretch of treeless land, with its boundless acres of growing wheat, continued. At Calgary the scene shifted and we were confronted by the mountains, which seemed to rise like majestic phantoms out of the prairie sea.

"All aboard," called the conductor at

Calgary, on the morning of the third day out from Boston.

At the moment I was standing conversing with the engineer of No. 442, which was to haul the second section of the Imperial Limited over the mountains. My friends were in the special car in the rear, and as there was not time to reach them, I grasped the iron handle on the side of the cab and swung myself inside.

As we clanked across the outside switches, gaining more speed with each revolution of the great drivers, I made myself comfortable in the fireman's seat and took a view of my surroundings. Through the little window in front the snow-capped mountains ahead seemed an impassable barrier to our progress—a confused mass of snow and ice.

On the left, across the rushing Bow river, whose valley we traversed was a gentle slope dotted with thousands of cattle, and farther up under the shelter of a bluff was the corral and home of the

A GLIMPSE OF THE RUGGED PEAKS NEAR LAGGON



THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

CASTLE CRAIGS, IN THE VICINITY OF LAKE LOUISE



ranchman. A cowboy could be seen in the distance cracking his "blacksnake," "rounding up" the refractory steers.

A touch on my elbow by the fireman brought me to the other side of the cab, where I viewed the famous Kananaskis falls whose roar could be heard above that of the throbbing engine. Each stroke of the drivers brought us nearer the great rugged mountain peaks and looking ahead I could see the two slim iron rails leading into a narrow gap between two almost perpendicular peaks, thousands of feet high, made by the turbulent waters of the Bow.

Entering the canyon we clung to the side of the precipice on projecting rock and trestle work for several miles, when the gap widened into a valley most beautiful to behold; with the castellated peaks of the Fairholme range on the one side and the jagged snow-capped Kananaskis on the other.

Again my arm is touched by the indulgent fireman, and forming his two grimy

hands into a megaphone he shouted, "The Three Sisters," and pointed out my window with his finger. I followed with my gaze and there, sure enough, were three peaks, triplets I should call them, exactly alike and all protruding from the same base.

While contemplating the beauties of these, the—zrr-zrr—of escaping air indicated an application of brakes, and glancing forward for a cause I obtained a beautiful panoramic view of the little mountain town of Canmore. There were only a few stores, and the buildings were for the most part of rough boards, but nevertheless the scene had an air of comfort and quietude which was fascinating. The engineer for the brief moment being at leisure, pointed out the "Hoodoos," a curious group of stone monuments which stand as evidences of former mountains washed away by the long action of water.

Again we started, the wheels of the big engine whirling around several times in an effort to grip the iron rails on the

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BOW VALLEY FROM THE BANFF HOTEL



grade. The scene out of Canmore varied greatly, the valley narrowed once more and Cascade mountain loomed up directly before us, seemingly as impregnable as the Macedonian phalanx of old, but we encircled it as gracefully as a swooping eagle and it soon lay to the rear, a conquered antagonist.

The next station was Anthracite, where are situated the great coal mines of western Canada. It was a typical mining town in every way, and very interesting. But stopping only for a few moments we soon hurried on to Banff, the great medicinal watering place and pleasure resort, where our party was to stop off for a few days. Between Banff and Anthracite we entered the big government game reserve (conducted after the manner of our own Yellowstone Park), and as we passed through it we caught a glimpse of the shaggy bison, retreating over a neighboring knoll.

At Banff I dismounted from the engine

and rejoined my companions. Boarding a waiting bus we were driven through the little town to the finely appointed Railway Hotel, beautifully located on an isolated spur, commanding a most excellent view of the valley and surrounding mountains. Here we found ourselves to be in the hands of true hospitalers, and the conveniences of the most luxurious city hotel provided in this remote place. In the evening the spacious dance hall is thrown open, where with fine orchestral music life is made worth the living.

Banff is prettily located. Situated as it is in the great government park, the surrounding country for miles around has been carefully and systematically laid out, bridges built, macadamized roads constructed and trails cut through to the most remote parts—in fact it is an ideal pleasure ground for the vacation tourist, seeking the bracing mountain air.

The medicinal properties of Banff Hot Springs are not to be overlooked. The

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

natural cave and basin, both reservoirs of bubbling sulphur springs, are places of unalloyed pleasure. The government has constructed elegant bath houses here, and a dip in the warm sulphur water is healthful and invigorating.

Another member of the party and myself explored one of the famous trails during our short stay at Banff. It was the old unused Blackfeet trail, which was originally made by the wary Blackfeet Indians in the early '40s.

Up the trail we went, for we were told that it was a short cut to Sun Dance Canyon, and we desired the experience of climbing the trail and the visit to the falls in the canyon. We found many uses for our climbing sticks as we penetrated deeper into the wilds. The trail led us up the side of Sulphur mountain through a barren waste of fallen trees whose whitening trunks reflected the sun's warm rays. A few were standing, but these too were apparently devoid of life and only stood because the wind had not yet blown them

down. It was a noticeable fact that the trunks were all of the same thickness, about four inches in diameter, and they were all lying in given directions as if carefully arranged by human hands. This curious phenomena is accounted for by the fact that the soil covering the rocks is barely six inches thick and when the tree arrives at an age where it requires more soil for its spreading roots, it dies, where, divested of its foliage and limbs, it awaits the coming of the wind to lay it low on the dry mountain side. In this altitude wood does not rot and the frail trunks which have fallen one hundred years before are apparently as intact as the one laid low only yesterday.

We clamored over one difficult place only to be met with one more difficult. The rocks were in places treacherously slippery with moss, and our staffs saved many a fall. Reaching the summit we turned and gazed with admiration on the picture of the beautiful valley beneath us, where Banff lay sleeping.

THE GLACIER HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT GLACIER



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AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS



The progress downward on the other side was even more trying on nerves and muscle than the ascent, and we were well nigh exhausted when we reached the Sun Dance Canyon. We took a much desired rest under the cool spray of the falls and refreshed ourselves before the homeward journey. It was a day well spent.

Three miles back from the little station of Laggan, which is the next past Banff, is the beautiful Lake Louise. Carriages and ponies were provided upon our arrival at that station for those of our party who did not desire the walk.

Here we crossed the same Bow river as at Banff, it being somewhat narrower and swifter than before. Then up the mountain's side we went, following the winding road as it cautiously picked its way up the heights. The dense foliage which lined the two sides shut out the view until the "Lake in the clouds" was reached.

This vision bursting upon us through the narrow opening in the trees was one long to be remembered, and there were those in

our party who pronounced it grander than the far-famed lakes of Switzerland. To the imaginative mind it conveyed various impressions, as was evidenced by the unique versified expressions to be found in the "poet's book" at the hotel. If this little work of a hundred inspired travelers were to be published it would have a greater sale than "Mr. Dooley," and would establish the fame of Lake Louise forever.

During our short stay here we hired a boat and rowed to the opposite shore of the beautiful crystal lake, where we landed and enjoyed another experience at mountain climbing. We were returning with exuberant spirits from our expedition when the first mishap occurred, "Grandma" got a ducking.

It was all her own fault. She was reckless and tried to leap a six foot stream by making two jumps. Of course, as is logically concluded, she landed squarely in the middle and the spray flew in every direction. We fished her out and offered all

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the condolences we could think of, but she was not inclined to be talkative and so we hushed the matter up. A glance from her "cold gray eye" instinctively sent chills up our backs, and we turned our jacket collars up, out of sympathy.

At the hotel supper was awaiting us, and after enjoying the good hearty meal we wandered back to the station and retired for the night in our car "Tonquin."

There were just enough insects at Lag-

gon to keep us from becoming homesick on our vacation, and to drive away business cares. The mosquitoes were on the reception committee and they held nothing back in their energetic and enthusiastic greetings—not even their appetites, which I believe is conceded by all to be their greater part. A full delegation encamped on the back of our necks, and the way they buzzed into our ears we knew they were tickled to death to see us. We dis-

SUNDANCE CANYON



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tributed several "love pats" whenever the opportunity offered and succeeded in sending several to the hospital.

Leaving Laggon still reveling in its own beauty, our party proceeded to the Glacier, where we enjoyed another experience at mountain climbing with two Swiss guides as escorts. It was a three mile climb to the glacier through melting snow, and the hardships to the inexperienced were many, but when we at last stood under the lee of that solid block of ice, six hundred feet in thickness, the account was more than balanced. Great crevices appeared in its surface and into these we walked, bent upon exploring everything to the minutest detail.

A novel sport indulged in while visiting the huge glacier was sliding down its side on a gunny-sack. With the Swiss guide in front to guide our strange contrivance down the steep descent, we piled on behind and away we went. Down those six hundred feet like a shot out of a cannon. As we neared the bottom the snow flying into our faces indicated the utility of the guide's heels as brakes, and we slowly came to a stand-still. It was great sport to be enjoyed on the second day of July. With these things in its favor, the Canadian Rockies promise to become the greatest summer resort in the world, for it now stands an equal competitor to Switzerland.

MIRROR LAKE IN THE ROCKIES





THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

IN some very important features the Pan-American Exposition, which will be held on the Niagara frontier at Buffalo in the summer months of the year 1901, will radically differ from any Exposition of like magnitude ever before held, for though it will be as large as some of the expositions that have been and gone; though it will be as comprehensive and beautiful as any exposition could be; and though the features already provided for will be of interest to all men, still the world will not be invited to attend—it will be Pan-American in fact as in name.

When the coming Exposition was first formed many thought that the alluring title was a title only, and that it did not mean what it conveyed; that it was a name good to conjure with, but that the management would be as anxious as had been the management of previous expositions to get displays

from any point, and that manufacturers from all lands would be welcomed.

That point was quickly settled when the Committee on Laws ruled that the Pan-American Exposition was a Pan-American Exposition solely, and that it would be unwise and illegal to accept exhibits from any lands not in, nor dependent upon, North, South or Central America.

It was further decided that it would be foolish to leave the Americas in the search for novelties for the coming Fair, as the purposes of the Exhibition was to illustrate the development and progress of the dwellers on the western hemisphere during the past century and to strengthen the bonds of social and commercial brotherhood. So boundless, therefore, is the scope of the project that it would be folly to go to distant points to secure that which lies in profusion at our very doors; the

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greatest progress in all lines of art, science and manufacture during the century having been in this country.

With such purposes as a guide, and with the enthusiastic support of all given to the Exposition in advance, it is not strange that the Fair to-day—nearly two years prior to the time for opening the gates—should be on the very firmest foundation. With vast wealth in its treasury and with more flowing in daily; with the enthusiastic support of the nation and state, and with the half million or more people in the immediate vicinity of the Exposition working as a unit, the success of the enterprise is assured.

This Exposition, unlike many others, was placed upon a sound financial footing within three short hours. It had been talked about, hoped for, and in fact organized, but there was no money.

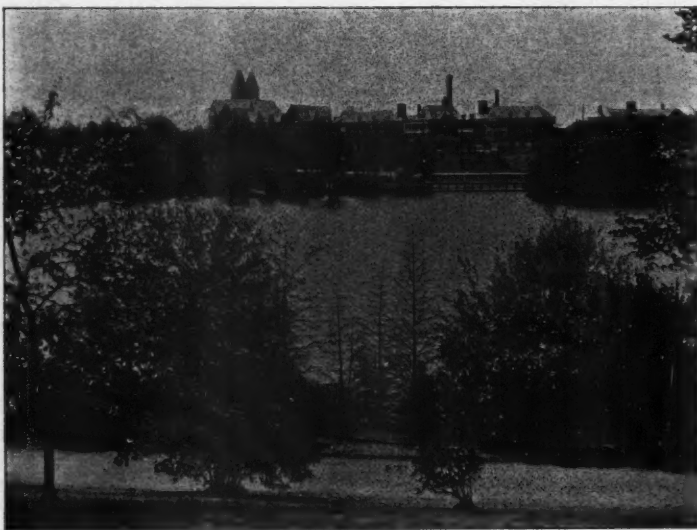
Then came the rush of wealth, and since that eventful night the Fair has been on the soundest footing.

As fair a test of civic pride as may be made lies in the raising of large sums of money in short space of time for the floating of public enterprises, and the men of Buffalo believe that in the raising of funds for the preliminary work of the Pan-American Exposition they placed the mark so high that all other cities will have a task ahead when they attempt to break the record.

Those familiar with the history of the Exposition project recall the wave of enthusiasm which swept through this section of the country, when, at that now historic dinner to Mayor Diehl, a call was suddenly made for subscriptions.

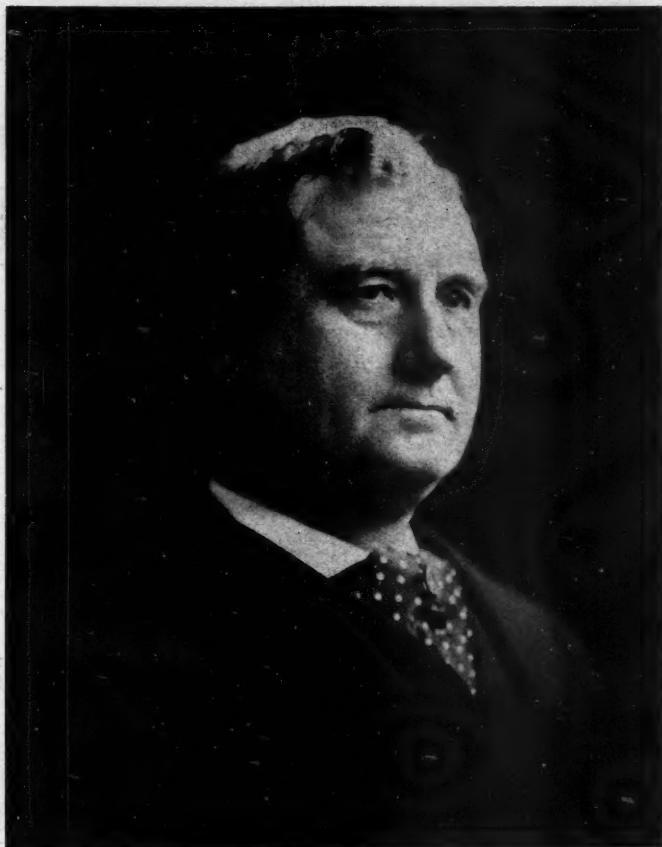
Men leaped to their feet and vied with each other in the effort to be first recorded, and when \$350,000 had been received, and a slight lull occurred, a loyal, loving Buffalo Benedick started the excitement afresh by subscribing a neat sum for the project in the name of his wife.

SITE: NORTH BAY, PARK LAKE



THE PAN-AMERICAN' EXPOSITION

JOHN S. MILBURN, PRESIDENT, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



There were other Benedicks present, and as they were not to be outdone in gallantry the subscription fire was kindled afresh, and before it subsided \$150,000 had been subscribed for the wives, mothers and daughters, and the banquet closed with a record of an even half million dollars raised in three hours.

For the week following, the average daily subscription exceeded \$100,000, and when the people stopped to draw breath the original capital stock of

\$1,000,000 had been over-subscribed by \$350,000, and there was plenty more in sight.

It was on that generous out-pouring, and with assurances of bountiful support from the State and Federal Governments that the Fair was started, and though some months have since elapsed, the interest is as unflagging as it was on the morning following the great dinner when the diners pledged themselves to carry the project through.

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SITE: COUNTRY CLUB



Much has been done since then. When the money was pouring in at the temporary offices in the Elicott Square a big delegation was at Washington urging Congress to make an appropriation. There was much to be done there and many obstacles to overcome, but the Provisional Committee, with John N. Scatcherd at its head, knew just how the work must be done, and four days prior to the adjournment of the last Congress the telegraph in-

strument clicked the good news from Washington to Buffalo that the bill had gone through both Congress and Senate with but trifling opposition.

That bill carried with it an appropriation of \$500,000, and placed the government in the place of sponsor and patron.

On the following day Congressman D. S. Alexander, Commissioner General Weber, and Norman E. Mack called upon the President, having with them the bill and a new gold pen. The President tried the pen and placed his name upon the bill.

New York was next attacked and through the Legislature of the Empire state a bill was passed carrying with it an appropriation of \$300,000, and Governor Roosevelt signed the measure on the afternoon of the same day.

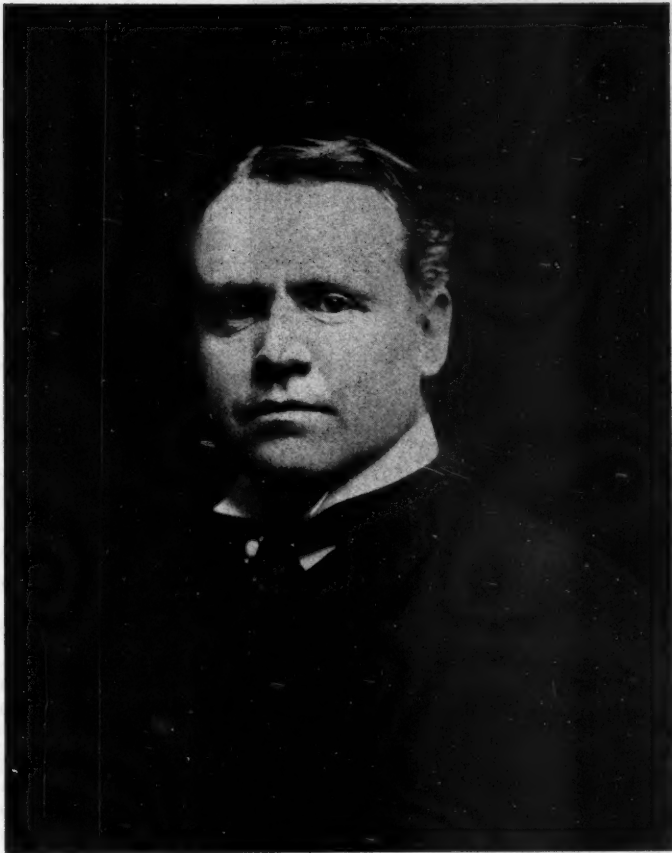
It was felt then that no time should be lost in effecting a permanent organization, and a demand was made that the Board of Directors be elected at once. There was considerable discussion as to the proper method of electing the twenty-five men who would

HON. JOHN B. WEBER, COMMISSIONER GENERAL



THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

JOHN N. SCATCHERD, CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



carry the project forward, but it was agreed that it should be left to the vote of the 370 incorporators, the Mayor submitting a list of 50, and the 25 of that number receiving the highest individual number of votes were to be named.

The process was a long but an eminently satisfactory one, and when the count was made it was found that the following men had been elected: Mayor Conrad Diehl, Charles W. Good-year, Joseph T. Jones, George L. Wil-

liams, John J. Albright, Mayor Thomas W. Symons, W. Caryl Ely, John G. Milburn, Frank B. Baird, William Hengerer, George Bleistein, H. Montgomery Gerrans, Edwin G. S. Miller, John N. Scatcherd, George K. Birge, William H. Hotchkiss, John M. Brinker, George Urban, Jr., John B. Weber, Harry Hamlin, Carleton Sprague, Henry J. Pierce, F. C. M. Lautz, Herbert P. Bissell and Robert F. Schelling.

Shortly after the election of the

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GEORGE BLEISTEIN



Board the fortunate twenty-five selected Edwin Fleming for the important position of Secretary, and elected John G. Milburn, President; George L. Williams, Treasurer; and John N. Scatcherd, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Much has been done since then. The topographical map has been completed and placed in the hands of the advisory Board of Architects, and the eight members of that board, comprising the most famous architects in the land, are at present working on the plot plan.

They will shortly apportion the work and the selected architects will begin the task of preparing the great buildings which will grace the beautiful tract of land chosen.

This site, by the way, is one of the

chief charms of the Exposition. The Fair will be built upon the so-called Rumsey site, a beautiful bit of land north of and adjoining the Delaware Park, the largest and finest division of the Queen City's very handsome and complete park system. About 440 acres will be in the tract, and in fact about 180 acres of the tract is park land, embracing the Park Lake, which, with the historic Scajaquada Creek, will furnish all the water needed for lagoons and other marine features.

To reach this spot the visitors must necessarily traverse the most beautiful section of the city; the boulevards and streets which reach it going through the handsomest residential section. That, in itself, is worthy of the

utmost consideration, for at other expositions the visitors have been dragged through the "back yards" of the municipality, and though they were pleased with what they saw within the exposition gates, they could not but go to their homes with poor opinions of the city itself. Many will be surprised to learn that the Fair of 1901 will be nearly twice as large as the International Exposition at Paris next year, for that gathering will embrace but a trifle over 200 acres. The large area which the Pan-American Exposition will take in, is needed on account of the special features which will be brought to Buffalo at that time. The electrical display will be on the most wonderful scale, and a special building of rare beauty will be constructed. Be-

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

side that, every wheel within the Exposition gates will be turned with electrical energy, and that energy will be brought from the Niagara Cataract, a short seventeen miles away. In the electrical display all previous efforts will be made cheap and tawdry, for two years hence the Queen City will prove her claim to the title of the "Electric City."

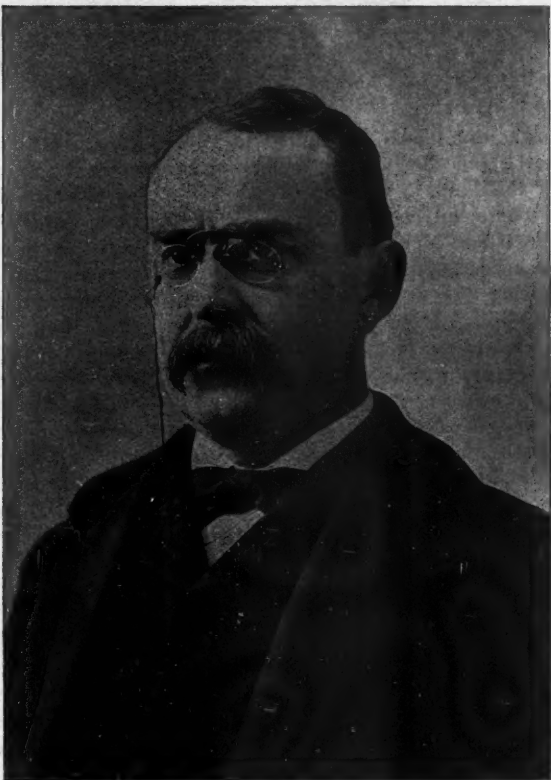
Already the street cars of the city are propelled by the cataract power and the city's streets are lighted with it, but it is confidently expected that by the date of May 1, 1901, steam and water motors will be but memories, and that the machinery of the entire city will be operated with this power. In the Exposition grounds no other power will be considered. The wheels will turn with it; the light will be generated by it; the levers will work with it and the fountains will shoot vari-colored streams of water into the air, the beautiful effects being brought about through the same mysterious agency.

From the far southern extremity of South America a tribe of the Alacoolups, the lowest of the Terra del Fuegians, will be sent to add their portion of interest to the gathering of the races, and when the fact is taken into consideration that these wretched beings are lower, mentally and physically, than the Australian Bush-

men, an idea of their state may be gained. They are disgusting in appearance, and their lives are but a bit better than those of wild beasts. During the day they float about the storm-whipped waters of the Antarctic Ocean searching for an occasional "blower" seal, and only at night do they return to the land and crawl into the holes in the ground, which answer as their homes.

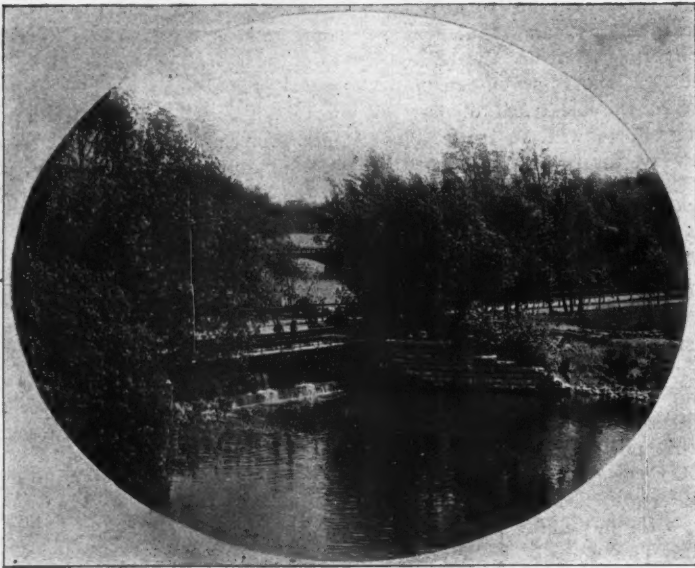
Fully as picturesque, and far less disgusting, will be the Araucanians of the country north and west of Patagonia, and the Oyampis and the Churru and the Bakiris, and other strange tribes, will be interesting revelations

EDWIN FLEMING, SECRETARY PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO.



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SITE: VIEW EAST FROM BRIDGE



to the thousands of visitors who know nothing of the picturesque aborigines of that land.

There will be running races, both spurts and long distance; tests of endurance, hammer-throwing, wrestling, tossing the caber, leaping, vaulting, swimming, diving, and cycle racing.

Rich prizes will be provided for these feats, and it is also probable that chariot races, as exciting as the one in which Ben Hur participated, will be among the great features. So great will be this display, and so many athletes will come to participate, that the games held at Athens two years ago will sink into insignificance. Many acres of land will be necessary to conduct these sports as they should be conducted.

It is easy to understand, after giving consideration to these and other features, that every inch of the allotted space will be needed for the proper accommodation of the Exposition.

The great building will occupy many acres of ground, and the favorable reports which are being received prove that there will be many more buildings than was at first hoped. At the present time the Advisory Board of Architects have so far progressed with their plot plan that an idea can be gained of the number of buildings already provided for. Of the principal buildings to be erected by the Exposition there will be nine. Then there will be five structures built by the Federal Government; one jointly by the National Government and New York State; and one exclusively by New York State.

It is an assured fact that a number of the States of the Union will expend large sums upon State buildings, and assurances have been received from Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina, and other countries, that they will not be content with a simple representation, but will erect splendid buildings.



A LUMBER TOWN

By Fenton Fox

THERE is a long iron bridge spanning the Menominee river, between Menominee, Michigan, and Marinette, Wisconsin. In crossing from one city to the other, the traveler is obliged to walk across the bridge, for the street car lines of the respective municipalities do not connect, although the tracks meet. But that is another story.

In walking the divide, one is afforded, while in the center of the bridge, a view of lumbering that he will not soon forget. Lining the banks of the Menominee, as far as the eye can reach, and a great deal further, there are vast piles of lumber, a dozen saw mills, refuse burners, a river filled with vessels of every description, common to lake traffic, being laden, or steaming away, loaded to the water's edge with the products of the mills. Then, too, there are booms, filled with millions of feet of logs, and swift moving tugs, towing rafts of logs to the various mills, or out in the bay to neighboring cities.

That Menominee is a great lumber

center, there is not a question. Indeed, the citizens of this place are satisfied in their own minds that the fame of Menominee has penetrated the uttermost parts of the earth, owing to its identification with lumbering.

You talk to those interested in the future of Menominee, and they will tell you that in ten, fifteen or twenty years, at the longest, the timber here-

A BUSY CORNER

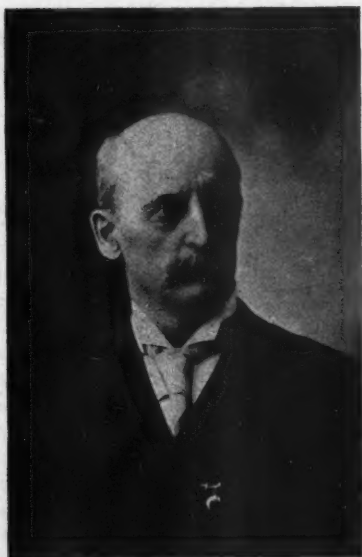


THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

WILLIAM HOLMES, Mayor



H. O. FIFIELD, "THE HERALD"
Oldest newspaper man in Upper Michigan



abouts will all be cut and sawed and then—what of the future of this pretty city?

Long editorials have been written by local newspaper men on the outlook for the future. They agree that when lumber has passed, something else will have developed. There is no reason for apprehension. Menominee will always thrive and flourish, lumber or no lumber. The citizens are of a type that precludes any possi-

MYRTLE IRENE MITCHELL, Contralto Singer

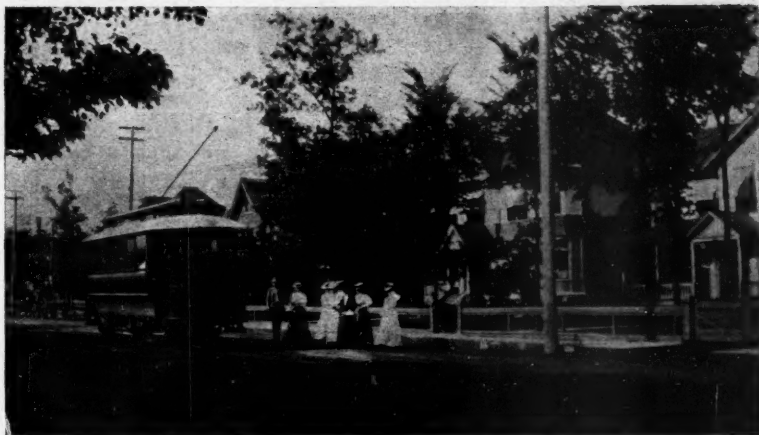


bility of permitting the place to stand still or retrograde.

Menominee stands on the banks of Green Bay. That body of water washes the entire eastern city front. The Menominee river winds through the western and southern portion of the city. The large lake vessels find a snug harbor, which guarantees splendid shipping facilities, to say nothing of the Northwestern and the St. Paul railroads, which have done much for the commerce of the place.

A LUMBER TOWN

A STREET SCENE



The region round about Menominee is not particularly adapted to agriculture; yet there is no doubt but that, in the course of a few years, the stump land will have been converted into fertile farms.

At this time, there are many large farms under cultivation, and the tillers of the soil are ever busy, convert-

ing the stump district into tillable acres.

One great farm of 12,000 acres, is owned and operated by the Hon. S. M. Stephenson, who has illustrated, beyond reasonable doubt, that where there is a will, there is a way. He selected a tract of land, two miles from Menominee, and proceeded to de-

AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER



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THE ONLY SHOE FACTORY IN UPPER MICHIGAN



velop it. It is a stock farm, primarily. Incidentally, there are over six hundred acres under cultivation. This farm is a hobby with Mr. Stephenson, and he gets a great deal of satisfaction out of the fact that, in addition to raising fine stock, he annually secures a crop of grain and corn that would gladden the heart of any farmer. One of the great features of the Hill stock farm is a \$12,000 circular cow barn. There are one hundred and thirty-five stalls for cattle in the structure.

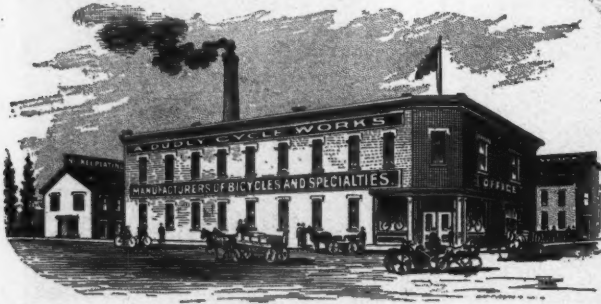
While agricultural pursuits and stock-raising will have no small part in making Menominee an important

point after lumbering has passed into history, it is apparent that manufacturing industries will be the leading factor in insuring the lumber town a permanent future.

In writing of the part that water power will have in making this a manufacturing point, H. O. Fifield, editor of the "Herald," once said:

"Probably no other river in the country, of equal size, furnishes so much or so available water power as does the Menominee and its tributaries. Every stream of any importance, heads in one or more lakes, which can be utilized as constant feeders for emergency cases, and the

streams are rapid enough to furnish a strong head in almost every mile of their course. From Lake Michigammi to the mouth of the Menominee river, is in a direct line 120 miles, and in this distance there is 1020 feet of fall.



NEW FACTORY AND OFFICE: LIBERTY AND HIRBY STS.

A LUMBER TOWN

This tremendous power is only utilized, or, rather, partially utilized, in three places—at the two Quinnesecs, and at the mouth of the river. It is difficult to estimate the importance of this great power, or even its amount, but it is certainly safe to say that it would easily run, properly handled, all the machinery in the state of Michigan. Not three per cent is at present used. But the time is coming when it will be in demand. The poplar, which seems to be indigenous to cut pine lands, is springing up in every direction, furnishing the raw material and power at hand for a hundred paper

sight, the citizens are alive to the necessity of interesting manufacturing industries in Menominee, as a desirable place to locate. Recently a shoe factory has located in Menominee. It is the only industry of the kind in upper Michigan, and it is doing a very satisfactory business.

Ten years ago the city did not have a mile of paving or a street car line. To-day, all the up-to-date features of modern cities are to be found here. Municipal affairs have been judiciously handled, and the indebtedness of the city is comparatively small.

In general appearance it is an unmand for this and other wood work-

A WHOLESALE GROCERY HOUSE.



mills. The water power will be in de- usually handsome place. The streets ing establishments; and for the hundreds of other industries which will spring up along the banks of the river. We predict that the person is now living who will see more than a round hundred of manufactories on this river. There is 21 feet fall, which can easily be made 25, from the upper dam to the mouth of the river, less than two miles, and a judicious system of canals will furnish power for manufactories to support a much larger population than there is now in the thriving cities of Menominee and Marinette."

Since the end of lumbering is in

are wide and well-kept; the residences and places of business are substantial and attractive. A few of the street views shown here illustrate, in a fair degree, the general appearance of the city.

This is a natural summer resort, and affords all the advantages that could be desired for healthful recreation.

There are two splendid tri-weekly newspapers here, the "Herald" and the "Leader." H. O. Fifield, editor and proprietor of the "Herald," is the oldest newspaper man in upper Michigan. For twenty-one years he has presided over the destinies of the "Herald."

Mr. J. E. Soult is editor and proprietor of the "Leader."



HOMESTEAD COURT

Every business woman, school teacher, artist, author, widow or bachelor maid, without a permanent home, appreciates the unpleasant and inconvenient features connected with existence in the average lodging or boarding house. Undesirable acquaintances are forced upon them, and quiet and seclusion are unknown. To this class, and it is a large and ever growing one in every city of any size, the establishment of a "Homestead" exclusively for women—where they can find the desired privacy and independence, cannot but be a boon.

Many schemes for such an establishment have been broached, all of them very alluring—on paper. But it has remained for Boston to come to the front with the model of its kind.

Homestead Court will be a modern, handsome, up-to-date apartment house, heated by steam, lighted by electricity; properly ventilated and supplied with

every desirable appliance for securing perfect comfort and convenience, and all at a modest expense to the occupants.

The chosen site is the lot near the Cyclorama Building on the corner of Warren Avenue and Clarendon street. this location is central, convenient and pleasant, and in good weather is within walking distance of the business portion of the city. There will be eight floors, divided into apartments of one, two and three-room suites and bath, besides a public lavatory and two baths on each floor. A spacious inner court enables every room to have large outside windows, thus securing abundance of light and air.

The building will be eight stories high, and will contain 250 rooms. The purpose of its founders is to provide a modern home, free from the objectionable features of the present mode. Within its congenial atmosphere, work-

HOMESTEAD COURT

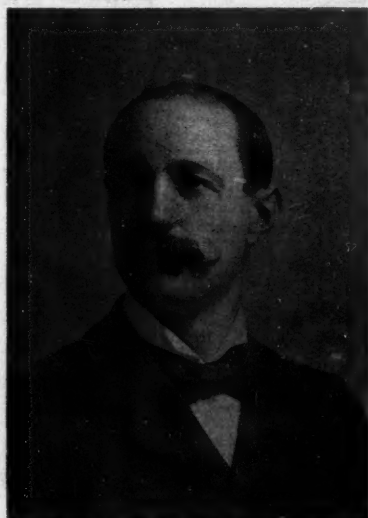
ing and professional women will enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of first-class construction and equipemnt. The building will be thoroughly fire-proof and have elevator and janitor service, home cookery, gymnasium, roof garden and bowling alleys.

Professional and working women will recognize this undertaking as one directly in their behalf, and by subscribing largely for the shares they will virtually be in control and can have everything their own way. It should also claim the attention of wealth, for as an investment, Homestead Court promises greater returns than either railroad or mining stocks.

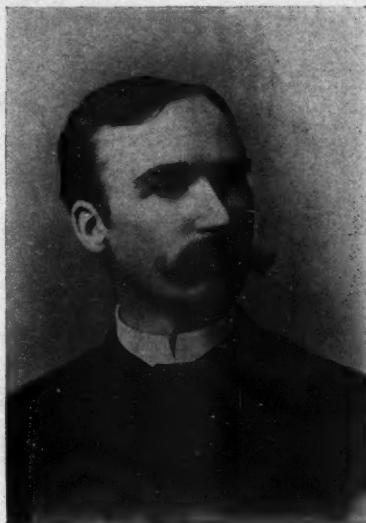
It appeals also to many throughout New England, whose daughters will come to Boston to study or engage in business and for them Homestead Court will be a great blessing and protection.

Opening from the hall and court on the first floor are large parlors for the exclusive use of its occupants. On the same floor is an immense room for a restaurant, and the trustees of the hotel assure its patrons that the food

H. D. VAN NORDEN



E. C. MERRILL



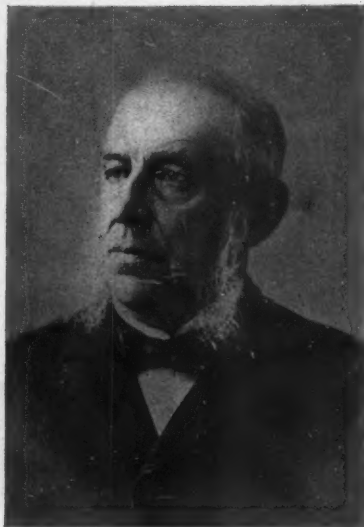
will be of the best, and the prices acceptable to all. The bowling alley and gymnasium in the basement and the garden on the roof will offer to women a variety of healthful exercise and diversion that cannot fail to make Homestead Court a most enviable residence. There are 250 rooms or suites, the rental of which will range from \$11 to \$50 per month.

Already two entire floors have been rented, besides the suites which have been spoken for by a large number of the young business women of Bosion.

The establishment will be erected by the Homestead Building Trust, which comprises three energetic and successful business men—Mr. H. D. Van Norden, Mr. E. C. Merrill, and Mr. Benjamin F. Moore. To Mr. Van Norden belongs the credit for originating the novel and practical idea of Homestead Court for Women, and to Mr. Merrill and Mr. Moore the carrying out of the idea, by their progressive endeavors. Already \$75,000 worth of bonds have been disposed of to

[THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

BENJ. F. MOORE

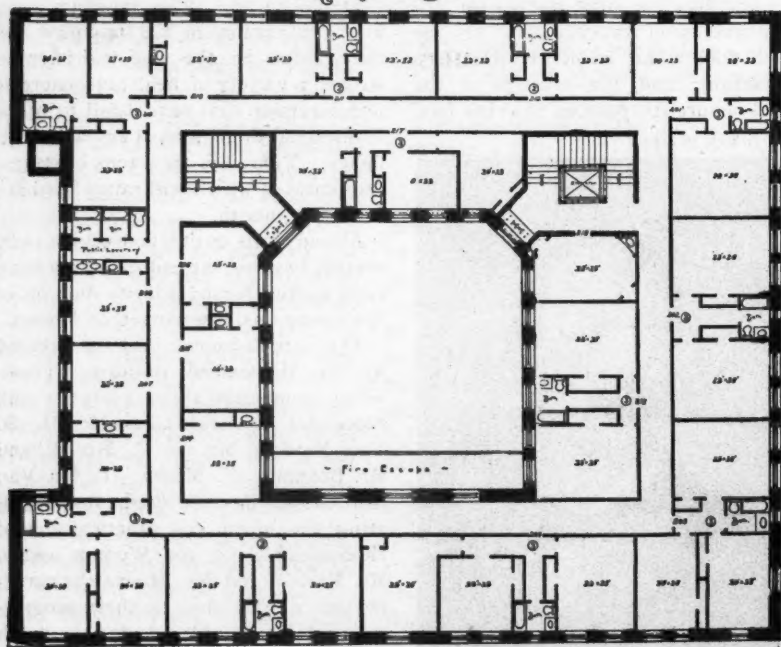


those interested in the matter, and the remainder are going fast.

The financial estimates are considered by successful business men to be very conservative, and the investment an unusually safe one. The trustees are always to be found in the office, 128A Tremont St., who will explain the plan in every detail. The most careful and conservative estimate of the income from the rentals demonstrates an income of seventeen per cent.

From the point of view of the class of women most interested in this project, it bids fair to solve many disquieting and disagreeable dilemmas. An establishment of the kind is needed in Boston more and more and many readers will gladly avail themselves of its desirable features when completed.

Homestead Court



24, 34, 44, 54, 64, 74, 84. Floors.